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THE BOOKMAN

THE MAGIC CARPET BUSINESS

By William McFee

"TRUE, but what I want to know is", said the Doctor as he offered cigars, "why do they do it?"

"You mean, why do they travel?" observed the man who had just arrived from London. "For the same reason, I suppose, that they buy Rolls-Royce cars, fast motor boats, country houses on Long Island, and so on — because they have the money, and because their neighbors are doing the same."

"No other reason?" inquired the man who had quit going to sea.

The meal was over, and the vast ornate dining room saloon of the liner was deserted save for the little group of men about the table in a far corner. A steward, anxious for them to finish, glanced at the electric clock, yawned at his reflection in the buffet mirrors, and wondered if the ship would be laid up in Liverpool this trip. He was sick of being on the move. Oh for a month in Bootle. . . ! He yawned again.

The Doctor lit his cigar, laid down the match, and sat back in his chair.

"It is the other reason I want to get at", he said judicially. "An average intelligent man who works on a ship like this is driven to devise some explanation of all this business that has been built up on the American desire for travel."

The fourth member of the party, an American, doubted whether it was specifically characteristic of his country. Europeans traveled.

"You are wrong", said the man who had been to London. "We are speaking, remember, of travel for pleasure. In a broad sense, and leaving out the occasional baron or duke who is seen traveling for amusement, Europeans travel strictly for business."

"Then you credit Americans with more curiosity than Europeans?" said someone.

"Maybe, but I credit them with more money as well", said the other, drily. "Americans travel to spend money, Europeans to make it. I call that the main difference."

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"You are right there", said the Doctor. "This ship, as you know, goes to the West Indies. We brought up a man and his secretary not long ago, Sir Somebody Something, a baronet. You'd think he would be traveling for pleasure after making a fortune and getting a title. Well, he had opened agencies in the West Indies, and his reason for coming to New York was to place an order for half a million of advertising of his product. After that, he ran up and looked at Niagara Falls, and then took the next steamer home. He only wanted to sell peppermints to the United States — he didn't want to see them."

"Perhaps he'd seen them before?" suggested one of the others.

"No. I asked him. Mind was a blank. He regarded North America as so much 'territory' to be placarded with his ultra superior peppermint."

"Then why did he go to Niagara Falls?" urged the American.

"Oh he'd probably heard of them when he was at school", replied the Doctor, who was English.

The steward eyed them with disapproval. This was a favorite trick of the Doctor, to have his New York friends down to the ship for lunch. And they talked interminably, oblivious of the flight of time. The steward was unable to imagine why anyone should stay on the ship unless compelled. Not that he himself cared about New York. Not to be compared with Liverpool, in his opinion. And the prices! He grew pensive as a vision of his home at Bootle rose in his mind. What he would like, he decided, was a shore job for a while. . . . His eye lightened as the Doctor and his party rose to go to the Doctor's cabin. The steward calculated he would get forty winks before four o'clock after all.

"Well, what is the answer?" asked the man who had given up sea going.

"Ninety per cent of pleasure traveling is done by my countrymen, eh?" mused the American.

"Yes", said the Doctor, closing his cabin door and sitting down. "And sixty to seventy per cent of them are women. Analyze any tourist ship list you like."

"That's formidable, and true", assented the other. "I made a tour last season, and that was about the proportion."

"And it seems to me", went on the Doctor, "that after making allowance for the few who have some educational idea in view, and the invalids, who are fewer still, as I ought to know," he added smiling, "we have a huge moving population from the United States which is seeking principally expensive amusement."

"And you wouldn't go so far as to accuse them of cultural ambitions at all?" asked the man back from London.

"I would not, and for this reason", replied the Doctor, who was busy over some decoction which he was pouring from a bottle labeled "POISON" in red letters. "No provision is made to acquire more than a glimpse of a place before they move on. The ships rarely remain longer than overnight in each port. Fast cars are waiting to rush the tourists to inland points. Lecturers on board cover whole countries and centuries of history in a half-hour shout through a megaphone. Everything is done on schedule. There is not so much difference between handling poor immigrants and rich tourists as you might imagine. Neither of them are permitted any initiative. The tourists couldn't be given that, or the ship would never get them all collected again. And the strange thing is, Americans like it."

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"Like what? Initiative?" said the American.

"No. The loss of it", answered the Doctor, offering his guests something from the ominous bottle. "It is one of the most remarkable things in the world, I believe: the docility of the traveling American. Upon it has been built up a truly astonishing business. In exchange for so many thousand dollars and the complete surrender of his adventurous spirit, the tourist receives so many thousand miles of luxurious ocean and rail travel in absolute guaranteed safety. He need do nothing and he need know nothing. Everything is arranged. The languages and customs of the countries he visits are of no importance, for he travels on a magic carpet specially manufactured for his use. This is what he wants, not merely for himself if he happens to go, but for his wife and daughters. That is the theme we started from, that travel has reached such a point of perfection that the experience of visiting foreign shores has been sterilized into insignificance. Which made me ask the question: why do they do it? Mind you, I am thinking now of such extraordinary enterprises as trips, in fast motor cars, to Mars Hill, where a modern clergyman preaches a sermon, or to the Mount of Olives, or chartering a steamer for moonlight cruises down the Bosphorus. Standardized emotion on a quantity production basis. Possibly this is what Jeremy Bentham and his fellow economists meant by 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number'. I don't know. I only wonder what sort of impression these people carry back to their home towns."

"But what else can they do?" argued the American, setting down his glass with an expression of benignant satisfaction on his face. "You don't propose that well to do mothers and daughters from Nebraska and Kansas should set off on independent excursions across Asia or South America, do you?"

"Oh no. I am merely telling you what they are doing, not what they might do. The urge to travel is, in the beginning, the very essence of romance. It has its roots in our childhood's dreams over colored maps, our grotesque conceptions of 'The Arabian Nights' and early history, which are much more true to the mind of the child than the modern advertised 'outlines'. I can remember the gorgeous affair I thought was 'India's coral strand' when I was small. I could see an interminable barrier of brilliant scarlet cliffs against which green seas spouted into rainbows of jeweled spray. It made me want to go there! That's the authentic urge to travel. You remember Conrad's tale of how he pored over the map of Africa and decided he would go *there*, into the very heart of the darkness. He did go; but suppose he had traveled in the modern American style, with swift launches up the Congo, and a large modern hotel with baths and electric light at the end. You see the point, of course. Americans are incurably romantic and appreciative. They read of these far off places and desire to see them for themselves. But they will never see them on conducted tours. No one can ever get beyond the horizon that way. It goes back and back and back, and they remain forever in their own environment of almost fabulous luxury and comfort and safety. Hudson's pampas, Kinglake's Cairo, Dwight's Constantinople, Howells's Venice, Norman Douglas's Sorrento, these are not to be captured in a one day visit in a high powered car and by staying at the best hotels. I really believe many of our people came back

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last year with a vague notion the mosque of Omar was in Constantinople, and a piastre was something to eat. Which reminds me of something else connected with culture."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the, to me, really incredible lack of equipment the women, and of course the men, reveal. As I told you, we made a European voyage last year, and out of three or four hundred women on board there were a mere handful who knew any language but their own. They were a picked company of wealthy people of course. The prices attended to that. But they not only knew neither French nor Italian, but they had the most rudimentary knowledge of European history and religions. I could swear many of them heard of the Greek Church for the first time. They could not identify the main architectural orders, let alone the elements of a column. They had been to school and college, but no English or French or German or Italian girl who had gone to college would be so utterly unequipped to look at an Italian city or a Greek temple. And the incomprehensible thing to me was that these charming creatures appeared to know more about inhibitions and psychoanalysis than I, who am a physician. They had extraordinarily brilliant minds which seemed to function, as it were, in a vacuum. And that's why I asked the question at first: why do they do it? They could have a much better time in Paris or Monte Carlo or even in New York."

"But why do you say, 'of course the men'?" asked someone.

"Well it seems the rule, that's all. Even those men who have been to college will almost brag of having forgotten all they learned there. One man who was doggedly seeing every sight and reading Baedeker religiously told me the thing he was most proud of in his life was saving fifty thousand dollars, so much every week. The man's face was aflame with a passionate enthusiasm when he described how he used to reduce his wages to himself, depositing the surplus in the bank. I admit it was a miraculous achievement, but what I could not make out was, why did he spend some of that money to climb the Acropolis or pace the Via Dolorosa?"

"Well, what should he have done to be consistent?" asked the American.

"Why he should have stayed at home and saved another fifty thousand dollars", said the Doctor. "It was perfectly obvious from his face, as he talked, where his interest lay. And he admitted long before the voyage was over, he wanted to get back to his office."

"Well that's where I have to get", sighed the American, rising. "Is there anything left in that bottle marked 'POISON'?" he inquired.

"There is", said the Doctor. "And you are very welcome."

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Ruy Blas *L'Homme Qui Rit* *Esmeralda* *Jean Valjean* *Quasimodo*

ARM IN ARM WITH HUGO IN PARIS

By Clara E. Laughlin

With Sketches by James E. Davis

POULTNEY BIGELOW tells me that in his most recent book he pleads for a Chair of Travel in every college and university. It is surprising that in these days when travel is a factor in almost everyone's life the plea should seem a novel one. In all probability it will be effective; and within a decade or so youth will be taking for granted that travel has always been taught as one of the fine arts.

Let us hope that by no hocus pocus a false start is made and travel gets listed as one of the sciences. (I know persons who will strive to do just that: and we mustn't let them — travel is far too much standardized *now.*) And let us be equally hopeful (and vigilant!) that no well meaning but stupid faculty lists travel as a sort of philosophy, or "lumps" it with the history of art, or in any other wise misrepresents the glorious thing.

Travel is adventure, romance, magic; it is Aladdin's Lamp and Anybody's Wishing Ring. We must permit no one to essay the teaching of it who hasn't a light heart and a deep sympathy, a gay spirit and a fine camaraderie; who isn't a brother of the open road to all our yesterdays.

Travel can be taught as poetry is taught, or painting, or music; one may learn the fundamentals of good traveling, study the best examples. Then he should fare forth to develop a technique of his own.

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I am a joyous traveler and have been besought by many to "teach my method". This I have undertaken to do, not in a classroom but in books, in lectures, and in home study courses. And, asked to give an example for this travel book number, I thought I'd invite you to a Paris stroll with Victor Hugo.

When we travel, we leave behind us — in camphor with other things useful at home but hampering abroad — many restrictions. Stupid, vulgar travelers leave their manners (if they have any) at home. Gentler, wiser folk take their very best manners abroad, because they expect to spend much time in very distinguished company. What those gentler, wiser folk leave behind them is a packing trunk full of work-aday fetters which bind a body to one time, one place, one set of acquaintances. What they fare forth to is freedom to choose — to choose their time, their place, their company.

Now, the still embodied great incline to be very busy, and necessarily inaccessible; even when "met" they are not easy to know. But who cares? The world is full of great folk who are no longer busy, who are set free for unlimited companionability, and who are not standoffish at all, because we know so much about them that they *can't* be.

I often go to breakfast with Dumas; and he cooks it for me and tells me of Porthos the while. If I prowled about with Anatole France the way I do with Balzac, I'd be terribly talked about even in Paris. And as for Victor Hugo — Well! But Juliette only smiles and isn't jealous at all.

I have met you beside the Unknown Soldier's grave beneath the Arc de Triomphe, and you have said something about the sight it must have been to see "the poor man's coffin" of Hugo lying there. Then we have looked down the broad avenue Victor Hugo toward the place Victor Hugo with the Hugo monument. The house in which he died is no longer standing, though its site is commemorated at No. 124 avenue Victor Hugo; but even if it were there, it is not the place I should take you, to make his acquaintance. Nor is it possible to feel any nearer to him by visiting his grave in the gruesome vaults of the Panthéon — though Balzac's grave, in Père Lachaise, is a place where one feels very near not to Balzac alone but also to Hugo, who reveals the depths in himself few times so unreservedly as he does at Balzac's bier.

The site of Hugo's earliest Paris home (at 24 rue de Clichy) is covered now by the place de la Trinité; and the school he attended then (he was three years old), where his scholastic day began by watching the schoolmaster's daughter get out of bed and draw her stockings on, is also gone. It was there that he made his first dramatic essay, wearing a sheepskin.

There are, indeed, few houses left in which he dwelt. But I can assure you that some of them are easy to find, nevertheless, and well worth seeking.

That convent garden of the Feuillantines, "big, deep, mysterious, shut in by high walls from the gaze of the curious", where Victor found fairies in the gloaming and told tales about them to tiny Adèle Foucher, was not far from where Vincent d'Indy now has his Schola Cantorum (on the site of a Benedictine chapel where James II of England was buried), and the tablet commemorating the vanished convent and its garden is on number 8 rue des Feuillantines, still shadowed by "the sombre dome of Val-de-Grâce".

There you may (if you have taken the right sort of glasses with you on

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your travels) see Madame Hugo, royalist and idealist, bringing up her boys in her own womanish way, hoping to make them more satisfying to her than their Bonapartist father who was then at Madrid with Joseph Bonaparte; for, in addition to the complete variance of political and other sentiments between General Hugo and his wife, there was the matter of the Comtesse de Salcano with whom the general was rather more than solacing himself for the absence of his family.

Victor was nine years old when Paris resounded with rejoicings at the birth of the King of Rome. We can imagine Madame Hugo's comment on it to her boys, playing in their old convent garden. In that year Madame took her boys to Spain for a visit to their father, who seems to have been shocked at their haphazard education and to have ordered them to be done with knights and fairies and get sternly to work preparing for l'Ecole Polytechnique.

Of the hôtel de Toulouse in rue du Cherche-Midi, where the Fouchers lived, nothing remains; nor is it easy to feel the Hugos in that street, although Madame Hugo had a dwelling opposite the Fouchers while her sons were going to the gloomy school in rue Sainte-Marguerite (now swept away by the boulevard Saint-Germain) where Victor prepared himself to become a polytechnician by composing "odes, satires, elegies, epigrams, romances, fables, madrigals, tragedies, and even a comic opera".

I have many interests in rue Bonaparte, and often when I am walking thereon, past the Beaux-Arts toward Saint-Germain-des-Prés, I seem to fall into step behind a lady and her two sons going to spend the evening with the Fouchers at hôtel de Toulouse. The boys (Eugène and Victor) walk arm in arm ahead of their mother, who wears a gown of coxcomb merino and a cashmere shawl. Arrived at the Fouchers', they will assume their accustomed places; Madame Hugo with her work on one side of the fireplace, facing M. Foucher with his pipe and his snuff box; Madame Foucher and Adèle a little apart, bent over their needlework; the Hugo boys and young Foucher sitting in a silent, respectful group. Scarcely a word spoken all evening; but everyone is content.

The Hugo dwelling in rue Bonaparte (then called rue Petits-Augustins) was in a building which had been part of the convent of the Petits-Augustins founded by Marguerite of Valois. Madame Hugo's bedroom was a portion of the chapel; and the boys from their study window looked down into the court of the convent which was then serving as the Museum of French Monuments and was crowded with those masterpieces of art which the heroic Alexandre Lenoir had saved from the destructive fury of Revolutionary mobs. That collection, which moved Michelet to his passion for the Middle Ages, profoundly impressed Victor Hugo also and had its great share in molding his genius.

(Lovers of fiction have much hereabouts to tempt them to loiter; for of the two narrow streets which run more or less into the Beaux-Arts, rue Visconti has its melancholy associations with Balzac, who lost so much money there in his printing business that he was never able to pass the street without shuddering; and rue des Beaux-Arts was where Thackeray lodged when he was an art student.)

Madame Hugo's jealousy when she realized Victor's attachment for Adèle Foucher caused a rift in the relations with hôtel de Toulouse; and when Madame Hugo died, in June, 1821, in

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a little home she had taken on rue de Mézières, Adèle did not even know of the sorrow of the Hugo boys as they carried their mother's body across the Place to the church of Saint-Sulpice, and thence to the cemetery of Montparnasse.

A few weeks later, General Hugo married Madame Salcano "in order to legalize the purely religious ties which had hitherto united them"; and he declined to contribute anything to Victor's support unless the latter would abandon the pursuit of literature. But Victor's determination was unshakable; for his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Berry" had attracted the attention of Châteaubriand, who invited the young poet to call on him and was supposed to have dubbed him "the Sublime Child". And also he had been sought out by Lamartine and encouraged in his aspirations.

Victor had eight hundred francs, earned by his own efforts, and with this as his sole capital he went to live in a garret in rue du Dragon, number 30, where he shared the meagre accommodations, and the expense, with a young cousin come from Nantes to study law.

This house is still standing; of all the Paris dwellings of Hugo it is the only one besides that in the place des Vosges which remains. Here Victor lived for a year on seven hundred francs, never borrowing a sou and even lending five francs to a friend on more than one occasion. Do you know rue du Dragon? The proper approach to it is through the cour du Dragon (whither Anatole France was led in his search for "the deserving poor") which we'll enter from rue de Rennes, "kittycorners" from Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

The sort of life "the Sublime Child" lived here, he described years later in "Marius". Do you remember the mutton chop, costing six or seven sous, which he cooked for himself and on which he lived three days? "The first day he ate the meat, the second day he ate the fat, and the third day he gnawed the bone!"

Then the King granted him a pension of one thousand francs, and M. Foucher permitted him to marry Adèle.

All the early homes of the young couple (and they had not a few!) are swept away. But one of the many reasons for strolling through rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs is that we may fancy we are going to call on the Hugos, in 1830, when the furor over "Hernani" was at its height. We shall find Madame Hugo dismayed by the notice of ejection she has just received. Their landlady lives on the ground floor of this little house, and she has just been upstairs to tell her tenants, kindly but firmly, that "we can no longer stay together"; that the noise above her head, at unseemly hours of the night, makes life unendurable. "I am truly very sorry", she says to Madame Hugo. "I like you very much. But your husband has such a dreadful trade. You never sleep — you and your friends."

So the man with the dreadful trade seeks for himself and his family a dwelling where they are least likely to disturb their neighbors, and locates in what he calls "the desert of Francis I" where some "subdivision" promoters have laid out a new residence district between the cours la Reine and the Champs-Elysées — where the Grand Palais now is. To give "tone" to this desert, they have brought up from Moret, near Fontainebleau, that architectural bijou with Goujon sculptures on its façade which is called the Francis I House. And for Jean Gou-

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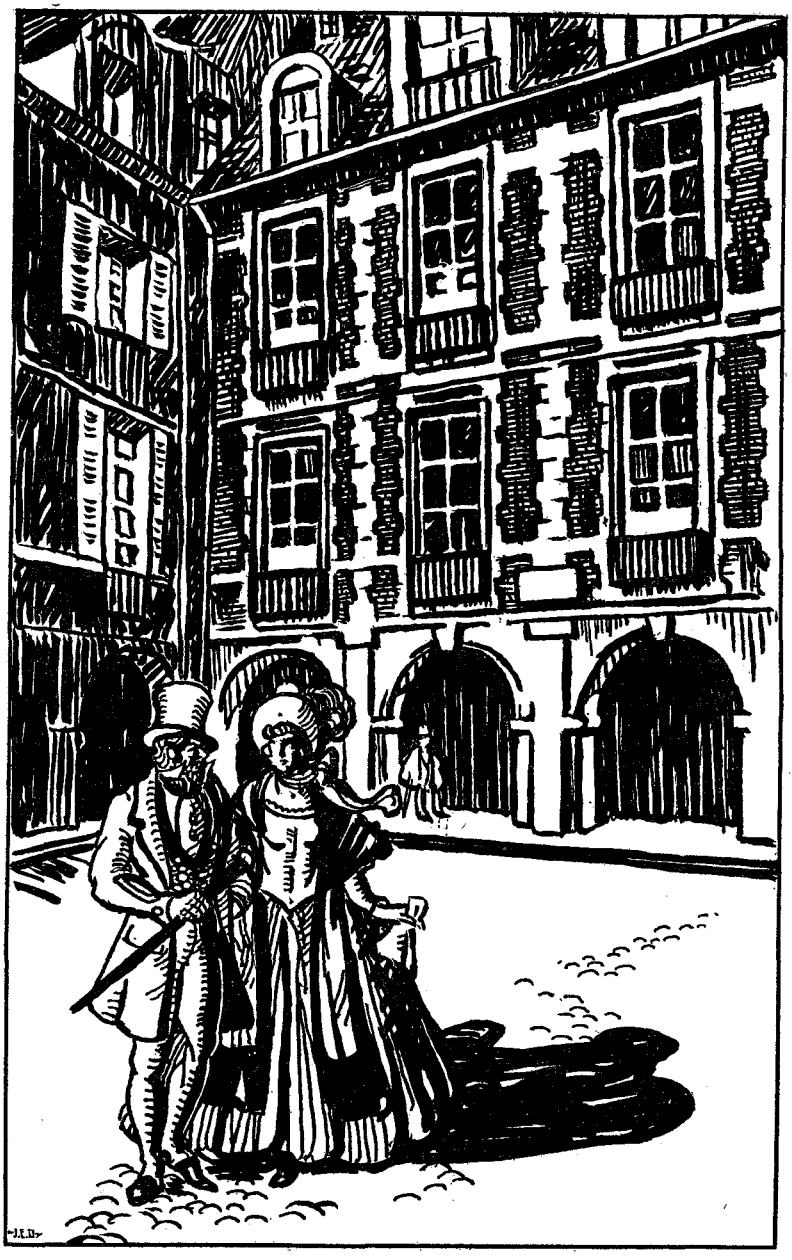

Victor Hugo's House in the Place Royale

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jon they have named the street into which the Hugos now move.

Here Victor, shutting himself away from that adulant and noisy world which never sleeps, wrote "Notre Dame de Paris", in five months — finishing it with the last drop of ink from that big bottle wherewith he started; so that his first thought was to call it "What There Is in a Bottle of Ink".

You and I are coming here to call, one day, and are a little bit astonished to find two young men in the street, in front of Hugo's house (it was number 6) who seem convulsed with merriment. You recognize one of them — Gérard de Nerval — and he confides to you that Théophile Gautier, having been thirty times to see "Hernani" at the Théâtre-Français, has come to offer his homage to the author; he has carefully wrought the jeweled sentences in which he will express his worship, but he has made two journeys up the front stairs to Victor Hugo's apartment without mustering courage to ring the bell. The jibes of his companions have sent him up a third time. He has not emerged. They are wondering if he has died of fright.

We enter — you and I — and find Théophile sitting on the stairs.

Regarding the interview that follows, there is much we'd like to relate; but perhaps nobody would listen to us if we let our tale grow too long.

We'll make just one more call on Victor — and forego, for the present, those strolls about Paris we'd delight to share with him if this were a more leisurely age and writers didn't have to purvey tabloid sizes.

It was doubtless when he was making studies for his play of "Marion Delorme", which he wrote in 1829 when he was living in rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, that Hugo became enamored of the house in the place Royale which, despite its many distinguished occupants and associations, was destined to become the Musée Victor-Hugo and the shrine of Hugo lovers. (They call it place des Vosges now, and his house is number 6.)

The first tenant of that house was the Maréchal de Lavardin who was with Henry IV when the latter was assassinated. (We seem to feel the consternation that reigned here when the Maréchal returned from that fateful ride.) In Marion Delorme's day, all the masculine part (at least) of the great world came here. Alfred de Vigny, who was one of the little group to whom Hugo read his drama when it was just finished, had already used this house in the place Royale as a background in his novel "Cinq-Mars", published in 1826. (Yet Dumas did not scorn to use it again, nearly twenty years later, when he gave it to Lady de Winter for her mansion, and hither brought D'Artagnan to discover the brand on Milady's shoulder.)

It is a January morning in 1833 when we come to this historic house to call on Hugo, who has been living here since the preceding October. On our way in we meet a charmingly pretty young actress and artists' model, coming out. Her name is Juliette Drouet (a stage name it is, but the only one by which anybody knows her) and she is twenty seven years old. When she was nineteen, she sat to Pradier for the statue of Strasbourg which has been the focus of so much emotion in the place de la Concorde. She is not greatly gifted as an actress, but she manages to get small parts at the Odéon and the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin. And hearing that M. Hugo is about to have a new play, "Lucretia Borgia", produced at the latter theatre, she has called on him to entreat the leading part.

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We find that Victor, who was not very susceptible to actresses, has been strangely moved by this one. But we do not suspect that in little more than a fortnight he will be deep in that affair with her which lasted till he died, more than half a century later.

When we leave the house we seem to see, beneath the arcades that Henry IV ordered because he had loved such shady shelters in his sunny southland, the poor girl of the streets, roughly treated by a well dressed man — an incident which gave birth to "Fantine" and started "Les Miserables" to germinate.

These are just hints at what one may do who has a fancy for associating with Victor Hugo — or with any other of the Olympians — in Paris. And witness how we, while Gautier sits awebound on the stairs, walk right in and are not afraid of anything.

I don't know how it is with *you*. But for me, who once after a long journey thither circled round and round the house and garden of Henri Fabre (near Orange, in Provence) without mustering courage to ring the gate bell, it is a great thing to be so temerarious with the gods of yesteryears.

BOOKS FOR TRAVELERS GOING TO PARIS

First of all, the best guidebook available—which is the "Blue Guide" by Muirhead and Monmarché, published by Hachette in Paris and Macmillan in London and New York. It is revised down to 1922 and is excellent. There is no postwar Baedeker of Paris and the old ones are sadly obsolete.

Then, for a handbook on art — architectural, sculptural, pictorial, and applied — Louis Hourticq's "Art in France". And also, and always, Salomon Reinach's "Apollo". John Van Dyke has an excellent little book on "The Louvre". All are published by Scribner.

For those who will go beyond handbooks, I recommend biographies of certain artists —little ones (little books, I mean) for those who might not read big ones; for example, the series called "Little Masterpieces in Color" published by Stokes; and larger books for those who want more comprehensive study, such as the new Raphael by Felix Lavery (Stokes), and group books, like "The Barbizon Painters" by Arthur Hoeber (Stokes).

I have an illustrated "History of French Literature", by Des Granges of the Lycée Charlemagne, with a wealth of pictures rarely seen, and superbly translated by Louise Morgan Sill. I use this book a great deal, and like it very much. It may be had of Librairie Hatier, 8 Rue d'Assas, Paris.

The individual biographies of French writers are of course legion. Not many persons want to go much further back than Villon, but many like to know him well; to them I recommend, with all delight, H. De-Vere Stacpoole's "François Villon" (Putnam).

The next two outstanding figures are Rabelais and Montaigne. There are excellent sketches of both by George Saintsbury in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and directions to further study.

Brander Matthews and Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor have written biographies of Molière which I recommend heartily.

I think everyone who is somewhat familiar with Madame de Sévigné's "Letters" will get a great deal more out of Paris than one who is not. And I urge Sainte-Beuve's "Literary Portraits of the Seventeenth Century".

Tallentyre's "Voltaire" should be read by those who want to know the part he played in the eighteenth century, and the book loving traveler should read at least one good book on the French salons — perhaps Amelia Gere Mason's "Women of the French Salons" (Century).

Rousseau's "Confessions" come in here. And I hope many Americans will read "Figaro: The Life of Beaumarchais" by John Rivers (Dutton).

Andrew C. P. Haggard's "Madame de Staël" (Doran) is an intimate study of that extraordinary woman. Certainly one should know as much as possible about Châteaubriand and his enormous influence on his times; but good reading about him is not abundant, though there is an able translation of his "Memoirs".

As we come close to our own times, the number of literary biographies one should know, to appreciate Paris, is bewilderingly great. But, to reduce it as much as possible, let us say:

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"George Sand" by René Doumic (Putnam) or "George Sand and Her Lovers" by Francis Gribble (Scribner).

"Victor Hugo" by Andrew C. P. Haggard (Doran) and "Letters of Victor Hugo" (Houghton Mifflin). Also "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet" by Henry Wellington Wack (Putnam).

Dumas's "Memoirs" are, I dare say, too extensive for most readers, but for biographies of Dumas and Balzac see the French "Men of Letters" series.

For admirable sketches of some contemporary French writers I commend "The France I Know" by Winifred Stephens (Dutton).

The matter of history is even more bewildering. I urge upon everyone who wants a scholarly but fascinating book on that period, Nesta Webster's "French Revolution" (Dutton) and, side by side with it, Winifred Stephens's "Women of the French Revolution" (Dutton).

For the Paris backgrounds of Marie Antoinette there is Imbert Saint-Amand's "Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries" (Scribner) and some of the chapters of Hilaire Belloc's "High Lights of the French Revolution" (Century), and "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison" by Cléry (Louis XVI's valet) published by Macmillan; and "The Dauphin" by that bewitching archivist, G. Lenôtre, of whose many books, selling in their fiftieth and sixtieth editions in France, this is the only one translated into English (Doubleday, Page).

Miss Tarbell's "Napoleon" is now issued in one volume together with her "Josephine" (Macmillan).

A book I am commending widely is "A Dictionary of Napoleon and His Times" by Hubert N. B. Richardson, B.A. (Funk & Wagnalls), which I find invaluable.

Let me suggest also "The Private Diaries of the Empress Marie-Louise" edited by Fréderic Masson (Appleton).

Lamartine's "Girondists" is a great favorite of mine, and there is an English translation of it, but it is hard to find.

Constant's "Memoirs of Napoleon" (whose valet Constant was) are published by Scribner and are most interesting reading.

There remain fiction, and drama, two fields of enormous extent. Arthur Bartlett Maurice has written a delightful and able book on "The Paris of the Novelists" (Doubleday, Page) which I heartily commend.

The more Dumas, Balzac, Hugo one knows, the deeper will he get into the heart of Paris.

Let me urge acquaintance with the remarkable "Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Romances" by Baroness Léonie Aminoff (Dutton) which simply lift one up bodily, as 'twere, and set him down in Paris of the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate.

I suppose that hardly anyone needs to be reminded of Anatole France — especially "Little Pierre" and "The Bloom of Life" (Dodd, Mead). Nor of Zola.

This is a list of such startling omissions that I almost hesitate to offer it, being far more conscious of all that I didn't get in, than of what I *did*.

Is it any wonder I made up my mind that persons going abroad need much more than mere lists—that everyone needs a systematized plan of study, so that he approaches just what he needs in the order of sequence in which he needs it, as he goes about Paris —and elsewhere.

Notre Dame

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FENIMORE COOPER—COMIC

By John V. A. Weaver

Mr. Weaver's article is the third of a series in which various of our younger critics will attempt to express the reactions which well known books of an earlier generation would arouse in them, were those classics newly published today.

WE hail a new genius of the slapstick and bladder, James Fenimore Cooper. Perhaps at times his satire becomes too brutal, his burlesque a little beyond bounds; but taking "The Last of the Mohicans" by and large, from every angle, it seems to us that no reader can fail to appreciate that never before has a type of story been so completely devastated, so held up to ridicule as has the "Injun" type, in this inimitable parody.

Sinclair Lewis has, it is true, made the tale of homely sweetness and light in small towns somewhat incredible, and he has cast clever aspersions upon the fictional glorifications of Go Getters and stalwarts of Big Business; Walter Traprock has squirted humorous seltzer into the kava of the South Sea Isles, until it has lost its savor. But these assaults were caresses compared with the earnest belaborings which the Sage of Otsego Lake has bestowed upon several classes of story, all at once. The noble savage; the stalwart scout of eagle eye, child of nature that he is, and one of God's most handsome works; the brave dumbbell major who rides through gravest dangers, chivalrous to the end, to rescue the pure heroine; the heroine herself — there are two in this case, both immaculate as to body, soul, and mind; the relentless villain — all the stock figures of the many different styles of romances set in the Great Outdoors, where Men are Men, here receive such heaping gifts of raspberries that, if there be any proper appreciation on the part of the public, they will all be stifled, never to recover.

As it stands, the novel is perfect material for a marvelous six reel, comic movie feature. The plot is a maze of ingenuity; there is hardly an effect the author has missed. Two young ladies, Cora and Alice, beautiful and dumb, are being led, during the French and Indian War, through the trackless wilderness of western New York, to their father in Fort William Henry. These ladies are really cruel take offs on the pre-Victorian Pillars of Purity and Ignorance which are alleged to have existed in those days; we don't think they are quite fair — they may have been pretty awful, but Mr. Cooper has gone a bit far in making them the complete idiots he represents. However, farce must be farce, and exaggeration is a *sine qua non*. The gallant major who has them in charge may also seem to some to be a trifle overdrawn; he ought, perhaps, to have one normally sensible idea during the course of the book, just for contrast. However, these are but minor blemishes, and we cannot be too captious with a work which it is otherwise difficult to find fault with.

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These travelers, then, find that their guide is a villain. Magua, nicknamed "Le Renard Subtil", is completely successful. There isn't an opportunity for dirty work that he misses, and although he continually finds himself in awful situations, he never fails to escape. Of course, he pretends that he is enamored of the elder halfwit, Cora, and his activities as a Peck's Bad Boy are hung upon the peg of this feigned infatuation. Action starts right away. The Major, naturally enough, has no idea of how to get to Fort William Henry, and his funny predicament gives opportunity for rescue by Hawkeye, the Ancient Boy Scout, and his two assistants, redskins by the fairly amusing names of Chingachgook and Uncas — the latter being the "hero", giving the book its title, "The Last of the Mohicans". There ensue several good mob scenes, perhaps a little too broad, since dozens of enemy Indians are slaughtered with not a wound for the defending forces.

After a good deal of this effective rough and tumble stuff, the party gets to the Fort. Here is where Mr. Cooper has made a slight error, we believe, in introducing an episode which might well be mistaken for something rather serious. He has brought in the massacre engineered by Montcalm, in which hundreds of British adherents bit the dust. Of course, we realize that Mr. Cooper had to scatter his characters in the woods again, so that the rest of the plot could be worked out; but we insist that the scenarist who adapts the book will have to substitute some other incident: say a flood — floods are still *en règle*, are they not?

The devices used for trailing, scouting, etc., become somewhat overworked, it is true. But the cumulative comedy of snapping twigs has its value. After the fifteenth or twentieth betrayal of a character's whereabouts by means of breaking a twig at an inopportune moment, the absurdity brings an instantaneous laugh. We are not so sure that one special piece of comic hokum will get by so well: we refer to the use of a bear skin, wrapped in which, at two dramatic moments, an Indian crawls through crowds of his fellow aborigines, deceiving them completely. That might seem just a little incredible, although we seem to have witnessed episodes somewhat similar in one of Buster Keaton's recent releases. The prize piece of foolery, however, is where Uncas overhears the plots of his enemies — lying two feet from them, wrapped in a beaver skin, his head inside the beaver's! Anyone who has recently seen a beaver will appreciate the laughable predicament in which a large Indian will find himself.

There are some fine opportunities for ringing in fancy shooting stunts by Hawkeye, although it is to be doubted that the ranks of vaudeville contain any sharpshooters who can perform the prodigies described by Mr. Cooper. And of course there are many swimming thrills in the text. The fact that they are mostly incredible will not in the least detract from their amusing qualities.

The narrative works up to a very effective comedy finish. Magua, surrounded by the Major, Uncas, and Chingachgook, with their forces, gives Cora one chance to marry him. She answers that she will not — and her speech is one of the wows of the piece: "I am thine! Do with me as thou seest best!" It is quite natural that Magua, looking up and seeing Uncas making a flying tackle, should stab the lady, and fall, with his enemy, from the top of a mountain.

These various situations are fairly conventional; it is in the characteriza-

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tions, and especially in the dialogue, that the most effective fun comes in. What joy to the caption writer, these stomach laughs, which can be adapted with scarcely a change, and which cannot fail to convulse any sophisticated audience.

Take Hawkeye, for instance. Some of the time he talks like most b'gosh characters; but at unexpected moments he bursts forth into verbal fireworks. Here are two samples, taken within three pages:

"Them careless imps, the Mohawks, with their Tuscarora and Onondaga brethren have been here slaking their thirst, and the vagabonds have thrown away the gourd! This is the way with benefits, when they are bestowed on such disrememberin' hounds."

This is the same gent who, a minute before, was saying:

"My book? 'Tis open before your eyes! And he who owns it is not a niggard of its use. I have heard it said that there are men who read in books to convince themselves that there is a God. I know not but man may so deform his works in the settlement, as to leave that which is so clear in the wilderness a matter of doubt among traders and priests."

We admit that the subject matter of Hawkeye's conversation often looks at first glance as if he were being serious; but the ingenious shifts from illiteracy to spread eagleism always give the speeches a burlesque kick which never fails of its effect.

The perfection of Cooper's comic method is in the speeches of the girls and the Major. Imagine a young lady of the late eighteenth century, who habitually converses in such sentences as these, where Alice chides the Major:

"Ah! Thou truant! Thou recreant knight! He who abandons his damsels in the very lists! Here have we been days, nay ages, expecting you at our feet, imploring mercy and forgetfulness of your craven backsliding, or, I should say, back-running — for verily you fled in a manner that no stricken deer, as our worthy friend the scout would say, could equal."

Alice doesn't get all the funniest lines, however. Cora receives her share; as where she bawls out the villain, Magua, who is kidnaping her sister: "Hold! Release the child! Wretch! What is't you do?"

And Duncan, the Major, has his moments. Here is the passage in which he takes leave of the two fair morons, whom for days he has guided through the forest:

"God bless you in every fortune, noble — Cora, I may and must call you." She frankly gave him her hand, though her lip quivered, and her cheeks gradually became of an ashy paleness. "In every fortune, I know you will be an ornament and honor to your sex. Alice, adieu" — his tone changed from admiration to tenderness — "adieu, Alice; we shall soon meet again; as conquerors, I trust, and amid rejoicings."

Such are the materials from which will inevitably be made, and soon, we trust, one of the slapstick masterpieces of the silver screen. Let us hope for an all star cast. Let us suggest Louise Fazenda and Mabel Normand for Cora and Alice; Harold Lloyd for Magua; Bull Montana for Chingachgook; Charlie Chaplin for Munro; Buster Keaton for Uncas; and Ben Turpin for Hawkeye. Only so thoroughly capable a company can do justice to this novel's antic possibilities.

There may be someone who will deny that Cooper is trying to be funny. A friend of ours told us only yesterday that "The Last of the Mohicans" is a serious historical novel.

We are sure that he is playing a joke on us. Nobody could possibly write such an incredibly fatuous piece of work, in so illiterate a style, and be serious about it. No, he is wrong. We are convinced that Mr. Cooper has written the most consistently amusing burlesque of the age.

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THE DIVINE FANNY

By Meade Minnigerode

With a Sketch by Margaret Freeman

PARK THEATRE, THIS EVENING, MAY 14,

will be performed the Farce of

DUMB BELLE

after which

Mademoiselle FANNY ELSSLER will appear in her celebrated dance of La Cracovienne!

To which will be added

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS

To conclude with

LA TARENTULE

MAD'LLE FANNY ELSSLER!

Doors open at 6 1/2. Performance commences at 7.

Boxes $1 — Pit 50 cents — Gallery 25 cents.

THEY will try, the historians, to assure their readers that in the spring of 1840 the leading citizens of New York, and of Boston and Philadelphia, were preoccupied with financial disasters, engrossed in political contests. Not at all. They were all breathlessly awaiting the arrival of Miss Fanny Elssler from Paris.

And who was Miss Fanny Elssler? Is it possible that in some future age people will be asking: And who was Miss Anna Pavlowa? It is, alas, possible.

No better method suggests itself of reintroducing Miss Elssler to the continent that witnessed some of her greatest triumphs than a reference to that Memoir which served the same purpose in the first year of her Amer-

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ican tour — "The Memoir of the Public and Private Life of Fanny Elssler", published in 1840 — no doubt, in fact undoubtedly, the work of some devoted press agent. That he was a good press agent, indifferent to mere prevarication, is manifest in that slight error at the outset, by means of which he removed eight years from the burden of Miss Elssler's accumulated days, giving her twenty two birthdays only at the time of her New York début in place of the less romantic thirty which she had actually achieved.

To begin with, by way of preface, "In editing a memoir of a performer on whom all the superlative panegyric of our language has been lavished, it is difficult to select terms of sober commendation which will not appear tame, even insipid. . . . Perhaps no performer who has ever visited our shores could have sustained uninjured the torrent of ranting rhapsody elicited by the perfections of Mademoiselle Elssler — except the subject of our memoir herself."

And then to solid, box office facts: "This most extraordinary young woman was born in Vienna, in Germany" — well, they talked German anyway, those Austrians — "in the year 1818" (June 23, 1810, would have been more accurate) "of respectable parents who had no connection with the Opera — she being the first of her line who ever entered public life." No theatrical taint, be it clearly understood, no operatic stigma, in the family. On the contrary, a background of eminently respectable domesticity — Godey's "Lady's Book" please copy. There was nothing congenitally thespian about Miss Elssler, no suggestion of inherited acrobacy.

One of those tremendously trivial chances, however, placed the child, Fanny, in the Imperial Academy of Vienna. It seems that a "coryphean" of the Opera lived not far from the Elsslers. The two sisters, Fanny and Theresa, were all the time begging to be taken to the theatre to see their splendid neighbor in her terpsichorean finery, echoes of which had reached the ears of those two precocious little pitchers. Their father, "a prudent man, who had other views in life for his daughters", long objected, but finally succumbed to their prayers. They might visit the Opera once. Fanny was enchanted, dazzled, carried away. When she went in, and the light fell over her, she thought that "the place was Heaven, illuminated in honor of God's victory over Satan". An original conception, to say the least. To that illumination she determined to add the lustre of her own star.

The possible objections of her respectable parents do not figure in the Memoir. Fanny, and Theresa likewise, began to study the dance. Fanny, in particular, made rapid progress. She was present on the stage in a minor rôle on the night when Taglioni, whom she was to outshine, made her début. She gave evidence of such proficiency that she passed directly into the Corps Coryphean without lingering in the more plebeian Corps de Ballet. Finally, at the age of *seven*, she made her own triumphant début in the leading rôle of the new ballet, La Fée.

Her subsequent career was rapid and brilliant beyond precedent. When scarcely fourteen she was summoned to Naples by the royal family, where she danced before the court in a blaze of glory. Immediately afterward she returned to Vienna to become the *première danseuse* of the Imperial Opera. Then it was that a lonely,

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white clad, consumptive young man, called by some the King of Rome and by others the Duc de Reichstadt, fell in love with her. For the sake of his peace of mind, the Memoir would have one believe, Fanny withdrew herself from Vienna. At all events she went to Berlin, where she was more than graciously received by the King of Prussia and perhaps not quite so graciously by the Queen, and where they placed a royal equipage at her permanent disposal and offered her a life pension of $3,000 a year in return for eight seasons. Fanny, who had other things to think about, shook her raven locks and went to London. This was in 1834, and in that country whose motto is *Honi soit qui mal y pense* she brought a daughter into the world whose birth was not saluted with any salvos of artillery. Nor was it recorded in the Memoir.

After that —

To follow her from London to the Continent, and there from city to city, would be only to record her triumphs wherever she moved. She led captive the hearts of all. Offers of marriage from men in the first circles of society met her in every city. She was followed from London to Paris by bevies of infatuated swains, and her traveling train at length resembled a royal cortège. In many places the enthusiasm of the populace was carried to absurd and degrading excesses. It was a common occurrence for foolish young men to unharness her horses and draw her carriage to her lodgings — a practice which we blush to say has been imitated in one instance in this country. The wildest enthusiasm furnishes no excuse for such base servility. Mademoiselle Elssler felt herself degraded by such a despicable proceeding; and, in Baltimore, the next night, she sought her lodgings privately and on foot.

Dear, dear!

Miss Elssler sailed from Bristol in the steamer "Great Western" on April 15, 1840, and arrived in New York on May 3. Her manager "had engaged her with fear, if not with reluctance". She herself was in great trepidation. The French press, anxious to detain her in Paris, had assured her that "she would receive no favor" here — our notions were so prudish that anything like an abbreviated garment would be visited with national wrath — and as in the Cracovienne and some other dances her steps were thought sufficiently liberal even for the French capital — that here aught approaching a free use of her limbs would be a signal for the horror stricken burghers to leave the theatre and pass an ordinance requiring her to quit the country under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

"Under these impressions it is not wonderful that the heart of Elssler quailed when she heard the surging of the crowd — the uproar of its getting seated, and the tumult with which an American audience always sinks into quiet . . . but her last *pas seul* was executed with a brilliancy that struck the spectators like the discharge of an electric battery. The Rubicon was crossed — she was safe. . . ."

American audiences have traveled a long way, to be sure, since the night of May 14, 1840, in the matter of abbreviated garments and a free use of the limbs, but at that the French press of those days seriously underestimated the national powers of assimilation. No one left the Park Theatre that night until the performance was over, and then only because they were putting out the gas jets.

II

It is difficult, in these unamazed days when great first nights pass off with a round of curtain calls calmly, and only seldom vocally, accorded, to realize the unrestrained uproar, under similar circumstances, of the

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FANNY ELSSLER

Drawn by Margaret Freeman from the lithograph cover of "Fanny Elssler's Dances". Published by C. T. Geslain and W. E. Millet, New York, 1840 (?). In the Ford Collection of Prints, New York Public Library.

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supposedly infinitely more decorous Forties. There were no home runs, no touchdowns, in the Forties, and it was at the theatre that an opportunity was found for exercising the lungs. Churlish persons may point out that it cost them less to be unrestrained in the Forties. Deliberately uncharitable persons may add that possibly they were more easily pleased, more given to hysterical outcries and admirations. The fact remains that in those days, and on those great nights, emotions stirred warmly and unabashed in the most refined bosoms, spontaneous impulses, even on the part of the most elegant, required no mitigation, provoked no self conscious disdain, gratitude and appreciation were simple, familiar, generously displayed attributes, readily expressed in unembarrassed tumult.

Only from contemporary writings may one hope to catch a glimpse of the excitement which swept the town, of the eager, vivid curiosity which seized all minds concerning the illustrious ballerina — an echo of the rapturous frenzy which greeted her when Miss Elssler finally appeared. There was national pride at stake, of course. She was so famous abroad, so frantically sought after in all the capitals of Europe — what if America should fail to appreciate her, should really find it impossible to accept her art, should lay itself open to the ridicule of older, more sophisticated communities? Those articles in the French press already! There was something of the sort in the air, surely. If Miss Elssler was in trepidation on that opening night, who knows but what her audience sat in similarly anxious seats?

She landed from the "Great Western", blowing kisses to Captain Hoskins no doubt, and the event finds room at once in Mr. Philip Hone's diary, in which the ex-Mayor of New York is of the opinion that the celebrated opera dancer will create a sensation, since she has been anxiously looked for and is second only in Europe to "the immortal occupant of mid-air", Taglioni. Miss Elssler would not have blown Mr. Hone any kisses for that, but of course at the time he probably shared, with all outspoken diarists, the illusion that his journal was a private catalogue of personal impressions, not a public dispensary of future revelations. A few days later, on May 11, he records entertainingly:

"On my return from Long Island I found two letters, which were brought by Fanny Elssler, she who has set New York agog for marvelous saltatory exhibitions" — only in the Forties could anyone have kept a diary in such terms — "and whose heels are to turn all our heads." One letter was from Samuel Welles, and the other from Christopher Hughes, in which he asked his friend Hone to give to this really excellent and kind hearted stranger the benefit and the honor of his kindness and protection, while assuring him that Miss Fanny was as good as she was graceful.

Under the circumstances what could an ex-Mayor of New York do? As he himself points out, he could not, therefore, "do less than call and pay my respects to the fair *danseuse* as early this morning, after my return, as possible". He went, a monument of civic welcome, to the American Hotel at twelve o'clock, sent in his card, and was told the lady was not dressed but would be charmed to see Monsieur at four o'clock. "Now", he remarks, "I think, four o'clock being his dinner

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time, Monsieur will not find it quite convenient to visit Mademoiselle at that hour."

But he went back, all the same. Perhaps not at four o'clock, although one prefers to think so, but in any case on the next day, May 12, he writes:

"I called yesterday upon Miss Fanny Elssler. She is an exceedingly fascinating person, but not very handsome. Her face has lost its bright bloom, and her complexion appears to be somewhat faded — the result, probably, of the violent muscular exertions which are required in the profession."

All one can say is that, from all accounts, Mr. Hone was hard to please. "But her manners", he continues, "are ladylike. She is gay and lively, and altogether the most perfectly graceful lady I have ever seen; further the deponent saith not."

Now what did he mean by that?

"She is to make her first appearance", he concludes, "at the Park Theatre, on Thursday evening, in the ballet of La Tarentule which all the world will witness who can gain admission to the theatre. Fashion and taste, and curiosity are all on tiptoe to see her on tiptoe, and the pocket of many a sober pa will be drained to furnish the means to his wife and daughters to witness her *pas*."

And then the great first night. It must have been late when he returned home, for a gentleman of sixty, but he sat down at once to write the following, while it was all fresh, and ringing in his ears:

Many and many a night has passed since the walls of the Park have witnessed such a scene. Fanny Elssler, the bright star whose rising in our firmament has been anxiously looked for by the fashionable astronomers since its transit across the ocean was announced, shone forth in all its brilliancy this evening. Her reception was the warmest and most enthusiastic I ever witnessed. On her first appearance, in a *pas seul* called La Cracovienne, which was admirably adapted to set off her fine figure to advantage, the pit rose in a mass, and the waves of the great animated ocean were capped by hundreds of white pocket handkerchiefs. . . . .

Then came the ballet, La Tarentule, in which the Elssler established her claim to be considered by far the best dancer we have ever seen in this country. At the falling of the curtain she was called out; the pit rose in a body and cheered her, and a shower of wreaths and bouquets from the boxes proclaimed her success complete. She appeared greatly overcome by her reception, and coming to the front of the stage, pronounced, in a tremulous voice, in broken English, the words "a thousand thanks", the naïveté of which seemed to rivet the hold she had gained on the affections of the audience. . . . The house although full in every part, was not crowded, and a more respectable audience never greeted the fair *danseuse* in any country she has charmed.

The press, on the day following Miss Elssler's début, was equally eloquent. She had made her first appearance before an audience that filled the house from pit to Shakespeare gallery, and whose shouts and clappings had prevented the continuation of the performance for several minutes after her entrance. The eulogistic reports of the French and English journals had not been exaggerated in their descriptions of her beauty of person or grace of movement. She was, the critics decided, about the medium size, with a figure of perfect proportions, expressive features, fine classical head, black hair, and dark flashing eyes, and nothing could be imagined more elegant than her attitudes and motions.

It was not an immediate triumph, however. Mr. Hone to the contrary, her first piece, the Cracovienne, was not well selected to display the beauties of her form or dancing. The dance itself was not a striking one, and the costume, being exceedingly heavy and awkward — the famous costume, with the red boots and the Polish cap — required all the grace of the dancer to

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keep a feeling of disappointment from passing over the whole assemblage. She was, of course, vociferously cheered for all that, but not with that enthusiasm which subsequent parts of her performance called forth. An anxious moment, that, for the audience, one is convinced. Was it all going to fall flat?

But no — when the curtain rose on the ballet of La Tarentule, the anticipations, raised by the glowing accounts which had preceded her, were fully realized. This ballet, which concerned itself with the effects of the bite of the tarantula, required in the chief character the manifestation of every variety of passion, which was effectively executed in the pantomime of Fanny Elssler. Her arms, her feet, her body, her eyes, her features — every part of her anatomy except her legs, of which in the Forties she was, of course, not officially possessed — were in harmonious motion, struggling to give expression to the various feelings with which the spirit labored. The effects of the tarantula bite, the shuddering of the whole frame, broken by wild attempts at dancing, were a masterpiece of pantomimic acting.

That was what appealed to them most, apparently. Something more than mere saltatory exhibitions. Miss Elssler had grace, she was poetic motion personified, but she was also a great actress. There was a personality on the stage, as well as absorbing aerial peregrinations. They were, perhaps, not so easily pleased in the Forties.

As for her dancing, it had the merit of combining great celerity of movement with the most perfect grace and ease. It was extremely chaste — *that* for the French press — and at the same time full of spirit and force. There were, one is glad to learn, none of those extraordinary leaps, whirlings, and frightful distortions of the body and limbs which usually marked stage dancers. Her recoveries from any *tours de force* or vigorous efforts were instantaneous, her attitudes unstudied and easy. The movements of her feet were swift as a flash, and her whole appearance, during her performance, that of one who had given herself up with complete self abandonment to the impulses of the dance. The result of it all was that she was called before the curtain amid showers of roses and thunders of applause . . .

And while New York ordered other bouquets, and prepared further applause for her second performance, Miss Elssler herself tended the roses of that first night banked high about her rooms at the American Hotel, and wrote a letter to Europe, with the thunder of her first reception ringing in her ears. Already on the preceding day she had written:

> The eventful day of my début is upon me, tomorrow will be a souvenir for the rest of my life. I cannot disguise from myself the importance of the result. If I fail to gratify the unreasonable ideas of my poor skill prevailing here — and how can I hope to do so—the consequences will be to me most fatal. . . . These reflections quite unnerve me, and I am further alarmed at the extraordinary excitement in the theatrical world. The papers are every day full of details, personal and otherwise, concerning me, and if I were not so agitated, I should be flattered.

And then after the unforgetable night which, one hopes, did indeed remain a souvenir for the rest of her life, she wrote once more, a letter in which one seems to hear it all again.

"May 16, 1840" — there was no time to write on May 15, what with callers to be received, and the precious notices to be read:

> I am satisfied, nay, far more, rejoiced to my inmost heart, by the most unexpected

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manifestation of popular feeling in my favor, but I will relate to you the history of the night. I was nervous beyond anything ever experienced before. . . . My hotel faces the theatre, and before I went to repose, as is my constant habit on a dancing night, I caught, unhappily, a glimpse of the immense concourse that had already assembled in the street some hours before the doors were to open. . . . . On going to the theatre I had urgent need of the good natured encouragement given me, for I had well nigh lost command of myself. I dressed for the Cracovienne, and listened in the silence of my room to the confused sound of murmurs that reached my ear, and indicated the presence of that excited throng, crowded as I was told to the roof, whose judgments I was to challenge. . . .

What a moment, in the silence of her room, while Mr. Hone and his friends were gathering out front. Perhaps she thought of Naples, or the silly old King of Prussia, of London and Paris, of Mr. von Gentz, of the white clad boy in Austria who was dead now. Perhaps she wished that her father had never allowed her to visit the Opera, that one fatal time in Vienna. Perhaps she powdered her nose. And the manager outside the door, biting his nails, and sister Katty running back and forth, bubbling over in German about a pair of slippers mislaid, perhaps, or some dreadfully expensive flowers, possibly, sent by some important nonentity. . .

I had hardly strength to walk upon the stage. The curtain rose, and breathless silence prevailed; the music struck up, and the moment came, and I appeared. The scene that ensued beggars description. The whole house rose, and such a shout ascended, as stunned my senses, and made me involuntarily recoil. Men waved their hats, and women their handkerchiefs, and all was inexplicable dumb show for several mortal moments.

Immortal moments, she meant.

I stood confounded, with tears streaming down my face. Order at length restored, the dance began. How I went through it I know not . . . but I must have danced as I hope never to dance again. I was encored to the echo, and in a few moments recommenced amid the most cheering applause.

She had no illusions, however, concerning the state of the audience. Their vociferations had not deafened her to the premonition, and, one suspects, the voluble assurances of sister Katty, that she had, on the whole, danced rather badly that first time. The manager was doubtless very polite about it, but she had watched Taglioni too long not to know. While she was changing her costume in the silence of her room, she probably spent less time thinking about the King of Prussia, and much more worrying about La Tarentule.

A vaudeville succeeded, and I retired to get ready for the ballet. I was not curious to know the feeling of the house for I feared it must be unfavorable. . . . I soon learned that such a state of feeling prevailed as had been calculated on. Great confusion of opinion and impression, perhaps some disappointment, but just that blank state of mind that I might hope the most from. This roused my soul to action and I longed to be at them. As I dashed in for the ballet the sensation was hardly less strong than at first. My appearance in feminine and coquettish attire seemed more in harmony with their expectations, and they evidently liked my looks. A loud murmur of surprise and intense satisfaction rose on every side, and gave me a stirring impetus.

She appears altogether admirable at that moment, dashing out pluckily to retrieve the evening. And then, the deluge.

It is not for me to say what I did, or how I did it. . . . I danced without effort, and even Katty applauded some of my feats. The most deafening exclamations of delight broke at rapid intervals from all parts of the house, till they lashed themselves into a perfect tempest of admiration. Never before did I behold so vast an assembly so completely under the sway of one dominant feeling. . . . The curtain fell amid a roar that sounded like the fall of mighty waters, and that soon brought me before them. Their applause was perfectly frantic, cheers and bravos saluted me, and flowers and wreaths

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fell like rain upon me. You cannot suppose that I stood unmoved amid such sights and scenes. My heart beat till I thought it would leap from its socket, and my eyes overran in grateful testimony of their fervent goodness. I essayed to speak and stammered forth a few simple words of thanks, and withdrew. The ordeal is passed, doubt no more affrights me, and what a prospect dawns upon me!

Mr. Sylvain was gathering up the floral tributes. The manager had stopped biting his nails. Nobody cared any more about the mislaid slippers. Where did Miss Elssler wish to take supper? One imagines the audience going home enormously pleased with itself, too. . . .

III

Miss Elssler's success was immediate and complete. During her first engagement in New York she danced fifteen times, and brought in some $24,000 to the box office of which she retained $10,000 as her share — the start of that $85,000 fortune she took away with her from America. It was wrong, the New York "Evening Post" insisted, to call her a *danseuse*. It was the muse of motion that presided on Elssler nights, it was an exhibition of everything most graceful in motion, most rapturous in repose, most exquisite in attitude. It was the display of the most preeminent attributes that make the eye of man love to dwell on the unadorned human frame when in its perfect development. It was, to begin all over again, an exhibition of the most beautiful forms, the most exquisite attitudes that human limbs could assume. No wonder they stood in line, those white gloved dandies of the Forties.

For two years she went on tour throughout the United States, and filled repeated engagements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Havana. During the summer she recuperated at Saratoga and on Staten Island, and in the winter time she drove in a splendid sleigh behind four white horses, escorted by the entire community in jingling pungs and breaknecks. Hats were named after her, songs were written for her, and her statue was exhibited in New York. In Richmond she was received with cannon and tolling bells; in Boston she "danced the top stone onto the Bunker Hill monument"; in Baltimore the young fashionables dragged her carriage through the streets; and in Havana numbers of white pigeons, "trained in such politeness", were let loose to bring her garlands of flowers.

"Fanny's triumphant progress and reception throughout the United States far surpasses the progresses of Queen Elizabeth of England, Joan of Arc of France, Hudibras in the Commonwealth, Don Quixote in Spain, General Lafayette or General Jackson in the model republic." Thus the New York "Herald". "From the first moment she put her foot on American soil in New York, and received the polite morning calls of Colonel James Watson Webb, Corporal Park Benjamin, or Philip Hone, Esq., her progress has been a triumph."

Much of the "Elssler mania" — constantly, and universally, expressed in packed houses, thunders of applause, and showers of roses — seems to have been due to her curtain speeches. From the time of that first night, when her "Thousand thanks!" took New York by storm, she never forgot that America enjoyed tears, broken English, and the hand on the heart.

"It is a pleasant thing", she told them the second time in New York, "to make new friends, but I feel it is more delightful a thousand times to meet old ones again." (Applause.) "I come back to you, covered with praises

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and flowers, but I am not spoiled yet, for my gratitude to you is as fresh and deep as ever." (Applause.) "You were the first to welcome me, and I shall be the last to forget it." (Tremendous applause.)

In Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, in October, 1841, she addressed "her admiring and enthusiastic auditors, in her halting, delectable, broken English", as follows:

> Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me the greatest delight to return to Boston. I have been far away since and seen enough to confuse my memory; but I recollect well the generous welcome you gave me, and I recollect better my deep regret in leaving you. My desire to please you is as great as ever, but I have one anxiety, will you be as easily pleased?

Not content with "this little turn, so naïvely and sweetly uttered", she perpetrated the following on the night of her benefit in the same theatre:

"Ladies and Gentlemen — I am very much bothered. I don't like to leave you now, for the last time, and I am afraid to try your patience by a longer stay. Really, I don't know what to do —" (Shouts of "Stay, stay", from all parts of the house.) "I have a great mind to stay — shall I?" ("Yes, yes", and great cheering.) "Now remember, if you get tired of me it is your own fault."

> Oh, Fanny Elssler, Fanny Elssler,
> Fanny Elssler, Fanny Elssler, oh. . . .

She was, decidedly, a very great actress.

Reluctantly one leaves her in the wings of the Tacon Theatre in Havana, watching Mr. Sylvain optimistically *whitewashing* the arms, necks, and legs of his brown skinned Cuban ballet girls as they file out onto the stage in La Sylphide. . . .

AND SO IT WAS

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

THERE were long days when there was nothing said,
And there were longer nights where there was nought
But silence and recriminating thought
Between them like a field unharvested.
Antipathy was now their daily bread,
And pride the bitter drink they daily fought
To throw away. Release was all they sought
Of hope, colder than moonlight on the dead.

Wishing the other might at once be sure
And strong enough to shake the prison down,
Neither believed, although they strove together,
How long the stolid fabric would endure
That was a wall for them, and was to frown
And shine for them through many sorts of weather.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

THE BOOK BAZAAR OF STAMBOUL

By Eveline Scott

I SUPPOSE, O modern inhabitant of the New World, with your Brentanos and Duttons and McClurgs, that you would deem our Book Bazaar of old Stamboul a very shabby and out of date affair indeed. You would have difficulty in finding it, to begin with, and there would be nothing smart or efficient about it, nor would you have any assistance in choosing your book, either from attractive poster or beguiling salesman. But it has charms you know, real Old World charms, notwithstanding its dust and poverty, its seemingly indifferent booksellers, and the hopelessly ancient literature it offers to the passer by. And I will wager that no true lover of books, new or old, can pass through it without a contraction of joy in the region of his heart; he must perforce stop and look and peer, for he will feel, instinctively, that here he may unearth a secret or may dig up a long lost tome for which all his life he has been looking. In short, romance lingers in every corner of the Book Bazaar, and those of us who live in Constantinople never grow tired of its subtle enchantment.

There are two ways of reaching it. You start from the bridge that spans the Golden Horn and walk through narrow streets up a hill until you reach the vine clad entrance of the Grand Bazaar. You plunge into its dim interior and by keeping in as straight a line as you can, always mounting, you will eventually come to the western exit and step out again into the sunshine. Turn then to your right and you will find yourself in a small alley (you could hardly dignify it by the name of street) that winds for fifty yards or so, and empties itself through a stone archway into the courtyard of the mosque of Bayazid, which towers above it. You have arrived.

You may reach it by a longer route. When you leave the bridge, you can take the broad cobbled road that passes by St. Sophia and the Hippodrome until you come to the great open square of the War Office. You will find the mosque of Bayazid in the right corner, standing white against a blue sky. You go through its cloistered court, and glance in passing at the quaint marble fountain where mosque pigeons and devout believers alike drink side by side. When you have emerged and have walked under the great plane tree, you find yourself at the end of the alley that is called the Book Bazaar.

Thus it is wedged in between the great mosque on the one hand and the Grand Bazaar on the other, with the makers of seals near by and the shoe shops a little farther on. It is deliciously secluded. When you step into it, you are out of the world at once. It is quiet and subdued and business is always slack. You can hardly call the little booths that line each side, shops. They are glorified shop windows, with protruding ledges on which you can seat yourself to look over the books. Inside there is just room left, between the piles of books stacked on the floor, for a man to lie down, or to sit cross legged or squat comfortably

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on his heels to eat a dish of beans cooked in oil, and served in a pewter vessel. Around the shop, to give it color, hang Arabic inscriptions in black and gold and blue and silver, set in frames. These look down upon the believer in his white turban waiting for your custom and upon you, the western infidel, seated on his jutting floor, with your feet upon the cobblestones of the street. And they say:

> Praise be to God, Lord of the Worlds!
> The Compassionate, the Merciful!
> King on the Day of Reckoning!

and

> Truth is come and falsehood is vanished.
> Verily falsehood is a thing that vanisheth.

You glance over his books and he smiles a benign and hopeful smile. What is so delightful as a white bearded old Turk, especially if he wears a turban round his fez and a bright colored shirt and sells books? He will point to his pile of foreign publications — how dusty and travel worn and altogether shabby they are — and your eye catches the strangest assortment of volumes, poor, neglected, indifferent books that nobody ever loved. There are German readers, relics of the war, when every school in Constantinople was well stocked with them; funny French dissertations on "L'Art de Faire le Vin" and "La Vie Intime d'Edouard VII", with the quaintest old fashioned photographs of Victoria and Albert and their numerous progeny in every conceivable costume from the age of one month to eighty years or so; and "La Chimie des Parfums". You will see, in English, Fifth and Sixth and Royal Readers, old Tauchnitzes, and occasionally a forgotten favorite of Locke's or Eden Phillpotts. You glance at the paper bound Turkish pamphlets and wonder what they are all about. They are poorly printed for the most part, on cheap paper, and their illustrations are crude and hazy affairs.

All the street is interested in your visit. The other booksellers (there is never more than one man to a booth) watch you wherever you stop. The street is so narrow that you can easily hold a conversation with the man across the way. His roof nearly touches the roof of the booth opposite him. Nearly, but not quite. You look up and there between the roofs is the loveliest strip of turquoise sky you could ever wish to see. If you crane your neck, you catch sight of one of the slim minarets of Bayazid, against the blue sky. On the little terrace near its top the muezzin calls to prayer and the bookseller, if he is a holy man —and many of them are — will take off his shoes, turn his face to Mecca, and prostrate himself then and there, surrounded by his books. Customers can wait but God cannot.

There is one shop that is more than a booth, which I very much like to visit. Outside its little glass windows is a shelf of worn volumes, so dusty that one almost fears to take them up. Inside is an intelligent black bearded Turk with a sympathetic manner. He saw that day, when I first discovered him, that I was looking for more than discarded readers. And so, after my companion and I had been in his shop fully ten minutes, he decided that we might be appreciative of his real treasures. So he went behind his little counter and took out of a gaudy ramshackle tin trunk the most beautiful things, as if it had been the coffer of a djinn. There were old, old Korans, illuminated in gold and blue and magenta, done in solitude by who knows what pious student of theology in his shady cloister. There were lac-

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quered covers with intricate designs upon them of birds and leaves and scrolls, which once upon a time had served their day to hold together some holy document. There were illuminated texts in Arabic and Persian and Turkish, quite modern but all hand work, offered to us for a song. The bookseller nodded knowingly, when our eyes opened with delight at his display. "Ah, very beautiful, are they not?" he asked with pride and stroked them as if they were children. This Koran, for instance — look at the dainty illumination, and the gold work — did we know how long it took to make one page like the frontispiece (which, being Turkish, displayed itself on the *back* page of the book)? And these microscopic texts—that tiny border which looked like a geometrical pattern was really—look closer—tiny, tiny Arabic writing running around the whole page. A book, you see, encircled with sacred words. . . .

There was one slender book of Turkish poetry, in a rather battered cover which folded over the outer edge like an envelope, upon which my heart was set. The first page (at the back) was illuminated in blue and gold. It was modern but very finely done and looked as though the artist had loved his work and had perhaps said over to himself the verses of the poet as he drew. It seemed a detail that I could not read a word of it. It was the kind of book one wanted to possess, and finding it, like that, in a tin trunk, seemed like destiny. And so I bought it and here it is, in my western sitting room, feeling very out of place, I fear, between "The Letters of William James" and the "Poems" of Rupert Brooke. Some day perhaps I shall know enough Turkish to spell out its intricate verses. In the meanwhile I like to look at it.

Once my companion and I made another discovery. We found an excellent copy of Lane-Poole's "Story of Turkey" in a conspicuous position at the top of a pile of second hand volumes. We took it up the instant we saw it and did not notice that that particular bookseller was stretched upon his tiny floor space, fast asleep. He had taken off his shoes and his bright socks made a splash of color in the sunshine. His fez was still on and his hands were crossed upon his girdle, and his mouth was slightly open. We had been standing there some moments before he opened his eyes, slowly and reluctantly. He got up half dazed and very disgruntled at our interrupting him and refused to give us the book for less than twice its value. We named our price and walked off, expecting him to call us back, as is the custom of the country; but he let us go. We glanced back to see him settling himself for another forty winks, well satisfied with his decision and our departure.

I was reading the other day, in a book from the Atlantic Press, about book selling and advertising. It said that people who have bookshops should advertise if they want to sell their wares. They should make their windows attractive and lure and guide and admonish the young and uncertain reader, and show him the path he should take — graft upon him, so to speak, a love of good books. All very sound perhaps and very good business. But let me whisper in your ear, O gentle reader, that I am so much of an Old World conservative that I shy at the idea of advertising. Too much advertising, too many signposts, are the curse of the western world. In the west, you can't miss anything; the advertisers see to that. You can't get lost and you can't go wrong. Every-

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thing is too plainly marked. The finest and costliest wares are displayed in the most conspicuous places for the least appreciative to inspect and handle. There is nothing left for you to discover. All the streets are straight with never an alluring curve around which may be waiting who knows what magic satisfactions.

But things are otherwise in Turkey. Precious wares are kept back for those who show their interest and appreciation. The best is shown last. Beautiful things appear in the least likely places. Out of the dust and shabbiness of years, you may pick up the treasure you have been seeking. You are allowed the joy of vigorous search, the triumph of real discovery. "Perhaps next time I visit the Book Bazaar", you think, "I shall find a priceless Greek manuscript hidden in a disused Koran; perhaps I shall fall upon an old volume of travels written by an obscure English rover of the seventeenth century." In Turkey, you never can tell, you know!

And so, though it pays to advertise, I am glad that they haven't found it out yet in the Book Bazaar of old Stamboul.

D. H. LAWRENCE IN NEW MEXICO

By Maurice Lesemann

WHEN I opened the door, coming in out of the blue clearness of New Mexico dusk on an October afternoon, a man stood up quickly and turned nervously toward me, looking very dark, very darkly bearded, in the firelight. But when we went in to dinner I saw that he was not so tall as I had thought, and very slight, almost frail, of body, with small shoulders and meagre arms. His head also was not large, not distinguished at all, and rather unshapely, though the reddish beard, thrusting below the chin, made it seem longer. Underneath the brow, which was wrinkled and knotted, the eyes were small and bright blue. They had weary sags beneath them. He sat as if folded in and huddled upon himself, bending over his arms, bending over his red beard. Not that he was quiet and morose — not for a moment — but I realized then, rather suddenly, what an enormous amount of writing Lawrence has done for a man of thirty-seven years, what a monstrous labor it has been, if only labor alone, without any of the desperate questioning it tells of, and the suffering.

We rode out horseback in the morning. The adobe houses of Taos were warm and golden in the sunlight as always, but now the cottonwoods and poplars too were golden for fall, and stood in thin, vibrant screens over the flat roofs and up into the blue. Out toward the Taos Pueblo the Indian fields were reaped and yellow with stubble, and the bushes by the old pueblo wagon road made a smoky mist of lavender and russet. Leaves of the wild plum trailed crimson over them. We passed Indian boys hunting birds with bows and arrows. They hid in the bushes when the ponies came close.

Lawrence was dressed in leather puttees and riding breeches; and a little white woolen coat of Scotch homespun without any collar, a strange garment in this country, with a homely northern look about it; and underneath this, a knitted sweater that a friend had made for him of the very blue to harmonize with his red beard. He was very gay in the crisp clearness of the morning. We talked about America.

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This was Lawrence's first visit to America, and he was still in the midst of first impressions. He saw our machine life as an appalling thing, a very terrible thing. It would take the most intense individualism to escape the deep seated American impulse toward uniformity. All that a sensitive person could do now was to live totally to himself. "He must be himself", Lawrence said. "He must keep to *himself* and fight against all that. There is nothing else to do. *Nothing.*"

When he talked, one forgot almost at once that first impression of frailness and weariness. One forgot the heavily knotted brow under the shock and surcharge of his eyes. He spoke gaily and whimsically. His voice was high pitched and thin, soaring high upward for emphasis, and still higher in a kind of amused exultation. Talking of uniformity, he remarked upon the way Americans treat everyone with the utmost familiarity on first acquaintance. It has become a convention with us to presume an exact community of interest. He was amazed at this. "They tell you *all* of their affairs, and then they expect *you* to tell them all of yours. They make me furious! And I know that they have the kindest intentions in the world. They mean to be kindly and generous, of course. But I have the feeling of being perpetually insulted!"

He talked of it often, the condition of American life and its possible future. He felt revolution. He felt it somehow in the peculiar mental make up of our people despite their apparent docility. There was a terrible potentiality there, a disposition to join together when aroused, a sense for joining and feeling their strength together. If I took him rightly, it was a sort of child's knowledge of the possession of power. He had an intuitive fear of them and of what they might do if ever they took a notion to overturn things, either little or great. "I feel them dangerous", he said, "dangerous as a race. Far more dangerous than most of the races of Europe."

While we talked the ponies would slacken their pace, gradually, by mutual consent, dropping at last into a slow walk, scarcely placing one foot before another. We passed the Pueblo, rising in terraces into the sun, five terraces rising with golden brown walls against the dark blue peaks of mountains behind them. The Indians were husking corn in the corrals and pateos. The streets, usually swept clean as a floor, were littered with rustling husks of corn. Lawrence was always for turning out of the road and off across the fields at a gallop. He pressed his flat white hat tightly to his head and gave the little sorrel free rein, letting her go breakneck over the hardened furrows. Then back through a gap in the underbrush to the road again, the ponies excited after their run, tossing their manes.

"I should like to see the young people gather", he said, "somewhere away from the city, somewhere where living is cheap — in a place like this, for instance; and let them have a farm or a ranch, with horses and a cow, and *not* try to make it pay. Don't let them try to make it pay — like Brook Farm. That was the trouble with Brook Farm. But let them support themselves by their writing, or their painting, or whatever it is." I had been telling him of the large number of young people in America who are intent on creative work in the arts and are up against the kaleidoscopic, emotionally disintegrating life of our commercial centres. He came back again and again to this increasing problem of preserving the individual

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entity. "They could be *themselves* there", he said, "and they would form a nucleus. Then they would be able gradually to spread their influence and combat the other thing a little. At least they would know they existed. . . .

"At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment."

And with the last words off he would go, urging the little mare into a lope and standing up in the stirrups. He pressed the small white hat tightly to his head and sat far forward in the saddle, leaning over eagerly. He rode eagerly. The white coat flapped behind him in the wind.

This eagerness and exultation were constant in him. One night by the fire he told stories about English people he had known, imitating with absurd nicety their voices and manner, their entire conversation. He described their way of walking, and must needs jump from his chair and pace up and down the floor — yes, all round the room, taking the part first of the Countess and then of the Cabinet Minister — until finally they rose before us — heroic, monumental in caricature. And then Lawrence would remember one thing more, and it so ridiculous that he would have to sit down; and his voice would break and go careering away into a chuckling laugh before he could tell what had overpowered him.

Small trace of humor or whimsy has appeared in his work, although there is an increasing variety of mood in the later novels. The exultation, however, so predominant in the early love poems and in the clear lyricism of "The Trespasser", still appears—most freely now perhaps in his description, or rather in his deep realization, of flowers and animals, and in his feeling for places, his whole sense of a town or a mountain. But I give you my word that these things do not greatly concern him. He is concerned for the most part with certain human relationships and with certain visions which he has had for the future. He is concerned with finding a philosophy which shall show him a rhythm running through the inconsistent truths of experience. But these other — for which alone many people read him — these come almost unconsidered out of the casual, daily abundance of his mind.

Sometimes, of course, the eagerness and the exultation were more concentrated within him, and there was less of them for the rest of us. Sometimes he was altogether inward, as if there were an actual physical change in him, a periodic withdrawal of his energies deep inside him. At such a time his remarks in criticism of people were very piercing. Very quick, darting out at them and back again. And his voice was a bit aside from us, and a bit wary; sharp, at a moment. And his eyes too were sharp, darting askance. It was almost as if he were at a distance from us in the room, conversing in his high voice at a short but distinct distance, as if he were sitting quite by himself over there beyond the table, under the small shine of the candles.

On such an evening one felt him strangely in the house. Although he talked, and talked gaily and whimsically, yet he himself was present otherwise, in some totally different way. He had an exquisite, almost physical sensitiveness to the personalities about him. Like Cicio in "The Lost Girl", and others of his most authentic characters — those who are least explained — he became then an enigmatic intuitive being: irritated darkly within by the slightest contacts, feeling them to

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the point of pain, or stirred with delight in the same mordant fashion, but never ceasing, never relenting. The small blue eyes burned and danced, indestructible. He penetrated the room and its peculiar atmosphere with excruciating understanding.

"If you fall from the tower of a cathedral and your mind says that you shall die, you will *die;* and if your mind is not going to die then, you will *not* die." And I shall always remember his casual remark. For him it is true. His mind must go on without rest, creating beyond itself, thrusting out beyond itself again and again in flashes of vision. One thing, surely, he has done: although Whitman sketched the thought, Lawrence is the first modern to body forth love as one inseparable experience, not as both physical and mental, but as one — one thing; and in that one living substance of love he looks for his solution. He will do more. He will go on, searching for finality and rest. We thought that he would never find rest. And that, at last, was the sense we had of him; it came over us — the sense of a man walking about, or sitting by the fire, or picking apples in the orchard like any other, but inwardly astir with a dark frenzy, his frail body ridden and worn by his dæmon.

FLEET STREET

By Elliot Blumenfeld

TO every English journalist it is simply "the Street".

"He's one of the best editors in the Street", or "That was one of the greatest stories the Street ever turned out", are remarks that you can hear almost any moment of the day — or night — in the offices and eating places in Newspaper Land. It is part and parcel of the men themselves, something they think about as their own, as much as their hats or coats, or wives, if they have them.

Fleet Street. Newspapers. You can't separate the two, because they are each other, absolutely. It does not matter from which end you approach it, it strikes you the same either way. Coming to it from the Strand, which continues it westward, or from Ludgate Hill, under the shadow of St. Paul's, you leave ordinary shops and ordinary people in a twinkle, and you find yourself in a new world, a world whose *raison d'être* is news, and the getting of news and the writing of news and the talking of news, and — very seldom — the reading of news.

The men and women who swarm along its pavements — Fleet Street knows naught of "sidewalks" — seem in a curious sort of way to be alike. In dress partly, in speech wholly, and in the homely fashion in which they collect at the corners of the little old lanes that turn off the Street here, there, and everywhere, they show the brotherhood of the trade. Yes, Fleet Street is the "shop" of all who dabble in ink, no matter whether it be daily, weekly, or monthly papers that claim their lives.

Have you a minute or two to spare? Come, walk with me down this old thoroughfare, and let me point out to you some of its ancient pride and quaint nooks and crannies in which hide the journals that sway millions of people every morning and evening of the year. . . .

We are walking east now, leaving behind us the Strand and Trafalgar Square. In the centre of the street is the monument known as the Griffin,

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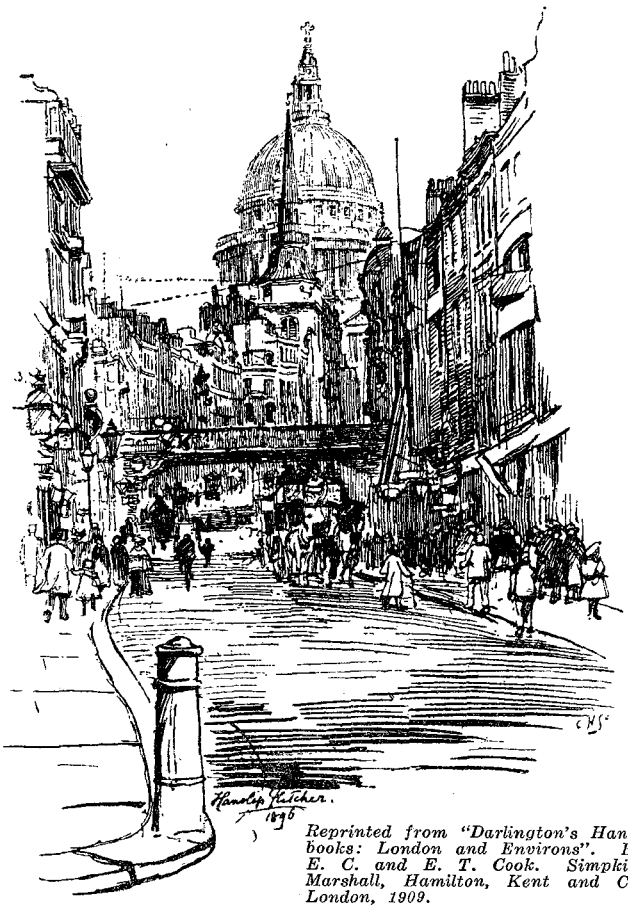

Reprinted from "Darlington's Handbooks: London and Environs". By E. C. and E. T. Cook. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co. London, 1909.

and the moment we are past the Griffin we are in Fleet Street. It is not narrow, neither is it broad, just a good medium kind of width. See how the tide of red omnibuses swirls round the monument, great topheavy lobsters they are.

Here, on our left, is Fetter Lane, crowded with carts and delivery vans. But see, we are in the newspaper territory already. Glance up at the windows of the buildings—did you know that there were so many papers in existence before? You will realize that the Street exists not only for the great metropolitan papers, but for the journals of Sheffield, and York and Birmingham and Cardiff, and all over the kingdom. And not only the kingdom. The big gold lettering on that board up there—the "Times of India". The Street has its hand on India's pulse too, you know.

As we go on, the names on the windows and the buildings become so numerous that we must stop and take a good look at them. Papers from Chicago and Bombay hustle each other for space on the walls; here the Melbourne "Argus" breathes defiance at rivals across the way; high up near the roof of that grey stone building the offices of Edinburgh sheets and papers from far away South Africa ad-

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vertise themselves to the riders atop the buses, and an enormous sign stretching along beside us tells where a great news agency makes its home.

And so it continues all along the Street. There is hardly a newspaper written in the English language and few in any other that do not have their London offices here in the heart of old London. Now we begin to see the names of the London papers themselves.

On the right, where Whitefriar's turns down to Father Thames, is the office of the Liberal twins, the "Daily News" in the morning and the "Star" in the evening, with the rows of vans waiting, noisily impatient, for the fourth edition of the evening paper that has the winners of the races at Windsor or Kempton Park. It is past five o'clock, and the buses going west along the Strand to Charing Cross are packed, and those bound for the City, financial London, have seats aplenty.

On the other side of the street Chancery Lane sneaks away toward High Holborn; what ghosts prowl along its narrow paths? It is old, very old. Here is a name that you must know, the "Daily Chronicle", which by means of an elaborate signboard lets the passerby know that it is very much at home. Right opposite is Shoe Lane, and if we have a minute we can stroll up there. On the right, giving a suspicion of size hidden by black and gloomy buildings that seem to bend over and meet at the top, is the "Daily Express": the lane, which is even more narrow than the others farther up the Street, is impassable at the moment because of the lorries loaded with paper standing outside the office. The rolls are being lifted off the lorries into the building by chains, and the echo of clank and clash resounds along the lane.

A step more, and the home of the "Evening Standard" and the "Daily Sketch" is before us, neat, clean; here again the rows of vans are whirling up to the doors, receiving their loads and dashing away to Chelsea and Hampstead and the suburbs that want their evening papers. At the end of the lane busy, shoppy Holborn — rather like Broadway — hums its song, but we have nothing to do with Holborn. We shall turn back and get to the Street again, for there is more to see. As we reach the traffic, turn your head to the right, up street, and take proper notice of that imposing stolid building next to the branch offices of the "Daily Mail". It is the "Daily Telegraph", staunch Conservative, unsensational, thoroughgoing, and much respected.

We are at the end of the Street now, where it broadens into Ludgate Circus. You will notice that a number of the big papers we have not seen yet. They are not far off. The stately "Times" is just round the corner in Queen Victoria Street, the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News" live a little nearer the river, with a whole family of Sunday papers and the "Westminster Gazette": there is only one that is really out of the family circle. But it is as close to Fleet Street as Times Square is to Herald Square. The "Morning Post" stands at the corner of the Strand and Aldwych, in respectable solitude well becoming its ancient dignity.

Very long ago the Fleet River used to flow along the course the Street takes now, though not keeping so strictly straight. One of the oldest and most charming things about this neighborhood is the Temple. You can step out of Fleet Street and drop back in history a sheer volume. In the Temple grounds the lawyers live,

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and have lived for years, and Dickens knew them as we know them today. There is still the sign of the Lamb, the badge of the Knights Templars, on all the old buildings, and the chapel in which Shakespeare read "Twelfth Night" to Queen Elizabeth still stands and catches the shadows from the trees along King's Bench Walk, where of old the judges promenaded.

The restaurants in the Street are worthy of mention, because all the people who work in the Street have their midday and early morning meals there. The Cheshire Cheese, famous all the world over; the Falstaff, which gives you beef done as only London can; Anderton's Hotel, where in the hot summer they serve a most excellent salmon salad; the renowned Ye Olde Cocke, in which some of the most famous pieces of literature have been written; and many more besides.

They are filled all day with men who think in terms of ink; men, some of them, who affect high stocks and very long hair, men with faces of understanding and infinite kindliness — they know the story of the Street.

Fleet Street is not like any other street in London, nor indeed like any other street anywhere. Possibly Park Row has some of the same atmosphere, but there is so much else on Park Row that takes away the attention from the newspaper buildings.

I think that the Street affects the men who live in it. They get infected with the spirit of it: it is so big and near, and it seems that all the world is making newspapers when you are in Fleet Street. By day it is winsome and lovable, and its quaintness makes it very dear to those who belong to it. By day also you cannot fail to notice the amazing network of wires that al-

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most blackens the sky overhead; by day you see it a busy old mother of a street, chuckling over its children.

But if you would really know what Fleet Street is; if you would catch some of the glamour and the glory that is Fleet Street's very own, you must pay her a visit by night. For then she is working. In the day she is only getting ready for the battle, but at night those grey old buildings spring to life and the work begins. The Street itself is deserted; an occasional taxicab and a bus every ten minutes, that is all; there is a silence and a stillness that suggests Power.

And at eleven o'clock, when the first editions of the papers go to press, if you stand quiet on the pavement, you will hear a rumbling that grows and grows until it is a swelling roar; the very Street trembles as it gives birth to the millions of white sheets that are the Street's children. To those who love the game and the giant presses, it seems that the roar is but the echo of the thudding of men's hearts, the men who are Fleet Street.

A MODERN GAME

By Witter Bynner

IT'S a game indeed,
And all you need
To play it
Is nothing to say
Except the way
To say it.

You catch a noun
And lay it down
On paper:
Though it was warm,
You chloroform
Its caper.

And then you curb
A little verb
And pin it,
Or an adjective—
Letting it live
A minute.

And then you sit
And ponder it
And show it,
Calling the man
Who likewise can—
A poet.

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

IV: GENIUS AND TEMPERAMENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, the first three of which appeared in* THE BOOKMAN *for November, January, and February, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

"TEMPERAMENT" is a term so generally used only in reference to the artist type of genius, that the first step toward understanding it is to realize it as existing in its own kind in relation to genius of every sort. Consider the genius for sex provocation. Coquetry, as an art, is a late comer in our social history. Among primitive peoples it exists in a rudimentary form, and only for the brief mating period. You must take my word for this, because space does not permit me to offer the easy evidence that our literary twaddle about the "eternal Eve" practising an instinctive beguilement is in a class with the myth of the he-cave-man who put an end to her practices by dragging her home by the hair.

Man has to be pretty well along on the way from animalism to civilization before he begins to abuse his mate, or she to deceive him. Early humans mated with no more fuss about it than canaries make, probably less, and that little was made by the male. Among stone age myths I find not a trace of the female coquette, but occasionally, in song and story, a man who preens himself on his skill at it.

It was not until marriage had become thoroughly identified with economic support that it became necessary for woman to think seriously about accomplishing it for herself. During the dark ages of womanhood, when combat was the major occupation of men and women were plunder, they learned that their best chance of getting what they want most — children and a reasonably easy way of bringing them up — lay in arousing and holding the interest of the master man. Then coquetry became a serious art, the tradition of which was handed on from mother to daughter, as it is still, in some sorts of society. By this means a vast amount of experience was laid down in the female inheritance; and every now and then some woman is born with that direct access to this stored stock of experience which we recognize as genius.

In some such fashion all the modern varieties of genius, coquetry, mathematics, and engineering — literary genius is vastly older than these — come into the modern strain, and the psychic mechanism rearranges itself to admit them. We have all of us known at least one woman who, without any instruction or previous experience, sometimes even without wish-

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ing it, has the capacity to produce on almost any man an effect that most men delight to have produced. But the career of that woman, while it may take its direction from her genius, will eventually strike a balance between that and her talents and intelligence. If she has not much of either she will quickly run her course to the Home for Unfortunate Women. With a reasonable equipment she may take to the theatrical profession, or end as a high class merchant of unmentionable wares. Where the endowment of intelligence is high, she may become a great lady of romance; in some periods of the world's history, a saint. Fortunately there is enough printed about all these types of genius for sex provocation, for every reader to supply his own examples. As a matter of fact this is the only kind of genius the world knows much about. The operations of literary genius are obscured by myth making, and the newer sorts, engineering and finance and the sciences, are little studied. So I feel I have a better chance of being understood in pointing out that the temperament of a woman with a genius for coquetry is the balance maintained between that and the rest of her equipment, than if I said it about a woman with a genius for novel writing. For this state of psychic balance must be such, if either woman is to be great at her art; must engage the whole reactive capacity of its possessor at each new adventure. You cannot be a great lover by parroting situations any more than you can be a great novelist by that process. In saying that the temperament of a creative literary genius is the equilibrium maintained between his genius and his other gifts, we can describe that temperament as a capacity for re-experiencing emotion at something like its initial value. Half a dozen times I erased that word "emotion", and then erased the substitution and wrote in "emotion" again.

Strictly, emotion is any movement arising within the psyche in response to stimuli, so the term would include the deeper and more elusive stir of a creative idea. But in ordinary use the word has been so weakened by being used to describe only the more violent visceral reactions, love, anger, disgust, that at the first sound it may not seem to include all that I mean. Having genius, in the first place, means to have your reactive capacity reenforced by the stored experience of the deep-self. But to make your genius effective you must have temperament, which is the power to recall and repeat, at other times and places, the original stir. You must have the *power* to do this on your own times and occasions, and the quality of your temperament is determined by the degree in which the recalled emotion approaches the intensity of the initial experience.

Because all genius processes appear so much alike, I suspect that temperament is much the same in all departments of human activity in which temperament enters to any degree. It is curious, considering how our age is characterized by them, that nobody has made a study of engineering genius or the business temperament. If financial genius is the natural capacity for utilizing the stored experience of the race in mastering the economic environment, should not business temperament be a similar capacity for reenacting in any given transaction all the elusive responses of the psyche to such situations? We all know business men who lack this capacity for response. Though they sometimes grow exceedingly rich, they

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never become great in the sense of affecting the economic interests of society in a favorable direction. Speaking of business here, I mean the effort of man to make himself at home in the material universe, to prove, whether or not he knows what he is proving, that there is no real difference between spiritual and material. If this is the case, then all the business dubs, the innumerable tribe of Babbitts, are simply the men without temperament, lacking the capacity for throbbing with the remembered rhythms of racial achievement as a shell with the sound of the sea. I do not actually *know* that this is the case with business genius, but then nobody else gives any sign of knowing, so there is no harm in guessing.

Neither is it certainly known whether we are born with or without this fairway through the psyche for recalled emotion. But if temperament inheres in the natural constitution of the individual, then there must be something in our type of civilization unfriendly to it, for all my observation goes to show that among much more primitive types of culture the percentages of the temperamentally endowed are much higher than in ours. Among African Negroes and American Indians it is the exception to find one who is unable to recall emotion, some time after the event which gave rise to it, with sufficient poignancy to express it in one or another of his available mediums. Among Americans the exception is in the other direction. Possibly the multiplicity of inhibitions which environ the civilized child, the number of things he must not touch, the places he must not go, the things he must not talk about, paralyze the mechanism of temperament. In a democracy like ours the fear of being "queer", or of seeming to think yourself superior because slightly different, is a powerful deterrent to favorable variation of the individual.

Here also, and to some extent in all countries having a dominant Anglo-Saxon strain, there is a rather general substitution of the sympathetic temperament for the artistic temperament, and a difficulty about discriminating between the two. Having the artistic temperament, you feel the situation; having a sympathetic temperament, you feel *about* the situation. Most Americans feel deeply about a number of things, the starving children in the Near East, the unregenerate pro-Germans, the moral impeccability of George Washington; and they don't care who knows it. But they are notoriously unable to come to valid conclusions about a situation arising around these centres of sympathy, because so largely incapable of experiencing the situation itself.

All this is prominently reflected in our literature. Our most popular fiction is written not in the pattern of the veridical reactions of the characters in the story, but in the reactions of the author who happens at the moment to typify the reactions of the greater public. Yet this kind of writing can take place on rather a high level. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, had not a speck of temperament, but she had a keen intellectual appreciation of what her characters were going through, and a clever way of telling it. Emile Zola boldly threw his temperament, if he had it, out of the window, and told all he could discover about his characters with the zest and accuracy of a scientist. Sinclair Lewis, for God knows what reason, likes to pretend that he hasn't any. Mr. Wells has temperament, and when he is able to retain it steadily throughout a novel

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he holds his reader on the snaffle. But in many of Mr. Wells's later books he appears to live through the reactions of the story before it is finished, so that in the last chapters he is merely writing about his characters, rather than being them. Perhaps the best modern instance of temperament swinging steadily through the whole arc of literary achievement is Joseph Conrad, when in such novels as "Typhoon" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus" he completely disappears from the story, sopped up by his characters as though they were so many sponges.

We have not many writers in America who can do that. Not only is the temperamental quality frequently missing, but it is, in the best examples, unevenly maintained, which I take to be a reflex from our democratic assumption that one man is exactly as good as any other. By subtle and persistent ways the reactions of the crowd involve us in a losing struggle to be faithful to the experience of the characters we have chosen. Perhaps one of the reasons why scenario writing is not yet an art is that it openly abandons the struggle to represent the true emotional sequences of its characters, clumsily substituting the reactions of its audience for the true ones. I asked a successful motion picture producer once why, when he presented a story about aristocrats, he didn't have it acted by somebody who looked the part, and he answered that American audiences didn't like to think that there was a special aristocratic way of looking. He might have added that neither do they like to admit that there is any other way of feeling than the way they feel.

Where an attitude of this sort prevails to the extent that it does in the United States, you cannot, to save your soul, help being touched by it. I have awful, agonizing moments myself when I wonder whether it is really polite for me to go on writing about things which few people care for and fewer understand. And yet, the essence of creative literary art has always rested in this temperamental quality; this capacity of the artist to route through his own psyche the true reactions of the situations lived through by his characters. We cannot imagine that it will ever be anything else; so that it becomes of prime importance for the writer to know how variations of temperament in himself can be recognized and fostered.

I doubt whether there is any certain way by which, all at once and forever, the writer can reckon with his own temperament. Jack London at forty was only just beginning to realize that, though he could get completely inside his men, his women had no insides. They were show window dummies on which Mr. London hung whatever feminine trappings his story required. In all except the greatest temperaments, and perhaps even in these, there are dead places, which the knowing learn to avoid. Some of these may be racial. That is, the writer may have nothing in his racial history by which capacity for certain types of experience has been developed or exercised. I have just read a novel written by a German Jew, based upon his own experience, in which he has attempted to Americanize his characters by giving them New England names. But how can anyone suppose that the path a given experience would take through even the most highly sensitized consciousness of a German Jew, would be identical with the path of the same experience in the life of a New Englander? The only thing to do with a strongly

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marked racial temperament is to admit it, and to maintain strongly its validity as such. If it proves more or less liberated, more deeply or more shallowly experiencing, it is always a contribution to have proved so much.

The path by which the sequence of emotional reactions is routed seems to be influenced by racial traits and by early training to such a degree that it is doubtful if the possessor of it can do much to alter it. But a great deal can be done to keep your own temperament working effectively. And the first step in that direction is to understand that temperamental difficulties arise, nine times out of ten, out of temperamental lack. Either you haven't got it in the first place, or you haven't learned the trick of managing it, or it has formed habits of working only under special conditions not easy to secure, or for some obscure physical reason your nervous mechanism will not carry an emotional charge of sufficient intensity.

Temperament is the state of psychic equilibrium which permits the passage and repassage of given emotional states through the sensorium, under the control of the individual. This state can be disturbed by ill health, by shock or prolonged anxiety, or by obsessing counter emotions. To pick up this state day after day, for months, sometimes for years as a novelist does, at any selected point, and to accommodate its tempo to your rate of writing, is an achievement that seldom comes as a birthday gift. I do not know any writer who does not admit to having difficulties, in the beginning of his career, in managing his temperament. Once understood, it can be made to operate so smoothly and continuously that popular opinion accounts it a virtue to the possessor.

Temperament works somewhat in this fashion. The writer is struck by a situation; he allows it to take possession of him, feeling out its contacts and measuring its implications. His sense of form begins to work upon the material, enlarging and eliminating. If he is a new hand at this business, he will find himself involved sometimes painfully in its emotional reactions, but if he is an experienced writer he will relegate all that to its proper occasion.

He pushes the material down into his deep-self where it is enriched by racial values. From time to time it is lifted up to consciousness and criticized, or pushed back to grow a little longer. Presently the whole mass is electrified; the time has come to write. Then the temperament begins to work, synchronizing the reactions of the writer with the character written about; he is penetrated with subtle and intriguing appreciations of experience, recognized as veridical for the situation involved. This is a happy state, and where the psychic energy thus generated can be discharged on paper at a rate commensurate with its own movement, there is corresponding relief.

But suppose there is no talent capable of carrying the energy, or a talent not sufficiently practised. Then it tends to be discharged in tempers and more or less violent irritability. No doubt a great deal of modern vice is chargeable to our failure to provide outlets for people who have temperaments — normally we should all have them — and yet have no talents pronounced enough to utilize the temperamental reactions. Situations like this can be extremely agonizing to the victim. More trying still are the cases in which there is talent, even genius, and for one reason or another a failure of temperament. When the failure is

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constitutional, I do not know of anything that can be done about it. Or perhaps I should say, I conclude that temperamental lack is constitutional when I do not know what can be done about it. Sometimes when the writer finds himself with perfectly good creative ideas and no temperament to give life to them, it is a matter of obscure physical insufficiency which can be remedied by application to a physician. I have read several books about the endocrine glands, professing to throw light on this difficulty, but find nothing which demands quotation. It is probable that glandular secretions have a great deal to do with the capacity to react emotionally in the first place. Of course if you haven't any reactions to recall there isn't much use having the mechanism for recalling them. If a writer has, however, had all the normal equipment for good work, and finds himself impotent for reasons known or unknown, he ought first to see a physician. The rest can be done by autosuggestion.

It is these unhappy individuals for whom the creative movement begins . . . and stops, that have put the very term "temperament" in bad odor. The mechanisms are jammed, the energy of reaction dies out in faint and fainter rings. Then begins the immortal anguish of the balked genius, which is all most people know about temperament. They see the victim thrashing about in desperate efforts to recapture the lost power, getting drunk, running amuck, falling in love, and find it vicious or ridiculous. We all know artists who are redeemed from temperamental futility only by alcohol or passion. Sometimes these difficulties are physical, but more often they are the result of inhibiting "notions" about writing, or about how a literary career should be carried on. "I can't write *unless* . . .", says the victim, the "unless" being often some childish inhibition originally cherished under the illusion that it proved him a superior person.

I have often been asked about the value of psychoanalysis in cases of temperamental impotence. If you psychoanalyze yourself, good enough, but I cannot recommend professional advice for the reason that though I have never read a psychoanalyst who did not suppose he knew all about the genius process, I have never read one who did not demonstrate his complete ignorance of it. I know one man who has tried this remedy and is very happy over the result, but he does not know that to me it seems that, whereas once he had a temperament that gave him considerable difficulty, he has now no temperament to give him anything whatever. He not only does not react in the direction and degree that his characters naturally would, he does not react as he would naturally in identical situations. He simply sees his figures moving as on a screen, and writes what he sees, and even the most fluctuating temperament comes nearer art than that. As for the use of autosuggestion for the relief of temperamental impotence, that must be reserved for another paper.

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

I

MEMORIES OF FORT SUMTER

By Mary Cadwalader Jones

ON April 18, 1861, Simon Cameron, President Lincoln's first secretary of war, received this dispatch from the steamer "Baltic", off Sandy Hook:

> Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge walls seriously impaired, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions remaining but pork, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, (being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the beginning of hostilities) and marched out of the Fort on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colours flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.
>
> ROBERT ANDERSON,
> *Major First Artillery.*

Four years later on March 28, 1865, Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's last secretary of war, wrote to Brevet Major General Robert Anderson:

> I have the pleasure of communicating to you the enclosed order of the President, directing the flag of the United States to be raised and planted upon the ruins of Fort Sumter by your hands, on the 14th day of April next, the fourth anniversary of the evacuation of that post by the United States forces under your command.

* * * *

It was my good fortune to be at that flag raising. My father had been for years the counsel and agent of an elderly widow with two daughters who lived in Charleston but had large investments in the north, and came there every summer, as many southerners used to do before the war. In the winter of 1865 the net was drawn so close around the Confederacy that legitimate communication was almost impossible, but his client contrived to let my father know that she was practically destitute, and as he held important papers needing her signature he decided to take them to her, with some of her money, and to take me with him, as we were always close companions. We went of course by permission of our army and navy chiefs, most of whom my father knew, and from first to last we were under their protection. Sailing from New York in the end of February, 1865, we landed at Hilton Head and reached Charleston, by way of Savannah, in the last days of March or beginning of April. To one who had never seen the actual effects of war the city was a melancholy spectacle. Our bombardment had left its marks everywhere, even on church steeples and on gravestones in the cemeteries. One heavy Parrott gun, called by our men "the Swamp Angel" (a feeble forerunner of Big Bertha), which had been

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planted in a marsh five miles inland, did a great deal of damage before she burst, and was looked upon by the Charlestonians with a mixture of wrath and amazement.

Everyone who could possibly get away had left the city before our troops entered it; the streets were deserted except for our sentries, strolling soldiers and sailors, and bands of Negroes who had floated down on flatboats from distant plantations, many of them never having seen a large town before in their lives. Almost without exception the house and body servants had stuck to their masters and mistresses; these were field hands, and they gaped and laughed like careless children. As their new freedom did not feed them they lived chiefly on the good natured charity of our troops, and at night camped in the empty cotton warehouses, with the natural result of frequent fires.

Heavy cloth of gold roses hung over garden walls and on the porches of closely shuttered houses; occasionally an old servant would creep furtively from a back door; but there was no sign of ordinary everyday life — the men were all at the war, and the women and children either away or in hiding. It had been different in the less aristocratic Savannah, which the Federal troops had occupied since December; when I walked about there, always with an officer or an orderly, the girls would run up their high steps and turn their backs sharply on the hated blue uniform, but if I looked round quickly after I had gone a little farther I usually caught them gazing eagerly at the back of my frock. Fashions were four years old in the Confederacy; it was worth while to run the blockade for rifles or quinine, but not for furbelows.

Charleston was, however, too proud and too sad to care about fashions.

To my father's regret he found that his client had left for Columbia a couple of months before our arrival, and when that city was burned had gone still farther away. (I don't remember now how he managed to get in touch with her, but I know he finally did.)

Fort Sumter lay far out in the harbor, more than three miles from the city; in 1865 it was a shapeless battered mass, looking from the shore rather like the ruin of an enormous Pennsylvania barn. Its foundations, laid on a shoal which ran near the main ship channel, were chips of granite brought in ballast from New England stone quarries, and its name was as suggestive as its base, for it was called after a Revolutionary leader, General Thomas Sumter, locally and affectionately known as "the gamecock of the Carolinas".

When Major Anderson took upon himself the heavy responsibility of moving his handful of men from Fort Moultrie in the night of December 26, 1861, Sumter, although unfinished, was an imposing mass of brick and concrete, pentagonal in shape, with walls fifty feet high. Anderson's dispatch to Secretary Cameron describes its condition when he left it, and it was further knocked about at the time of our unsuccessful attack on Charleston in 1863, when Colonel Shaw was killed leading the assault on Fort Wagner.

Admiral Dahlgren took us over Sumter soon after we reached Charleston, and I remember it as very desolate and dreary, with piles of brick and stone lying about the main enclosure, and great pieces bitten out of the walls. As there was to be a public ceremony there on the fourteenth of April, much had to be done before it

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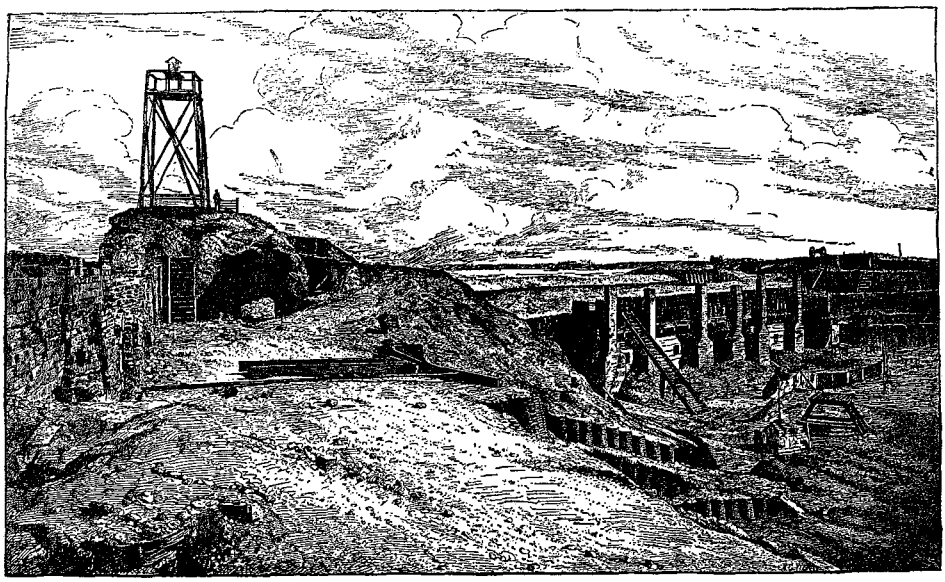

*Interior of Fort Sumter, Showing Its Condition When Reoccupied by the Government**

could be made to present a holiday appearance; boats big and little came and went all day between the fort and the city, laden with lumber for temporary benches, and the ships' carpenters from the sullen looking grey blockaders were kept busy.

I think it was on the twelfth that a steamship, whose name I forget, came down from the north with a large party of "people of importance", to give the celebration proper endorsement and dignity. Naturally enough they swarmed all over the town and the surrounding islands, and wanted to see everything in as short a time as possible. It was amusing to notice the difference between these casual visitors, respectful enough but primarily enjoying an excursion, and the army and navy men, to whom the war had meant years of grim reality. I remember perfectly being very proud that we were "on the force", so to speak, and I held myself rather aloof from what we on the inside called "the Senatorial party".

On the evening of the thirteenth there was a large dinner in the principal hotel, which had a pillared veranda running along the second story. The dining room was hot and I thought the speeches dull, so I slipped out on the veranda, and leaned over the railing. Presently I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the cobblestones, and an orderly came cantering up and threw himself off saying, "Where's General Gilmore?" He was taken into the hotel, and in a moment I heard a noise in the dining room. General Gilmore, who commanded the Department of the South, came out and said to some officers who had also taken refuge on the veranda, "Gentlemen, Richmond has surrendered."

That news meant the virtual end of the war.

Just as the guests were beginning to come out of the dining room there

*Illustrations reprinted from "The Genesis of the Civil War". By Samuel Wylie Crawford. Charles L. Webster and Co. New York, 1887.

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was a commotion farther down in the street below us, and word was passed along that one of the Pringle cotton warehouses was on fire, uncomfortably close to the hotel. So more clattering orderlies were sent off, and after what seemed a long time — as we could see the reddening smoke pouring out — an exceedingly antiquated hand fire engine came clanking up, dragged by a gang of Negroes, all shouting at the top of their lungs. Fortunately the fire was not serious after all, but the scene was strikingly picturesque: the light from lanterns and the dying fire flickered on the faces of the Negroes as they worked the bars of the old engine up and down, singing "spirituals" and war songs, one of which had the constantly repeated refrain, "We'se all free now."

At last the fire was safely out, and we went to bed, very happy in our minds. (Richmond had surrendered on the third, but communication was so slow that we heard of it only on the thirteenth.)

Next morning, the fourteenth, was clear and bright, but full of trouble except for a few of us serene Olympians. The ceremony was to be at noon punctually, four or five thousand people wanted to go, and there was no regular communication between Sumter and the town. The big visiting steamship ferried her own passengers, and the boats belonging to the blockading squadron plied to and fro busily; temporary landings and steps had been put up on all sides of the Fort walls. As the entire management was in the hands of the navy everything went like clockwork, and there was no confusion.

Admiral Dahlgren took us out with him, just before the appointed hour, and I found the inside of the Fort so changed that I should scarcely have known it. It looked as some of the old amphitheatres do when they are adapted for modern entertainments. Tiers of unpainted benches, smelling of green wood, lined the walls to their tops; the flag staff in the middle seemed to be brand new, and there was a neat little canopy in front of it, draped with flags and trimmed with

Inside of One of the Magazines, Fort Sumter

greenery, to shelter the principal speakers in the event of bad weather. Altogether the place looked very much dressed up, and unlike its stark everyday self. The Senatorial party had places of honor close to the canopy, and the higher up one was in dignity the lower down one sat on the benches: the Admiral's officers and guests, and those of General Gilmore, were almost opposite the speakers. I was sorry I could not see out, as children say, over the walls, but I had to pay the penalty of being in distinguished company, and try to look as old and impassive

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as if I were forty instead of fourteen.

The ceremony began with a short prayer by the old army chaplain who had prayed when the flag was hoisted over Sumter on December 27, 1861. Next a Brooklyn clergyman read parts of several psalms, expecting the company to read alternate verses, as in church; but that was not very effective because, if any copies were printed, there were not enough of them to go round. Then Sergeant Hart, who had held up the flag when its staff was shot through in the first attack, came forward quietly and drew the selfsame flag out of an ordinary leather mail bag. We all held our breath for a second, and then we gave a queer cry, between a cheer and a yell: nobody started and nobody led it; I never heard anything like it before or since, but I can hear it now. It stopped suddenly, for we saw that a couple of the sailors who had been in the first fight were fastening the flag to its new halyards, with a little wreath of laurel on top. General Anderson stood up, bareheaded, took the halyards in his hands, and began to speak. At first I could not hear him, for his voice came thickly, but in a moment he said clearly, "I thank God that I have lived to see this day", and after a few more words he began to hoist the flag. It went up slowly and hung limp against the staff, a weather beaten, frayed, and shell torn old flag, not fit for much more work. In a moment it had crept clear of the shelter of the walls, and then a sudden blessèd breath of wind caught it, and it shook its folds and flew straight out above us, while every soldier and sailor instinctively saluted.

I don't know just what we did next, but I remember looking on either side of me and seeing my father's eyelids brimming over, and Admiral Dahlgren's lips trembling. I think we stood up, somebody started "The Star Spangled Banner", and we sang the first verse, which is all of it that most of us know. However, that did not make much difference, for a great gun was fired close to us from the Fort itself, followed, in obedience to the President's order, "by a national salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Fort Sumter". The measured solemn booming came from Fort Moultrie, from the batteries on Sullivan's and Folly Islands, and from Fort Wagner, where Shaw lay buried in the trench "with his niggers". When the forts were done it was the turn of the fleet, and all our war ships from the largest (which would look tiny today) down to the smallest Monitor, fired and fired in regular order until the air was thick and black with smoke, and one's ears ached with the overlapping vibrations.

That took a long time, and when it was over Henry Ward Beecher made an eloquent address. I am quite willing to believe it was eloquent because the newspapers said so afterward, but I didn't hear much of what he said, although I was close to him. I think most of us looked at the flying flag and the thinning smoke, and wondered what it would be like to have an end of four years' Civil War.

That night every ship was outlined in fire; rockets rushed up into the soft darkness, and Bengal lights flared. I dare say the display would not seem brilliant in this electric age, but we knew no better, so to us it was dazzling. Bands played on board and on shore; we were all pleased with what had happened, and with ourselves for having been there — on the very night that Lincoln lay dying in Washington, when the South had dealt—and had received—her heaviest blow.

But that we did not know then.

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THE LONDONER

The Writing of Novels--"Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown"--A Group of Neo-Georgians--"The Transatlantic Review"--"The American Mercury"--A. A. Milne

LONDON, *February* 1, 1924.

FROM time to time, I suppose, as a new generation arises, there comes a revival of the ridiculous old question "What is a novel?" The truth is that nobody has any clear notion. Aristotle did not settle the question once and for all as he ought to have done. It was an omission. I blame Aristotle. He should have had the prescience to recognize that some day all the young critics who worship "good form" would have need of him. As a consequence of Aristotle's inattentiveness we are always subject to these eruptions of sentiment, in critics upon the one side and in novelists of every species upon the other. Novelists themselves ought to know better than to wrangle in public. They should have the good sense to realize that they write as they can, upon no system preordained. They should not enter the lists. Nevertheless, they do it, and they are periodically much aided by young men freshly down from Oxford and Cambridge. These young men have lately been having it all their own way. They have been surveying the field of the novel and announcing, incidentally, to all those who were busy at the game while these youngsters were in the cradle, exactly what are the laws governing the composition of tales in prose. That they could themselves write anything in the way of prose fiction has not yet appeared. As a rule, one is more authoritative when one does not practise an art than when one does. It is the more surprising, therefore, that Arnold Bennett should have come out into the field of combat with a display quite as authoritative as that given so far by any undergraduate. Mr. Bennett contributed to the first number of a paper called "Cassell's Weekly" an article dealing with a whole question. He looked into the future and he could not see very much hope for the future. The article was not perhaps one of Mr. Bennett's best. For example, he made a real blunder in supposing that the continued fame of Sherlock Holmes rests entirely upon "that ass Watson". But he said, as Mr. Bennett never fails to say, some very penetrating things; among them being a definition of the novel which it must have done many of the more juvenile critics good to read. Mr. Bennett said that the Georgians fail as novelists because "they are interested more in details than in the full creation of their individual characters." He added, "The foundation of good fiction is character-creating, and nothing more." Now, it is not to be expected that any opinionated section of the community will accept this summary verdict. The Georgians are altogether too well pleased with themselves to listen to the man who really knows his job. What Mr. Bennett does not know about the writing of novels is, quite strictly, not worth knowing. Mr. Bennett has not only been writing novels — and novels the best of which will be read as long as

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novels are read at all — for a quarter of a century. Many people have been writing novels for a quarter of a century; and the novels they write are obviously not worth reading. But Mr. Bennett knows about the writing of novels both from the inside and from the outside. When he reads a novel he appraises it with all the insight and delicacy which he brings to the appraisal of a human being. His long technical experience, also, enables him to understand exactly what the author is attempting to do. This gift is priceless. It is possessed by few critics. I would rather have Mr. Bennett's judgment of any novel of mine than the judgment of any æsthetic critic in the world.

But Mr. Bennett is not being allowed to have the last word. Virginia Woolf has been writing an article in "The Nation" called "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown". As everybody who knows Mrs. Woolf's gifts will expect, this article is delicately written. It is written with charm and grace and obstinacy. It is an example of great skill in writing, and the most complete, rigid obtuseness in reading. It is verbally plausible, and it is the greatest give away I have ever seen of the very position it defends.

Pityingly, Mrs. Woolf surveys Mr. Bennett, and with Mr. Bennett also Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wells; and she tells us that the books of these writers are "already a little chill". She wishes to say, as has been said for many years, that the older writers are already dead. She ignores the fact that they are still very much alive, and that their work is still a great deal better than the work of the younger writers. They are dead, they are "a little chill", because they do not write like Mrs. Woolf. It is not perhaps to be expected that Mrs. Woolf should feel otherwise. She lives in a very restricted circle of opinion and the whole content of her mind is in reality æsthetic. She is suffering from the applause of a little circle, which compares her novels with those of Jane Austen. Clive Bell, I fancy, once wrote the words, "great writers, like Dostoevsky, Joseph Conrad, and Virginia Woolf". Everybody laughed, except Mr. Bell and the circle, who did not laugh because fond parents do not laugh in close communities at the most outrageous comparisons. It is a bad sign that nobody in Mr. Bell's circle laughed. It is a sign of crystallization. I have been reading a little warning in the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" to the effect that the United States is "crystallizing into castes". The writer says, "There is the caste of æsthetic intellectuals whose minds are set like a telescope on things fine, difficult, and remote. If opinion is not subtle for them it does not exist." Do not the words reach beyond the United States? I have never seen a truer comment upon the English intellectual æsthetics. They indeed make a caste of their own. To this caste the writer in "The Literary Review" gives the fateful word "highbrow", and I think that the neo-Georgians are all highbrows. They have become a small menace to creative writing because, in the words of the writer I have already quoted, they have formed a caste and live within it. They even have their own newspaper and fill it with views upon life and art, and then read what they themselves have written with the reverence they would hardly give to the word of God Himself. Naturally Mrs. Woolf, in writing her article "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown", is speaking for her

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age, as well as for herself, and she says:

> To disagree about character is to differ in the depths of the being. . . . This is so in real life. But the novelist has to go much further and to be much more uncompromising than the friend. When he finds himself hopelessly at variance with Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett about the character — shall we say? — of Mrs. Brown, it is useless to defer to their superior genius. It is useless to mumble the polite agreements of the drawing room. He must set about to re-make the woman after his own ideas. . . . For what, after all, is character — the way that Mrs. Brown, for instance, reacts to her surroundings — when we cease to believe what we are told about her, and begin to search out her real meaning for ourselves? In the first place, her solidity disappears; her features crumble; the house in which she has lived so long (and a very substantial house it was) topples to the ground. She becomes a Will-o-the-wisp, a dancing light, an illumination gliding up the wall and out of the window, lighting now in freakish malice upon the nose of an archbishop, now in sudden splendor upon the mahogany of the wardrobe. The most solemn sights she turns to ridicule; the most ordinary she invests with beauty. She changes the shape, shifts the accent, of every scene in which she plays her part. And it is from the ruins and splinters of this tumbled mansion that the Georgian writer must somehow reconstruct a habitable dwelling place; it is from the gleams and flashes of this flying spirit that he must create solid, living, flesh-and-blood, Mrs. Brown. . . . It is because the Georgians, poets and novelists, biographers and dramatists, are so hotly engaged each in the pursuit of his own Mrs. Brown, that theirs is at once the least successful, and the most interesting, hundred years.

Is not this fine writing? Was there ever a more specious attempt to explain away the fact of sterility? The Georgians, having no inventive gift at all, being unable to create their Mrs. Browns, are really chasing the abstractions of Mrs. Brown into the most remote corners they can find. They are using all their intelligence and all their education in this ridiculous task. It is not the way the novelist works. It is not the way he *approaches* his problem. Such a method is precisely that of the dilettante. Mrs. Woolf does not even know that the novelist creates character with his imagination. By hunting all her subtleties, by skating off into fancifulness, she thinks to evade the whole business of the creative writer. It really is not to be done. All these brilliant young people who are covering pages nowadays with the most nimble and diverting satire, fancy, and general absurdities, have no capacity to create character, and for this reason they are not novelists at all. They are students of form, experimenters in technique. They come to the novel by way of æsthetic theory, and not in obedience to the creative impulse. You can produce decorative compositions in this way, but never novels. Until one among the Georgians arises who can do in his own generation what Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Galsworthy did in theirs, we shall have no real literature with any pretensions to lasting, creative value. Mrs. Woolf mentions in her article the name of Dostoevsky as though she thought that the young writers were emulating the excellencies of Dostoevsky in the current novel. The fact that she does this is apparently a sign of incurable blindness. She thinks that because Dostoevsky's characters are abnormal, because his books are full of strangeness and strange beauty, they are not also full of the most profound understanding of character and the most profoundly imaginative creation of character. Even to dream of putting "Night and Day" in the same category as "The Idiot" gives me a severe qualm. This does not mean that I cannot see the prolix delicacy of "Night and Day". I can. I had quite considerable pleasure in reading that long, exhausting, and extremely accom-

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plished work. It was full of subtlety and full of refinement, for both of which qualities I have great relish. But Mrs. Woolf must not think that, because subtlety and refinement are very dear to her and come most handily to her pen, these things are of any ultimate importance in the act of creation. They are merely qualities very much admired by the sophisticated and the self conscious. It is the mark of the Georgian writer that he or she is markedly sophisticated and self conscious. Mrs. Woolf belongs to the company. Her article proves as much, even if her books have not already done so.

Let me make myself absolutely clear. Mrs. Woolf belongs to a very distinguished group of intellectuals in this country. The group includes men of the eminence of Lytton Strachey, Maynard Keynes, Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Leonard Woolf, etc. It is extraordinarily cultivated, and its æsthetic interests are very great. It was the group that first extolled the Russian Ballet in England, that made Post Impressionism the vogue, that is doing more than any other group at the present time to raise politics to the level of literature. But, just as it seems to me that this group suffers from intellectual inbreeding, so I feel that it has no relation whatever to the normal life of the community. Before one can appeal to a member of this group, one must be, above everything else, strange. One must be bizarre. One must be exotic. One must never risk being commonplace. Now, then, most people have a very large element of the commonplace in them. It seems to me that most of the members of this group have a good deal of the commonplace in their own composition. But they are all afraid of it. They are afraid of it in themselves, and they despise it in others. What sort of equipment is this for the novelist, who, above every other kind of person, must be ready to accept human nature as he finds it, and take an interest in it? Look back at Mrs. Woolf's own references to the freakish nature of Mrs. Brown. Is Mrs. Brown so freakish after all? Would the Mrs. Brown of Shakespeare himself be freakish? I believe not. We have had the example of an intellectual in the Elizabethan age in the person of Ben Jonson. It has required the very sophisticated society, called the Mermaid Society, to drag Ben Jonson from oblivion. The work was worth doing, because we all like to see the antique; but the fact remains that Ben Jonson, a man of apparently very great scholarship and of terrific intellectual force, was buried, that he has at this time nothing to say to those incapable of appreciating his classical accomplishment. His case is in point. It was he who sought to portray the "humours" of mankind; and he it was who carried abnormality and the pretentiousness of intellect into the drama. The group to which Mrs. Woolf belongs — a group as fluent and as propagandist as the entire set of literary women who are writing articles in praise of each other wherever the female pen has power — is an intellectual group. Each one of the members of this group has given evidence of his or her brilliance with the pen. If that were all that goes to the equipment of the great novelist, they would all be great novelists. As it is, what have they all done? They have all devoted themselves to criticism of one sort or another. This is a fine sport; it is a showy art. Critics and satirists themselves, they have provided material for the satirical novels of Aldous Huxley. They have

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had the gift to relish Mr. Huxley's work, and to relish Mrs. Woolf's work, and to relish the work of other writers in the modern satiric and fanciful vein. But, Mrs. Woolf finds the work of Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Wells "already a little chill". If this work is a little chill, what can we say of the work of Mrs. Woolf's group, which never was anything else?

* * * *

I wrote the other month about a new review which was to be started by Ford Madox Ford (formerly Ford Madox Hueffer), and I have now received a leaflet describing the aims and potential contents of this periodical. It is to be called "The Transatlantic Review" and the prospectus is one of the most amusing prospectuses I have ever seen. The magazine is intended to link up America, France, and England, and, in view of the fact that Mr. Ford is now resident in Paris, the explanation given for the choice of Paris as the place of origin of "The Transatlantic Review" is ingenious. Here it is:

> The Conductors and Proprietors of the Review have selected Paris as its home because there is no other home possible for a periodical which desires to spread comprehension between the three nations. What other centre could there be? London? Hear, New York leading, all the sons of Old Glory roar: "No!" Should it be New York? All immense London turns in its sleep to yawn: "We think . . . we decidedly think . . . not!" Berlin? Rome? Shiraz? . . . . But the Conductors do not know German, Italian or Persian so very well.
>
> They are, besides, out principally after young literature: there is no young man, be his convictions what they may, who, if he has saved up but his railway fare and sixty centimes, will not fly to Paris and cry: "Garçon, un bock!" How many hours may you not here spend at a little table, listening to young giants whose voices almost outsound the wheels of tram 91 and the rustle of the falling, chestnut leaves as they cry: "You are ga-ga. Henry James was my great grandmother! Who, anyhow, was Petronius? You must go to West-Middle-West-by-West to know what writing is, and there is no painter but . . . ." That may well be true: we labour in that hope. But the point is that they remain in Paris. You don't from here have to write to Oklahoma for contributions: from all the other proud cities you must.

From all of which it will be seen that although the hand is the hand of Mr. Ford, the voice is the voice of Mr. Hueffer. I look forward to this periodical, which, in America, is to be published by Mr. Seltzer. Among the contributors promised are Mr. Wells, Mr. Conrad, James Joyce, Pierre Hamp, A. E. Coppard, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot.

Another new periodical, which I have not yet seen but which I understand is on the way to me, is "The American Mercury" in which H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, late of "The Smart Set", are going to do for the United States what the "Mercure de France" and "The London Mercury" already do for their respective communities. I have great anticipation from "The American Mercury". It starts with every possible advantage. Both Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan know what they want, which is a rare attribute in editors. Most editors, as one of them told me the other day quite frankly, do not know what they want until they see it. He might have added, "and sometimes not even then". On the other hand, Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan have worked together for so long, and have such definite ideas regarding everything under the sun, that they should at any rate be able to produce a magazine which looks like a magazine. It may not be to everybody's taste — that would be a very small recommendation. But it certainly will represent distinct qualities, qualities of courage and understanding, and I

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think English readers will do well to keep their eye upon the new venture. The best way of keeping an eye upon any periodical is to subscribe to it.

* * * *

A. A. Milne is to go to America soon, I hear. It is not to be expected that Americans will make him talk much, because nobody in England has ever succeeded in this scheme. Mr. Milne is one of the strong, silent men of English literature. He is inveterately polite, is extremely attractive, and will make friends wherever he goes. But I believe that nothing whatever will make him talk. It is to be hoped that no American will put down Mr. Milne's silence to any but the real reason, which is, that he is extremely modest. There have been shy men who were very conceited (my own belief is that shyness, as a rule, is a mark of conceit), and there have been men who have been silent because they had nothing to say. Mr. Milne is not silent for either of these reasons. I have heard it said by Americans that no such person as A. A. Milne exists. This is an exaggeration. These Americans were under the impression that Mr. Milne was a pseudonym for J. M. Barrie. They showed very little close acquaintance with the plays of either author. Now, when Mr. Milne reaches the United States, there can no longer be any excuse at all for the supposition. Although silent, he is very real. And his plays also are very real. His plays have many very great qualities indeed; and the beautiful absurdity which makes a rill of nonsense through their most serious scenes is not the least of these. I wish somebody would give Mr. Milne just one piece of advice. The best way to disconcert the most stupid critics is to ignore them. To answer their vulgar stupidities is to encourage a repetition of these same stupidities at a later date.

SIMON PURE

CATS AND MEN

By George S. Bryan

TORN from his comfort by the kitchen blaze,
Plunged forth upon the coldness and the night,
Kim, the philosopher, arched to full height,
Accepts the shift of fortune. All his days
End thus. He has grown used to human ways.
He knows that men, though strangely they delight
In such caprices, yet design no spite
And will tomorrow welcome him with praise.
Sometimes he looks exactly as if he must
Be smiling at the thought that, soon or late,
Men to the darkness and the chill are thrust—
Like cats the victims of descending fate. . . .
Nay, smile not, Kim; for, once outside the door,
Men come back to their House of Life no more.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXVIII: FREDERICK O'BRIEN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

ONE recalls an anecdote that went the rounds several years ago, when starting in to write of Frederick O'Brien — that debonair, devil may care explorer and bon vivant.

It seems that there was in New York, long since, a newspaper woman who, after years of pot boiling, suddenly burst into print with a remarkable short story in one of the better class magazines. Two of her friends met on Fifth Avenue one day. Said the first, "Why, I didn't know that Miss M—— wrote fiction." Whereupon the other smiled. "My boy", he said, "didn't you ever read any of her interviews?"

Now, how much of O'Brien is truth, and how much is fiction? That is a question which has been asked from the first. He claims that it is all true —those white shadows in the South Seas really fell upon him and enveloped him; yet some of us, hoping we are still blessed with brains, have wondered late and long just what "white shadows" may be. We never found out in that fascinating volume. We are still in the dark, so to speak. The style is charming—just as the man is; but where does fact end, and fiction begin?

In every travel book that O'Brien has given to a waiting world one has the sense that there is a devilish lot of hokum mixed in with the essential truth. The temptation to rhapsodize was too great to resist. His name would of course lead one to believe that he is part Irish; and we know the Irishman's love of twisting things which concern himself so that they bear a resemblance to the truth, yet are magically and adroitly made to appear highly romantic. In other words, if there wasn't a love affair, there *should* have been one; therefore throw it in. If the girl was ugly, she became pretty; if pretty, she was turned into the most beautiful of women. And finally, the romanticist gets to believe in his heart of hearts that what he has set down is gospel truth, and it would be hard to persuade him, particularly after three or four editions, that the initial plainness of his dusky adored one ever existed. Mythical loves are easily turned into shining realities; and then creeps in, naturally enough, the provocative line that hints of other happenings which cannot be told. Ah, how wicked this fellow has been, 'way off there in the South Seas, with no one to watch his philandering, no one to whisper of his boyish shortcomings! A roistering, hard drinking, amorous cut up — that's what he is. And more power to him.

O'Brien has reveled in the reputation for rakishness which he has achieved — through his own efforts. He has seen life through rose hued glasses, and he has painted glamorous pictures of existence as it should be in far off places. *Dolce far niente* is his middle name. Do not his photo-

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Frederick O'Brien

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graphs, displayed like those of a matinée idol, convince his readers — and his publishers — of that? Naughty boy! Oh fie! But how profitable it has been to this robust grown up, with hair just turning silver, and a profile that any sculptor would be happy to perpetuate on a medallion. All the youth of the happy go lucky eighteen nineties rolled into one could not compete with his desperate love making. He is the Lothario of middle age; he is the Don Juan of the present century; he is the king of lovers in a materialistic world. He represents, in his own sad, mischievous eyes, a type of loving which puts Pelleas in a back seat, makes Shelley seem even a cruder boy than he was, convinces us that Aucassin was not what he was cracked up to be, and that Dante, though a poet, was certainly an amateur when it came to women — as indeed he was.

That is why, when O'Brien was paid the tribute of being satirized, he proved such a shining mark. The author of "White Shadows" may have counted upon a rival in the field of adventuring forth to little known lands; he never could have counted upon a Dr. Traprock who would pounce, not upon the South Seas, but upon O'Brien himself, and make us roar with delight at his lampooning.

For a while, things looked dark for Freddie O'Brien. The veil was lifted —-yes, and rent, just a little; the papier mâché scenery he had painted so well was stripped of its colors; the gold was exposed as mere tinsel; the glamour as mostly make believe. This was terrifying. This was awful. This was unthinkable. How could one overcome, in the future, this sort of treacherous showing up? A gullible public was no longer to be fooled. How nerve racking to be considered another Dr. Cook, instead of a stalwart Ulysses come home from joyful wanderings!

O'Brien tore his beautiful hair. He paced his sunny porch at Sausalito, stopped in his rapid dictation of another delectable volume. If the truth must be known, and in the jargon of the day, he was scared stiff. He would come on to the east — that wretched east where he had been exposed — and settle matters.

Forthwith he took a train — and with loud trumpet blasts gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Walter E. Traprock at the Coffee House. *He'd* show 'em he wasn't to be crushed by such trumped up charges. *He'd* tell the world that he was O. K., Number One, the Alpha and Omega of all that embraces integrity, good sportsmanship, and sturdy manhood. He would put this humorous pretender in his place. He would be valiantly unafraid. That, he reasoned wisely and craftily, was the only thing to do. Disarm one's critics and vilifiers with human kindness, and they wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

The trick was done. To the credit of Freddie O'Brien, let it be said at once that it worked like a charm. How could one resist such naïve methods of self defense? The fun poking of Traprock acted as a boomerang. Everyone was for O'Brien, forthwith. There were good natured recriminations, on the well set stage where this memorable banquet was given, and finally, in a frenzy of feeling, the two protagonists embraced and wept on each other's shoulders; and all was well.

Clever? Very. But O'Brien is a clever boy. Did any still suspect that he was wounded by this erstwhile friend's betrayal? Not one, I fancy. It was the most convincing piece of histrionic art that we have witnessed in many a moon. Perhaps, a few cynics thought, it might have been a case of the lady protesting too much;

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for there was a lot of speech making and clasping of hands, and many jovial pattings on the back. And Freddie said too often, maybe, that he didn't care a tuppenny damn. But his tears, though ready, were genuine, and — his own books still sell. Wasn't it worth a lot of weeping to regain those temporarily lost sales? Indeed it was.

You will notice, if you will take the pains to look in "Who's Who", that Lothario O'Brien does not give the date of his birth. He was born in Baltimore, the incomplete record tells us, and educated at a Jesuit College and at the University of Maryland. He married Gertrude Frye, of Paris. They have no children. He has been a newspaper man on New York, San Francisco, and Paris journals; and he has lived much in Manila and in Honolulu. He can tell rattling good yarns of those years when he was a correspondent in the Philippines — yarns that may or may not be true, but are none the less vivid and interesting on that account. For Freddie has the gift of gab to a marked degree. He loves to talk, for he is conscious that he talks well — and so few people do.

He is a thorough pagan — another reputation that he delights in — who of us wouldn't? He likes to be made a fuss over — show me the man who doesn't — for he is the eternal boy. And after all, it is something to have risen, in the twinkling of an eye, from the obscurities of newspaperdom to a celebrity such as he now indubitably enjoys. Editors are clamoring on all sides for his work; but it must be said of Freddie that he doesn't care very much about money. He appreciates and knows his own value as a writer, but he does not hold a battle ax over a publisher's head and make demands which he is aware he could enforce. One of his best and oldest friends is Morgan Shuster, president of the Century Company; and I think he would honestly dislike to take one dollar from Shuster that he felt he hadn't earned by the sweat of his brow. He is fair and square; and though he has recently made a contract which will net him a goodly sum for several years, he does not boast of it. He is strangely humble, youthfully amazed at his sudden ascension in the literary heavens, looking upon it as a phenomenon apart from himself.

He has a dashing way with him; and men like him quite as much as women do. His humor, and his appreciation of the humor of others — which is quite another gift, and far more unique — cause him to be sought on all occasions. The present writer was once invited to that delightful oasis in the desert of the metropolis, the Coffee House Club; and there he observed, among only a dozen or so photographs, one of the handsome O'Brien. For when Freddie first came east after his meteoric success, he was given a dinner in this exclusive club of intellectuals — a rare honor; and now, in the gallery of distinguished guests, his picture will remain forever. He has since achieved membership — how could his name be omitted from the roster of the great? And he is a popular member — not, as somebody once observed of a certain other out of town member, because he seldom attends the luncheons, but because when he does appear he is witty and wise.

Yet here is a curious thing about this dapper and urbane Irish American: he talks amazingly well, but when one comes to quote from his running monologue there is little that is in the nature of a *bon mot*. The charm of the man is undeniable; but it is impossible to lay one's finger on any distinguishing grace. "He is too

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long winded", someone said of his speeches. "If he only understood the gentle art of sitting down!" But when one is alone with him, or traveling with him in a small crowd, then one discovers the rare loveliness of soul behind the too verbose public orator. His smile would encourage and justify all followers of Pollyanna; and the shape of his head has attracted the eye of many feminine admirers. He is lionized wherever he goes, and, humanly enough, he revels when he is elevated to a pedestal and the multitude bows before him.

Now let us see what O'Brien, as an artist, has brought to American literature. Not everyone can relate his travels entertainingly. A mere flat statement of what one has seen would make mighty dull reading. Maiden aunts who visit St. Peter's in Rome for the first time send back statistical tables and think they are "literary". One's own point of view must enter largely into any record of a jaunt. The personality of the writer must illuminate every page — yes, every paragraph. That is why, when we first picked up "White Shadows in the South Seas", we were thrilled; for behind the printed pages we discerned a definite being; out of the cold type there emerged a man; and whether or not it was all truth was of little account, since here we had found an essayist as well as a traveler — a writer who knew his craft, and glorified the scenes he had observed with so enthusiastic an eye.

It was sheer magic. He got away from the cut and dried methods of his predecessors; he adventured not only into the South Seas, where many had been before him, but into a realm of fancy and dream. The result was an outpouring of beautiful words, lovely images; and we realized again, what we had almost forgotten in the rush of our days, that prose *per se* may become an exquisite tapestry, if it is woven by hands that deftly and tenderly touch each thread of sound.

Frederick O'Brien may not be a faultless master of style; but he is surely a weaver of delicate fancies. At the same time he has brought to us a robust music, out of the fulness of a ripe experience; and his old newspaper training has taught him, as it has taught many another, a nice economy of words. For all the brilliant color that he slashes on, he does not overwrite. And though Dr. Traprock frightened him once, he can never do that again. For O'Brien's gifts are immeasurable; he has a substantial and devoted following — readers who will avidly await his next volume, whatever it may be, and forget those who basely travesty him.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month

By John Farrar

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *This masterpiece of French drama, translated by Brian Hooker, beautifully presented, and excellently acted by Walter Hampden.*

2. THE MIRACLE: *Max Reinhardt's brilliant religious spectacle deserving of all praise. (Reviewed below.)*

3. SAINT JOAN: *Shaw's reverent and yet amusing study of Jeanne d'Arc: one of his best plays. (Reviewed below.)*

4. THE SWAN: *Brittle and brilliant comedy produced and acted with intelligence.*

5. THE MERRY WIVES OF GOTHAM: *Grace George and Laura Hope Crews sparkle in a human comedy melodrama. (Reviewed below.)*

6. THE POTTERS: *Excellent comedy of the "First Year" type.*

7. RAIN: *Sex and religion vie with each other over the person of Jeanne Eagels in a South Sea setting. Along with it we recommend* THE LADY, WHITE CARGO, TARNISH, *and* HELL-BENT FER HEAVEN. *(Reviewed below.)*

8. IN THE NEXT ROOM: *A real thriller, which convinces without one pistol shot.*

9. THE NERVOUS WRECK: *The best farce comedy in some years.*

10. POPPY, MR. BATTLING BUTLER, THE RISE OR ROSIE O'REILLY, *and* KID BOOTS *are the most entertaining musical comedies, while* STEPPING STONES *and* THE MUSIC BOX REVUE *hold their own in their class. For sheer fun,* ANDRE CHARLOT'S REVUE OF 1924 *(reviewed below) outclasses them all.*

IN this middle season period, the theatre suddenly gives forth a torrent of mingled religious and sex impulses. On my list of new plays are six which have the old fundamental appeal of religious excitement. One of the six is frankly orthodox in its appeal to Roman Catholic sentiment; two are agnostic but filled with reverential fervor; two are frankly bitter; and one substitutes for the definitely religious impulse a combination of M. Coué and a quixotic brand of humanitarianism. All of the six are inter-

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esting in themselves, and for quite different reasons. Two of them make use of religious excitation inspired in their audiences. Three of them are already proving popular.

Surely this is not a sudden public interest in religion, although current discussions in church problems may have something to do with the numbers of such dramas which managers are seeing fit to offer along Broadway. It is more likely that the success last season of "Rain" and "The Fool" awakened the hearts of producers to the advantages offered by candles and incense for drawing in the shekels. At any rate there is religion in the dramatic air.

"The Miracle" as presented by the Gest, Bel-Geddes, Reinhardt combination is unquestionably the outstanding religious-theatrical event of many seasons, probably of all seasons. There has been much speculation as to whether or not with as great financial backing this American or that American could have achieved greater things. Perhaps it is a pity that D. W. Griffith has not been given a chance to produce a great pageant. For our consideration, however, the thing that really matters is: what is to be seen at the Century Theatre, and is it worth seeing? If you receive the same sort of inspiration from "The Miracle" that I did you will want to see it more than once, and from different angles—from high in the second gallery, from the front row of the dress circle, from the orchestra floor itself. It may be that seeing this beautiful pantomime will tire you; I don't know. But this I promise you, that you will go away with a vision of beauty and grace and magnificence such as you have never beheld in a theatre before. Our hats off again to Morris Gest!

Perhaps it is unnecessary to discuss "The Miracle" in detail. It is a pantomime constructed from the same legend which gave Maeterlinck his "Sister Beatrice". The Century Theatre has been entirely transformed, and is now a huge cathedral—a very noble and beautiful one, designed by young Mr. Norman Bel-Geddes. Into this cathedral swing chanting crowds of villagers, of nuns, of revolutionists. Across the shadowy stage move mystical lights. From aloft come the strains of Humperdinck's beautiful music, come the notes of choirs chanting Latin hymns. Much has been told in the past of Max Reinhardt's ability to handle crowds. The present spectacle does not disappoint. The Madonna of Lady Diana Manners is a being of grace and beauty. The Nun of Rosamond Pinchot is lithe and eager. Werner Krauss as the Pilgrim is effective. Schuyler Ladd in various parts is better than that. Fundamentally, it is the sex conflict that is the real story of the little Nun's attempt to escape to life and then her second escape from life. It is, however, the crowds, the lights, the incense, the scenic beauties, that make this great religious drama. It is certainly worth coming from a good distance to see, and it is announced that it will not be presented in any other city in America.

"Saint Joan", Bernard Shaw's latest play, as presented by the Theatre Guild, is one of the most satisfying plays of the season. Scenically it has been excellently mounted by Raymond Sovey. There are moments when its direction is deplorably bad—notably in the one scene in which Miss Lenihan is not present. When she is on the stage as the boyish, active, self inspired Joan, there is small need for direction, so magnificently does she animate the scene. Here is a play which is beautiful, tender, magical.

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Only occasionally does Shaw give vent to bursts of satirical writing; and then it is only to poke fun at the world; for Saint Joan herself, as a personable human being, he has the greatest reverence. In her, as a mirror, he reflects for us the softness and foolishness of the rest of the world.

In a sense, better theatrical entertainment than "Saint Joan" is the exceedingly interesting "Outward Bound" by an Englishman, Sutton Vane. Here is a play which can be called "soul searching" in all propriety. It is the story of a ship and its folk suddenly started on a mysterious voyage. How the snobbish lady finds herself in the same deck as a working woman and a clergyman. How the great millionaire comes face to face with reality. The mystery and force of this curious drama are preserved with great cleverness and the production is well nigh perfect. Perhaps the outstanding performances are those of Alfred Lunt, J. M. Kerrigan, and Beryl Mercer—but every member of the cast is good, and in the final moments Margalo Gillmore proves herself possessed of a tragic power which has not been evident since her brief but memorable performance in Eugene O'Neill's "The Straw". In this play, not so much religion as the fear of God is the theme.

"Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" by Professor Hatcher Hughes of Columbia University is a well written and an exciting drama. Augustin Duncan has directed it ably and plays his part of an old mountaineer with rare flavor. Of all the mountain plays this seems to me the most satisfactory. It is not original in its plot, it has reminiscent notes from St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" and from "Othello"; yet its religious fanatic villain succeeds in being a most unusual figure.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"This Fine-Pretty World" by Percy MacKaye (Macmillan). Far more interesting to read than it is actable. Mr. MacKaye's mixture of mountain folk lore and language is interesting and his drama proves itself filled with poetical feeling.

"One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theatre", compiled by Frank Shay (Stewart Kidd). An excellent list. Indispensable for the little theatre library.

"Each in His Own Way and Two Other Plays" by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton). Three more of these baffling, curious dramas by the cryptic Italian.

"Humble Folk" by Bosworth Crocker (Stewart Kidd). Actable, finely realistic little plays with excellent dramatic quality.

"Roseanne" was a play concerning colored folk produced and acted by whites, among them the talented Chrystal Herne. It is the story of a hypocritical negro preacher who preys on the simple nature of his congregation to secure money and ease. Roseanne is fanatical in her admiration of this hypocrite, and the great tragedy of the play is the fact that his exposure comes about through Roseanne herself, and her little sister. The scene in the minister's house is the one place where this performance reaches ordinary tempo. Otherwise the whole play seemed keyed down, on a sort of low musical note, partly due perhaps to the adopted accents of the blackfaced actors.

"Gypsy Jim" is one of those fearful Pollyanna plays which, although from a sophisticated point of view it is unbelievably bad, yet entertains, largely because of a most engaging performance by Leo Carrillo, who plays the

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Christlike Gypsy. As in "For All of Us", the remedy offered by this preachment is to be found within the self. Here is a sort of mawkish and worldly "Servant in the House", which has in it, I think, some of the worst rhymed couplets I have ever heard. It is assuredly a great compliment to Mr. Carrillo's art to say that when he utters them they do not sound quite so bad as they really are.

Turning from religion, I find on my list two dramas which annoyed me considerably: "The Living Mask" (Henry IV), the first of Brock Pemberton's cycle of Pirandello plays, and Percy MacKaye's "This Fine-Pretty World". Now this latest effort by the author of "The Scarecrow" has received high critical praise from all sides. The fact remains that, to me, this melodrama of Kentucky mountain life seemed strained, unnatural, and for most of the time unintelligible. Its dialogue did move with a certain rhythmical beauty; but this cannot atone for the silly and rather slow plot and the language which Mr. MacKaye claims to be an approximation of that spoken by the mountaineers. He calls it a "noble illiteracy". Doubtless this play will be studied with great fuss and flurry by those always ready to study the closet drama. "The Living Mask", which had the germ of a great satirical idea—the story of a man who goes crazy, withdraws from the world, then refuses to go back to the world—was greatly hampered by prolixity of dialogue, by vagueness of purpose, and by an overelaborate and distorted performance on the part of the gentleman who played the chief rôle.

The first production of Robert Edmond Jones, Eugene O'Neill, and Kenneth Macgowan at the Provincetown Playhouse was Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata". This strange play has, for two acts, a remarkable power, a power, I think, of insanity—for to analyze this weird play step by step would be quite impossible. Clare Eames as the mummy who thinks that she is a parrot is superb, and the close of the second act, where she stands as a shadowy figure looking out over the world, is as dramatic a curtain as is to be seen in New York City at this moment.

"The Merry Wives of Gotham" is Henry Miller's new name for Lawrence Eyre's comedy, originally called by the somewhat indefinite title "Fanshastics". It is one of the most human and entertaining plays of the season. The story, laid in old New York City, is fairly complicated, involving as it does twin orphans, adopted into separate homes as infants, who may or may not be the "Wives" of the comedy. A Capulet-Montague feud results, in the course of which the two ladies attempt to bring their respective husbands amicably together, only to find themselves involved in a series of wild and fantastic adventures. Both the ladies are of Irish extraction —one lives on Washington Square, the other is a squatter settler uptown. The son of the grande dame loves the daughter of the washlady. The young lovers are successfully married in the end; but it is in the curious friendship of the two oddly paired women that most of the delightful humor and general interest of the play lie. The aristocrat and the humble woman come together in the common ground of the management of husbands. It is a charming idea, and if Mr. Eyre has cumbered his play somewhat with a plethora of events and drawn his characters a bit sketchily, he has been amazingly fortunate in the cast Mr. Miller has provided. Grace George

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and Laura Hope Crews play the friendly ladies, and play them with grace, wit, dignity, and, best of all, with a sort of infectious joy in the playing. Grace George has done far more important things; but I do not remember ever having seen her look so beautiful or act as if she were having such an exceedingly good time. As the lady of Washington Square she brings grace, poise, brilliant readings, and, best of all, real distinction, to the New York stage. For Laura Hope Crews there is the good humored, throaty, roustabout Irish lady—and she plays it with little undercuts of shyness and sympathy that are fine. It is extraordinary how evenly the liking of the audience for these two characters is divided. Both of them are thoroughly lovable.

At "The Song and Dance Man" in which George M. Cohan is playing himself—and it is his own play—I had a most amusing evening. The mixture of melodrama, preachment, and sentiment is typically Cohan—but the performance of a down and out song and dance man who comes into his own is well nigh perfect. It is worth a good deal to see Mr. Cohan act again. I have a feeling that no one else could make this play seem real.

"The Other Rose", Mr. Belasco's starring vehicle for Fay Bainter, is a slight comedy by George Middleton, beautifully produced and finely acted. Mr. Middleton's other drama, "The Road Together", was a cumbersome affair; it met with unfortunate circumstances in its star's illness and closed after the first night. "The Alarm Clock", adapted from the French by Avery Hopwood, had only moments of the Hopwood brilliance and lasted not long. "The New Poor" was given a passably amusing first act by Cosmo Hamilton, who then became lost in a plot of rather complicated mystery. "Neighbors", the latest offering of the Equity Players, is a rural drama whose only novelty is the fact that the stage is divided in half, each half being the room of a home—the opposite and twin homes of the neighbors in question. The result is another row and another son and daughter of the households about to marry. Not without moments of amusing burlesquery, the play is a sadly inept showing for an organization which should give us the best in our native theatre.

Tilla Durieux, the famous German actress, has a most unusual and impressive range of abilities. From tremendous raging animalistic power she varies to light, deft touches of humor and remarkable restraint. Her performance in "The Shadow" was interesting to watch even for one who does not understand German.

Of all the season's musical productions Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and "André Charlot's Revue of 1924" will remain my favorites. In the latter, a troupe of charming English persons laugh gaily at themselves, at everyone else; and while there is little spectacular in their revue there is so much genius for real fun that one could go back to see Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Jack Buchanan again and again. "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" is almost if not quite so good as "Little Nellie Kelly". "Mary Jane McKane" is a vivacious success comedy with vivacious music, and Mary Hay proving most charming. "Kid Boots" with Eddie Cantor is said to be one of the funniest shows that has reached Broadway in seasons. That Mr. Ziegfeld does not send this reviewer seats is a pity; for until seats become less expensive I shall be forced to give you the word of others that it is a good show.

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OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *This story of trial along the western trail is as beautiful as it is moving.*

2. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS: *A stupendous telling of the story of Exodus with an appended modern allegory.*

3. THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE: *Lubitsch vies with Chaplin in a picture which is of the same quality as "A Woman of Paris". (Reviewed below.)*

4. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *A dignified and careful telling of the Lincoln story. (Reviewed below.)*

5. SCARAMOUCHE: *This romantic story of the French Revolution given spirited presentation.*

THE life of Abraham Lincoln as depicted in the film produced by the Rockett Brothers proves to be a fine contribution to the historical drama of the screen. The incidents of the martyred president's career are allowed to follow each other simply, without attempt at fictionizing. The result is, at times, a charming and affecting drama; at others, a realization of dull stretches in the film. However, in many ways it is a beautiful and praiseworthy picture.

"The Heritage of the Desert", from the Zane Grey novel, is in some ways the best western picture I have ever seen. The story is quite conventional but the treatment of it has been allowed to play the all important part in this case — mountain and desert scenery, the sheep in the hills, wild horses running across the plains, an approaching Indian band silhouetted against the evening sky, pistol play and love. Like "Big Brother", made from the Rex Beach short story, it has qualities which will appeal more, perhaps, to men than to women.

The big brother movement has always proved itself a fascinating project. In the melodrama concerning it, which Alan Dwan directed with much skill, we have a young gangster bringing up the little brother of his dead friend and himself reforming, in order to teach the boy the right way of life. There are superb dance hall scenes and gang fights, and the suspense is excellent and sustained.

"The Humming Bird" is the best motion picture Gloria Swanson has yet done. In it she shows a variety of moods. As the Apache girl of the Paris slums in boy's clothes, as the attempted soldier, she acts with intensity and with a good deal of humor. Later she wears exquisite clothes with her usual grace.

"The Marriage Circle", directed by Mr. Lubitsch, is a simple story of a flirtatious young woman and another who is not so flirtatious, a husband, an extra man, a detective. There are few titles; the story is told by the simple action of the characters. It is an even subtler picture than "A Woman of Paris". "The Eternal City", from Hall Caine's novel, filmed in Italy and with an impressive cast, has great beauty of setting and moments of great drama. The Fascisti movement is substituted for the drama of Catholicism which is found in the book. This is a picture which, to my mind, is not quite so interesting as it should have been, with such people and places.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* Sales of this book again aided by the less sensational moving picture version of restored youth.

A CONQUEROR PASSES BY—Larry Barretto—*Little, Brown.* The unrest of the returned A. E. F. soldier is graphically portrayed.

BLINDNESS OF HEART—Violet Colquhoun Bell—*Harcourt, Brace.* A blackly dyed picture of the sordid greed and the open immorality of some titled Londoners.

*RICEYMAN STEPS—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Remarkably keen and human picture of simple lives in an obscure London community.

GOD'S ORCHID—Hjalmar Bergman—*Knopf.* One day in a small Swedish town—during which fortunes are made and lost and family skeletons step out of the closet.

DAN BARRY'S DAUGHTER—Max Brand—*Putnam.* We are giving our copy of this "he-man" story to an invalid who has excellent taste; she will adore it.

*THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE—Struthers Burt—*Scribner.* An elaborately motivated and absorbing story of present day New York society. Incisive and brilliant writing. *(See page 77.)*

THE HIGH PLACE—James Branch Cabell—*McBride.* A descendant of the notorious Jurgen revels in the glittering mannerisms and sins of Poictesme.

*A LOST LADY—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* Marian Forrester is one of the most vital characters in current fiction.

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT—Ralph Connor—*Doran.* Two natures in man as opposed to two women. Result: inevitable struggle.

*THE ROVER—Joseph Conrad—*Doubleday, Page.* A story of Napoleonic wars—not Conrad's best but better than most others.

LOVE—AND THE PHILOSOPHER—Marie Corelli—*Doran.* Subtitled "A Study in Sentiment". In other words, Corelli's great study in sentiment, nth volume.

THE ALASKAN—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* Propaganda for Alaska by one who loves her open spaces with apparent sincerity.

THE COAST OF FOLLY—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* Advice to young girls who want to achieve success—get named as corespondent in a divorce suit.

THE CALL OF THE ROAD—Edouard Estaunié—*Boni, Liveright.* An absorbing psychological tragedy with a strange spiritual appeal. Yet logic whispers, "Life does not dovetail so completely, not even over a café table."

SIR JOHN DERING—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* How a lovely lady lands a picturesque rake—many adventures by the way.

*SO BIG—Edna Ferber—*Doubleday, Page.* Finely written study of a young Chicago business man and his antecedents. *(See page 68.)*

THE BLUE SCARAB—R. Austin Freeman—*Dodd, Mead.* Thorndyke, who has a cyclopædic memory for little known facts, solves more mysteries by his analytical methods.

*BIRTH—Zona Gale—*Macmillan.* A moving portrayal of one of life's failures, against the background of a small town. Reprinted coincident with its presentation as a Broadway play.

*SATAN'S BUSHEL—Garet Garrett—*Dutton.* A fine study of wheat in the field, in the Chicago Pit, and in a man's soul.

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THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs—*Doran.* Postwar Europe and post-love marriage in the process of reconstruction.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON—Zane Grey—*Harper.* With a sure touch Mr. Grey shows how the most cherished traditions of a New York society girl succumb to the charm of the wild free west.

SAM SLICK—Thomas Chandler Haliburton—*Doran.* Professor Ray Palmer Baker has edited the writings of the grandfather of American humor.

*MY FAIR LADY — Louis Hémon — *Macmillan.* Louis Hémon is dead, but in these stories his soul goes marching on.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Love and heroism on the wagon trails to the west of the Forties.

*LUMMOX—Fannie Hurst—*Harper.* Groping, intense, dramatic picture of the lives of various sets of persons as reflected in that of a servant girl.

THE PITIFUL WIFE — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* A tale of persons wild and wilful. Caviar to the ordinary, but vivid in surface effects. *(See page 78.)*

*THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD — Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Dutton.* Intricate and yet emotionally appealing study of a decaying English family.

THE STEADFAST HEART — Clarence Budington Kelland—*Harper.* You may think he is only writing popular fiction, but examine the style of "The Steadfast Heart" before you pass final judgment.

THE HAPPY ISLES—Basil King—*Harper.* The story of a strayed baby's life among varying sorts of lives. Readable and happily constructed yarn.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* A civilized lady and a lady of primitive passion vie for the love of a plain honest citizen.

*SILBERMANN — Jacques de Lacretelle — *Boni, Liveright.* A remarkable study of adolescent friendship and race prejudice. *(See page 70.)*

*DOCTOR NYE — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* The difficulties of this human old chap are constantly amusing.

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW — William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* A triangle, unusually complicated by the terms of a will, satisfactorily resolved.

THE CATHEDRAL FOLK—Nicolai Lyeskov—*Knopf.* The lives and the tribulations of three simple village ecclesiastics in Russia of the last century.

THE SNOB — Helen R. Martin — *Dodd, Mead.* There are too many shopworn devices in the book, but the author evidently realized they were shopworn and has them all dressed up like new. Very readable.

VINDICATION—Stephen McKenna—*Little, Brown.* Another of Mr. McKenna's mordantly conceived and cleverly written novels of English society. *(See page 78.)*

THE INVERTED PYRAMID—Frederick Niven—*Little, Brown.* The tale of a family in Vancouver, with graphic pen pictures of the magnificent scenery.

*BREAD — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* Faithful picture of the modern godfearing working girl. Excellent character study.

BUTTERFLY — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* An entertaining if not profound love story concerning musical genius and the temperament attached thereto.

MICHAEL'S EVIL DEEDS—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* The melodramatic contest between a great detective and a great criminal is brought to an end in this volume.

*THE THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT—Grant Overton—*Doran.* The best of Mr. Overton's stories. Fanciful, romantic, pleasing mystery tale.

THE HOARDING—John Owen—*Dutton.* If after "Robert Gregory" any doubt existed as to Mr. Owen's ability to write a novel around English types, "The Hoarding" dispels it.

LOOKING AFTER JOAN—John Palmer—*Harcourt, Brace.* A participant's clear explanation of the failure of the Peace Conference, added to an interesting romance.

THE WHITE FLAG—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page.* A foreclosed mortgage is not the only old trick of the trade employed in this jumble of symbolism and melodrama.

BLACK BRYONY—T. F. Powys—*Knopf.* An easy, comfortable chronicle of life in a tiny English village, some of it possibly allegorical.

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*THE HAWKEYE—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* The saga of a midwestern editor.

DAMASCUS GATE — Ernest Raymond — *Doran.* A competently written novel of a boy and girl who grow up and face the difficulty of adjusting their old relationship to their mature loves.

RUFUS—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* The foundling brings light, joy, and love to the hero and heroine.

FORTUNE'S FOOL — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Randal Holles, soldier and adventurer in Cromwell's army, wins, after venturings, the lady of his heart.

THE HEIR — V. Sackville-West — *Doran.* Five short stories of delicacy, power, and charm. One or two are particularly of the character of Katherine Mansfield's work.

THE STORM-CENTER— Burton A. Stevenson—*Dodd, Mead.* A melodrama of the Sahara with black magic, subterranean treasure chambers, and numerous wildly exciting scenes.

"SON" — Ethel Train — *Scribner.* Short stories related with such infinite charm that one scarcely realizes the skill it took to achieve their effect.

*JEREMY AND HAMLET—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* Dog and little boy — and Walpole graceful as always.

*A SON AT THE FRONT—Edith Wharton—*Scribner.* Splendid study of the complicated effects of war on a complicated family group.

*OH, DOCTOR!—Harry Leon Wilson—*Cosmopolitan.* How a hypochondriacal gentleman falls in love instead of dying, and does it all most entertainingly.

*THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS—Margaret Wilson—*Harper.* A dramatic plot hidden in a realistic novel of Scottish community life in the middle west.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* Vice, virtue, gold, Indian, hatred, love—it is impossible to quarrel with this perfect cook's perfect recipe.

THIRD FLOOR LANDING

By Leonora Speyer

A STRANGER knocked upon your door,
A stranger-voice cried out: *Come in!*
Beyond, a sofa plump and red,
Crouched where a carven chest had been.

I craned to see the things I knew
Could not be there, since you were gone;
Oh twilight of the household gods,
Oh cosy altars where they shone!

I saw instead a gilded glimpse
Of trivial things that seemed to shout
A trivial welcome from the wall;
The door swung to, and shut me out.

Only the landing was unchanged,
The closed door donned a friendly air;
I had no quarrel with my place,
I was at home upon the stair.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Edna Ferber's Best

"SO BIG" (Doubleday, Page) is a novel of power, delicacy, and understanding. There is no question that this season the American women novelists have completely outdistanced the men, with "A Lost Lady", "The Able McLaughlins", "A Son at the Front", "Lummox", "Jennifer Lorn", and now "So Big". Miss Ferber has chosen a difficult theme, and she has used her remarkable dramatic quality, her admirable restraint, and her firmly developing technique to attain her effect. This story of Dirk De Jong and his mother, of beauty and its absence in life, of how carefully planned lives shatter and reconstruct in the face of circumstance, of the emptiness of a certain type of American youth, is a far better book than "The Midlander". In a sense, Miss Ferber set out to do exactly what Booth Tarkington did, and she has done it with a stirring quality that is totally lacking in Mr. Tarkington's dry periods. Character after character stands out as memorable, incident after incident remains in the mind. This is a realistic study of a Dutch community on the outskirts of Chicago as contrasted with life on its "Gold Coast". All are treated with sympathy — and, better than all else, Miss Ferber is never for an instant dull. Even in her moments of realistic description, her details take on the importance of emotions. I remember particularly a passage where she describes Selina preparing a picnic basket. In a book which is so nearly perfect it is, perhaps, unwise to state that the first part is more satisfying artistically, while in the latter part the story gets under way with greater speed. After finishing "So Big", for the first time in many months I found myself wishing that a book had not ended, that it would go on and on. I am inclined to think that in spite of the perfection of "A Lost Lady", the power of "Lummox", the beautiful characterizations of "A Son at the Front", Edna Ferber, with her remarkable warmth of intuition held in check by her technique, has written the best American novel of the year.

A Traveling Morley

F. V. MORLEY is, yes, a brother of Christopher; and like Christopher he is the sentimental traveler. In "Travels in East Anglia" (Harcourt, Brace) he gives us a most unusual guidebook — essays filled with wisdom and charm, the essays of a student of both history and literature, and of a lover of beauty. Along the highways and byways of Lowestoft, of Cambridge, of Grantchester, of Sudbury, he discovers the historical tidbit, the literary illusion. There are moments with Crabbe, with Borrow, with Rupert Brooke. It is a walking and a bicycling book. Nor has Mr. Morley confined himself to fact — for he embroiders his ramblings by recounting countryside legends, than which there are few things more delightful. How valuable are bits like this one:

After tracing Dickens' trail in Ipswich, I may enter a few words about a less fa-

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mous author. His name is Richard Cobbold, better known since his revival in the "World's Classics". Many greater men and many more acute minds have been associated with Ipswich in its long career as a manufacturing and trading centre ever since, in Kipling's phrase, the Danes blew in; but of all these none has had a name more pleasantly Suffolk than the name of Cobbold. John Cobbold — to begin with the father — was master of the Cliff Brewery; still will you see the cheerful name over most Suffolk inns. Like Chaucer, Richard came of bonded stock; but unlike in this — he was one of the last of twenty-two children. He entered the world to find ten nephews and nieces waiting for pocket-money from him. This is all by the way, but leads up to his quiet life as a clergyman who wrote a variety of books, notably "Margaret Catchpole" and "Freston Tower".

Gun Fodder

"GUN FODDER" (Little, Brown), A. Hamilton Gibbs's record of his part in the Great War, has been issued in a new edition. It is in fact what Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat" is in fiction. Gibbs writes lucidly, with occasionally great power of description. He is the normal man of some sensitiveness fighting a straight fight and finding it reasonably difficult and personally beautiful. Expert characterizations of soldier types abound. There is humor, pathos, real tragedy. I suspect that you, who still remember the war, will read it with keen enjoyment of its faithfulness as a record and its rare quality as fine literature.

Poetry for Children and Others

WHEN we select poetry for children I imagine that we simply select our own favorite poems and let it go at that — for the best poetry must necessarily appeal to children, the *very* best poetry. Three anthologies of poetry for young people lie before me. All three are good. You will be glad to have them in your library. If I find Walter da la Mare's "Come Hither" (Knopf) the most delightful, it is only because of the rarely conceived introduction and the fascinating notes at the end, which make a greater adventure of a book which could, at any rate, prove an adventure, including as it does some of the greatest of poems. In his notes Mr. de la Mare is forever quoting new poems, parts of other poems, rambling scraps of history. What a book for anyone, young or old, who loves poetry. Take for example his note to poem 213, "Tarantella", containing the line, "And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees":

> "The flee is a lyttell worme, and greveth men mooste; and scapeth and voideth peril with lepynge and not with runnynge, and wexeth slowe and fayleth in colde tyme, and in somer tyme it wexeth quiver and swyft; and spareth not kynges."

"This Singing World" (Harcourt, Brace), Louis Untermeyer's selection, is in some ways a more human affair. It is well arranged, well ordered, and interesting. In his "Tales and Ballads" section Mr. Untermeyer shows great catholicity of taste and unerring sense of what children like: we find ballads of Kipling, Masefield, Longfellow, Alfred Noyes, Elinor Wylie — what a contrasting list! There are many old favorites and many new ones.

"The School of Poetry", selected by the late Alice Meynell (Scribner), is a reverent book, in which most of the poems are of an older type. Mrs. Meynell has written small explanatory pieces, many of them of a moral tone. This is not so jolly a book as either

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of the others, but it has the true spirit of the fine lyrical poet and the deeply religious woman.

The Persecuted Jew

"SILBERMANN", translated from the French of Jacques de Lacretelle (Boni, Liveright), seems to me to be a remarkably powerful study of adolescent friendship and motivation. The story of a French boy's devotion to a Jewish classmate, and the tragic consequences, is dramatic and told with an unusual power of unbiased characterization. I do not remember ever having read so clever a study of schoolboy affection and cruelty of parental misunderstanding, of worldly bitterness. The portrait of Silbermann himself, conscious of his unpleasant traits, a brilliant, egotistical, shy, lovable figure, is a penetrating one. Here is a book that should be read by every member of the Ku Klux.

—*J. F.*

THREE PORTRAITS

By Stirling Bowen

The School Teacher

SHE saw him teach astronomy each day
Across the hall. But he was married,—quite.
It seemed too bad to her merely to say,
"Good morning", to a student of the night.

The Private Secretary

SO lonely in the town of throngs and cars,
She used to climb the dunes of darkened sands.
There in the milky lotion of the stars
She bathed her upturned face and lifted hands.

The Poet

THE path ends on a rise of ground.
And when we reached the end we found
The moon was standing just beyond,
His feet in Elmer Johnson's pond.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

DOUGHTY'S "TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA"

By C. E. Andrews

THIS is the greatest of all travel books. It is written by a brave spirit with the romantic heart of an Elizabethan voyager and the keen observation of a trained modern mind. These two bulky volumes give the story of his wanderings in Northern Arabia among the lawless tribesfolk of the illimitable empty wastes. The book, originally published in a very limited edition in 1888, has taken its place not only as the chief source of information on the Arabian nomads and town dwellers, but also as a classic in modern literature.

The first few chapters tell the story of the author's joining the Damascus pilgrim caravan and journeying with it as far as Medain Salih, a water station in the long desert way to the holy cities of Medina and Mecca. Here he lived in the port under the doubtful protection of the sheik, visiting ancient monuments, copying inscriptions, and studying life for two months until the returning caravan passed northward. After accompanying it a part of the way he struck out across the desert with a Bedouin sheik and, passing from tribe to tribe, wandered for two years in the almost unknown region of the Negd and finally down into the Hejaz.

A most striking impression that the book leaves is of the personality of the author. He is a sympathetic observer and yet extremely critical. He has an eye alert for every kind of fact and the imagination of a poet who can dream. We see him now making notes of the geology of a region, or of a dialectic pronunciation; now inquiring into the manner of tribal government or musing over a Nabatæan inscription, fingering some fragment of an old mummy cloth or pondering ancient ways of life; and now leading on some strange dim spirit to talk of the legends and wild beliefs current among men of the wildernesses. He has put all Arabia into his book and much of humanity besides. There is an impression of truth on every page. Of the persons in the story he says: "If the words (written all day from their mouths) were rehearsed to them in Arabic, there might everyone, whose life is remembered therein, hear, as it were, his proper voice; and many a rude bystander, smiting his thigh, should bear witness and cry, *'Ay, Wellah,* the sooth indeed!' "

And then the courage of the man undertaking such a journey! A true adventurer led only by the desire to know what new men and manners lie always beyond the next horizon! He was in constant peril in this land where every other man may be a robber and where a furious fanaticism makes a virtue of slaying a Nazarene. "There wanted but some betraying voice from our company, some foolish woman's crying 'Out upon this kafir!' and my life might be ended by a rash shot." His presence among them and his interest in them were a perpetual puzzle to the nomads. Was he come to spy out the land or was he a seeker of hidden treasure? "Though thou shouldst know, O Kalil, the name of all our

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camping grounds and of every *jebel*, what were all this worth when thou art at home, in a far country? If thou be'st no spy, how can the Arab think thee a man of understanding?" Other perils, no less great, were the hunger and the hardships of the rainless barren region of his travels, with frequent reminders of mortality in the sad sights of the way. "As for me who write, I pray that nothing be looked for in this book but the seeing of an hungry man and the telling of a most weary man; for the rest the sun made me an Arab, but never warped me to orientalism."

No other writer has so completely given us the Arab character — its intense religiosity and mad fanaticism even among tribesmen so ignorant that they do not know the prescribed prayers, the supine fatalism, the constant suspicion of desert dwellers, the thievery, the blasphemy, the sense of humor and of courtesy, and the principles of hospitality. All these qualities are exemplified in fascinating narratives and scenes in the black tents of the nomads and the homes of oasis dwellers. And there are stories of parricides and feuds and the secret miseries of wild princes in the bloody solitudes of the Negd.

In these deserts thinly peopled by these tribesmen are the relics of many former civilizations: flints from the prehistoric age, dim vestiges of the fenced cities of Joshua, tombs of Himyaric kings, monuments of Nabatæan times, and the rude rock scrawlings of ancient wayfarers. The Semitic east is a land of sepulchres, which remain as vain monuments to man's desire to lead eternity captive. These glimpses of the past of Arabia seen in the book help one understand the thought of the Old Testament. And in the land and the life of these Semites today are constant reminders of the patriarchal past.

In writing of this ancient land one falls naturally into archaic ways of thought. The style of Doughty recalls the prose of the sixteenth century. His grammar and his phrases have an Elizabethan ring, further enriched with Chaucerian echoes and the fine cadences of old Sir Thomas Browne. The reader who loves to roll phrases on his tongue as he goes, will find these volumes a great joy. Let me end with a handful gleaned from a few pages: " . . . his visage much like a fiend dim with the leprosy of the soul and half fond"; " . . . Sometimes the soil is a flaggy pavement of sandstones, rippled in the strand of those old planetary seas"; " . . . sandstone droughty mountains full of eternal silence"; " . . . where the desolate soil is blown naked by the secular winds":" . . . . Friends, I answered, these are fables of a land far off, and old wives' malice of things unknown"; " . . . Here is a dead land, whence, if he die not, he shall bring home nothing but a perpetual weariness in his bones."

Travels in Arabia Deserta. By Charles M. Doughty. Two volumes. Boni and Liveright.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

LA VIE SPIRITUELLE

By Kenneth M. Gould

SINCE the public retirement of our war president, the institution of the "single track mind" has fallen into an undeserved opprobrium. For, as one commentator has pointed out, it matters considerably what is on the track of the single track mind. And what partizan labels can thus cry down might in happier days, attached to another personality, be glorified as "single mindedness". A good case might be made out, indeed, for the thesis that no enduring achievement has been built in the sciences (for that matter, in any field of life) without some sacrificial degree of concentration. The modern world has known no clearer pattern of monotonous fidelity to purpose than the lives of Pierre Curie and his great helpmate, Marie Sklodowska Curie. Science was indeed the breath of their nostrils. Ramsay Traquair incurred the indignation of many good feminists with his theory that women are constitutionally incapable of sustained creative effort in art and science, but even he had to make exception of Madame Curie, a woman who conspicuously subordinates the conventional feminine functions to a career of abstract mentality. The narrative of her husband's life work, which she has fortunately been persuaded to publish, is even more interesting an illumination of her character than of Pierre Curie's. "Autobiographical Notes" of Madame Curie take up two fifths of the book and duplicate much of the previous narrative. There is an introduction by Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of "The Delineator", who conceived and personally conducted the American tour of Madame Curie in 1921 and proposed the gift of a gram of radium, the cost of which, $100,000, was raised by women of America.

"In science we should be interested in things, not persons", says Marie Curie. This index of her modesty is a true token of the impersonality of all great scientists. But the layman, restive under such discipline, searches for the human background. The presentment of Pierre Curie that shines through his wife's pages is a singularly engaging one. Son of an Alsatian physician whose father before him was a medical man, Pierre came honestly by his scientific interests. The family circumstances were moderate but the home atmosphere was affectionate, liberal, and scholarly. Pierre never went to the elementary school or the lycée. He was a dreamer, a nature lover, an anticlerical, a son of the barricades. At eighteen he received his licentiate in physical sciences from the Sorbonne.

As with Pasteur, his first independent researches were in crystallography, which led him, in collaboration with his brother Jacques, to the discovery of piezoelectricity, a kind of polarization attendant upon the symmetry of crystals, and the invention of an electrometer based on these properties of quartz — an instrument which later played an important part in the measurement of radioactivity. From 1883 until 1900 he was director of lab-

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oratory work in the School of Industrial Physics and Chemistry, a relatively minor post. Then, only after the "burden of celebrity" was upon him, at last came the chair in physics at the Sorbonne, which he held until the tragic motor truck accident in 1906 that cut him down in the full tide of a career that could ill be spared.

Marie Sklodowska sprang from a middle class intellectual soil not dissimilar to that of the Curies — a family of Polish Catholic teachers. She early conceived her goal of scientific research, and we find her at twenty three studying in the laboratory of Lippmann at the University of Paris. Curie met her at the home of a colleague. The acquaintance, purely intellectual at first, gradually ripened into a deep and quiet affection, culminating in their marriage in 1895. With a wedding gift of money they characteristically bought bicycles and embarked on a honeymoon by foot power. She secured a teaching post, and all their spare time was spent in the laboratory together. Two daughters were born to them, but except for the primary necessities of child care the research magnificent went steadily on. In 1896 Marie, seeking a problem for her doctor's dissertation, became interested in the pioneer work of Henri Becquerel on the radiations of uranium salts. It was not long after Roentgen's great discovery of the X-rays. With the delicate electrometric methods originated by her husband, she examined all the known elements to see if they possessed the radioactive properties of uranium. Only thorium did. Certain compounds seemed abnormally active, however, and she posited the hypothesis that a new and much more strongly radioactive element must be present in them. Pierre Curie soon became so interested in his wife's work that he abandoned his crystals and joined her. Using the uranium ore pitchblende, they shortly were able to recognize traces of two new radio elements, polonium (named for Madame Curie's native land), and radium, the existence of which they announced in July and December, 1898. To convince the scientific world of the reality of these elements, they had yet to isolate them; it was not until 1902 that Madame Curie succeeded in preparing a decigram of radium chloride, which gave the spectrum of the new element and accurately determined its high atomic weight. The Nobel physics prize of 1903 was awarded jointly to Becquerel and the two Curies. The chemistry prize of 1911 was bestowed on Marie Curie alone. The years between had testified to her own inalienable authority. It is not a reflected light that glows about her name. For in 1910 she isolated the white metal of pure radium itself, and has gone on from glory to glory in the working out of the therapeutic applications of her discoveries.

It is impossible to convey in brief compass the reality of the wall of hardship and discouragement that confronted these pilgrims; the mental preoccupation almost trancelike in its control; the fret of finances; the administrative ineptitude; the shameful inadequacy of laboratories and equipment, even till after Pierre Curie's death; the deadly teaching routine sapping the potentialities for creative research; the ordeal of publicity to sensitive natures; the rigid avoidance of public honors; the refusal to compromise an instant with vast commercial rewards — in a word, the absolutism of their dedication to the service of pure knowledge and of humanity. Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg have preserved most happily the sense of

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two characters utterly devoid of pose or guile. In the Platonic Republic the Curies would be rulers over many.

Pierre Curie. By Marie Curie. Including also Autobiographical Notes. Translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg. The Macmillan Co.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT ART PIONEER

By Helen Appleton Read

"BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT" by Martha A. S. Shannon is in the way of a centennial tribute, inasmuch as Hunt was born one hundred years ago the thirty first of March. Its being a tribute explains the too eulogistic estimate of everything pertaining to Hunt. Tributes and memorial volumes have a way of presenting their subjects in terms of unrelieved superlatives.

The real significance of the book does not, however, lie in its critical estimate of Hunt, the painter, but in that it gives us a vivid portrait of William Morris Hunt, makes us realize his personality, his energy, his magnetism, his trenchant picturesque phrase, and the catholicity of a taste which included Barbizon as well as Japanese art. There are also entertaining anecdotal pictures of what were known as "The Yeasty Years" of Boston, those days when Boston was called not only the "hub" of the universe but the Athens of America, when the most eminent men of science and letters, Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorne, walked the streets. In this galaxy of intellectual stars the artist alone was missing. How Hunt aroused the interest and enthusiasm of his fellow Bostonians in matters of art, how in the popular estimation he raised the artist to an equal footing, intellectually speaking, with the author and scientist, forms another absorbing feature of the book.

Although Hunt's limitations as an artist are never hinted at, to the reader who is familiar with Hunt's œuvre the reason for his never quite attaining his goal — the fact that his vision ever exceeded his grasp — may be read between the lines which tell us the conditions and circumstances of his Boston days. Had Hunt not been the only painter, had he entered into competition with others, had he had to sharpen his perception and technique by means of unfriendly criticism, he perhaps would never have made his famous remark, "In another country I might have been a painter." Although to Hunt must always be given the credit of being one of the most vital factors in the development of American art as teacher and trail blazer, nevertheless the major portion of his own work must be looked upon as that of an inspired amateur. Like his talented pupil John La Farge he had great gifts of feeling and imagination, but lacked the proper technical equipment to carry through.

A quotation from a letter of Fanny Kemble to Lord Leighton is cited in the book as a picture of the art conditions prevailing in the United States of the Fifties: "Here people exhibit their pictures at a shilling a head, put them in a room hung round with black calico, light up a flare of gas above them, and take a quarter of a dollar from every sinner who sees them. Pictures of very high pretensions are exhibited like scenes in a theatre by gaslight, advertised in colored posters all over the streets, like theatrical exhibitions." Such was the state of mind concerning art and artist which

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Hunt, fresh from the atelier of Couture and a three years' companionship with Jean François Millet, found when he returned to Boston in 1855. The Copley-Stuart tradition had been lost sight of. American art was dormant, waiting for some revivifying outside influence, which Hunt, through the animus of his personality and European training, was able to supply.

In the chapters devoted to Hunt's Barbizon days, Miss Shannon brings out very clearly the point — and it is one which many of us have forgotten — that Hunt was the pioneer in starting a movement of the greatest importance in American art, an abiding French influence as represented by the Barbizon School. Whatever may be said for and against Hunt, it must never be forgotten that he discovered Millet for the United States as well as for France. Quotations such as this are what give the book its picturesque personal note and which lift it out from the dead level of merely laudatory opinions: "Carolus Duran, twenty years after Hunt's death, at a reception given by the French Ambassador at Washington, asked to be presented to Mrs. Hunt Slater, a daughter of the painter. 'I wish to know', he said, 'the daughter of the great American to whom France owes a deep debt of gratitude for having recognized and brought to our notice that splendid bouquet of our own painters who formed the Barbizon School.'"

Hunt, who left Couture's studio to become a disciple of the inspired peasant, Jean François Millet, was able not only to absorb and benefit by Millet's philosophies of art and life, but through his many purchases of Millet's canvases to keep the painter from actual want. The majority of these pictures were later brought by Hunt to the United States. As Miss Shannon says, "There is in Boston a sentimental feeling and reverence for Jean François Millet and a feeling of personal enthusiasm about his paintings which is one of Hunt's most valuable legacies." Little did Hunt realize the far reaching and long lasting influence of the Barbizon spell, which for good and for evil held the United States in its sway until it was obliged to make way for Impressionism. Strangely enough Hunt, simultaneously with the rise of the Impressionistic School in France, discovered for himself similar principles of light and color in landscape painting. In fact so far had he deviated from the dark shadows of Couture's studio that when La Farge, another Couture pupil, came back to the United States to continue his studies (at Couture's recommendation) with one of Couture's favorite pupils, he found that Hunt had completely abandoned the Couture formula and was flooding his canvases with light.

Miss Shannon devotes one chapter to reminiscences of Hunt's famous art class for women. Art classes for women were a daring innovation. The lady art student is one of Hunt's legacies. His trenchant and enlivening criticisms were recorded by a Mrs. Knowlton and were later published in a book called "Art Talks". Through all the changes of art fashions this remains one of the most important and stimulating discourses on the study of art. Miss Shannon also clearly brings out through pertinent quotations the fact that Hunt, although stressing the importance of European training and a study of the old masters, always believed in the future of a native American art. He had, despite his foreign training, that same rugged, sincere, and sane American quality, always with its accompanying tinge of spirit-

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uality and idealism, which makes him one of the brotherhood of, let us call them "all American" artists, which numbers among its members Homer, Inness, Eakins, and Thayer.

The book is well illustrated with family photographs as well as reproductions of Hunt's work. The latter include the romantic canvases of the Couture period, those painted while he was under the Barbizon spell, and portraits selected from his long list of illustrious American sitters. The names of Hunt's portraits read like the roll call of an American Hall of Fame. Many of these portraits perished in the great Boston fire of 1872, when his studio with everything in it, including an unfinished portrait of Emerson and one of Lincoln, as well as a collection of Barbizon treasures, was destroyed.

Boston Days of William Morris Hunt. By Martha A. S. Shannon. The Marshall Jones Co.

A FICTION TRIO

By Sidney Williams

IN pointing a moral few adorn the tale. We have a happy exception in Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House". It is at once elaborately motivated and absorbing fiction. That its sheer narrative charm has the support of poetic feeling and easy elegance of style is no surprise. For while this book is Mr. Burt's first novel, he long since won his spurs as a writer of verse and short stories transcending the obvious.

Here the title is drawn from "Pilgrim's Progress": "Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door, and asked Who was there?" Now our featured traveler is Gulian Eyre. Scion of an old and aristocratic New York banking family, he has avoided trammels of business by life abroad. A poet, he has dabbled in diplomacy. He is the rare American able to loaf and invite his soul. And he is a sentimentalist of the impersonal order, as well as keenly receptive in personal contact.

Not completely emancipated, he comes back to the postwar New York, to take a place in its treadmill and be one of the pack. We see New York society through his eyes, and somewhat share his perplexity with the younger delegation, with its theories that it does not put into operation, and its faculty of doing infinitely more harm to the generation just above it than it does to itself. And most we are impressed by the exhibit of women who, as Mr. Burt puts it, "have lost the ability to find adventure in subjective things that used to be adventurous to them, and are reaching out blindly towards subjective adventure they know nothing about". And somehow such questions almost always involve the male and femaleness of creation.

Incisive commentary on the social order by no means clouds the tale. Gulian's transient entanglement with a beautiful hedonist he almost miraculously, and one might say unfortunately, escapes, and his slow approach to complete understanding with Lael Satori, a girl at first projecting a puzzling impression of youth and age, at once cynical and infantile, carry in their train other interests and persons of considerable vitality.

Here is a brilliantly written novel, and one rarely rich in reflective interest. While Mr. Burt might pick up

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his pace a bit by less philosophizing, he has written nothing one would gaily throw away. "The Interpreter's House" will be much discussed.

From his first novel on, Stephen McKenna's satiric impulse has been strong. It is so in "Vindication", another mordantly conceived and cleverly executed study of decadent English society. Coolly written, it is more scarifying from its lack of moral earnestness. With McKenna's attitude of a surgeon goes the instinct of the novelist. The result is a story that, despite faulty motivation and the somewhat incredible seductiveness of an English Don Juan, generally commands close interest.

Here meet again the impoverished aristocracy, with poor success trying to keep its head above water, and prosperous invaders. But they clash only as individuals. Four leading characters. . . Gloria Britton, the handsome daughter of a Spanish dancer and a well born roué who manages to live on his winnings at cards and the bounty of soft hearted women, must market her charms to keep a place in smart society. Clear headed and adroit, she bestows affection at her command on Norman Cartwright, a young baronet of slight imagination and inflexible integrity. He personifies the stability her life has sadly lacked. Yet she breaks their unannounced engagement to marry Freddy Kendaile, the fabulously rich and unaffectedly dissipated son of a parvenu banker. Not to be outdone, Cartwright takes for his bride the young and innocent child of a rich man in the foreign trade. And the two families settle in the country as neighbors.

Personal complications intensify rivalry incident to opposed social interests of the old order and the new. Here, and in dissection of feminine impulse, McKenna is highly acute. Further, the curve of character is followed in the resolve of Freddy Kendaile that, having taken Cartwright's fiancée, he will also possess his wife. The pursuit of woman is his passion. But there is no valid explanation of Lady Cartwright's immediate surrender. She is a young woman of pure character, and loves her husband. For that matter, one fails to understand Freddy's reputation. Great amorists may be ugly. The most distinguished of living poets, a man undersized and homely, is a famous conqueror of the fair. But he has lyric genius and a fiery spirit. Freddy seems nothing but a good looking waster, with a conciliatory smile and a knack of drumming the piano.

As to "Vindication", where is it when all are in secret disgraced? None the less, Mr. McKenna has written a sound and absorbing story. It bites deep.

Storm Jameson's narrative of "The Pitiful Wife" will be caviar to the multitude. Almost without exception its characters are extraordinary: persons wild and wilful, their nervous organization remarkably delicate. Thus things they think, and do, and say are incomprehensible to the unimaginative. One and all too strange to run in the mold of type.

First there is John Trude, occasionally glimpsed from days of his riotous youth when he breaks heads and burns barns with great gusto, to the huge wreck, so sinister and yet somehow childlike, who sits in the ruin of his great house, wrapped in furs and drinking mightily. "I ha' been born out of time", says he. "I should ha' worn steel and sworn quaint oaths by the wrath of God. There were giants on earth in those days. I cannot stomach these puling moderns."

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The student of eugenics would never countenance marriage between Trude's child, sensitive, fairylike little Jael, with her father's ruthless will, and Richmond Drew, who has something elfish in his heart, and a rarely mettlesome spirit. Naturally, their child David is a bundle of nerves, and psychic almost beyond belief. Last, Jael's brother, Jude, slim and restless as a cat, a flame in a frail body. He is quite commonplace compared to the others.

Our story has largely to do with the young married life of Jael and Richmond, its ecstasy, its revulsions; the pride and suffering that was in each heart in estrangement, when Richmond was found unfaithful. The end is high pitched reconciliation achieved by their child's suffering.

A neurologist will best understand these people. For the rest, their surface effects are vivid. But one does not quite receive them in intimate interest. As she has previously demonstrated in "The Clash", Storm Jameson writes well. What she needs most is closer contact with common life.

The Interpreter's House. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Vindication. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown and Co.
The Pitiful Wife. By Storm Jameson. Alfred A. Knopf.

LYRIC ROMANCE AND REALITY

By Bernice L. Kenyon

A TROUBADOUR, a pessimistic philosopher, and a harsh realist are names to characterize the authors of three small books of poems published at the close of the year 1923. All of the authors are young men of modern taste and lack of illusion, but their work illustrates three ages of poetry. It goes to show the enormous width of the field of poetic art, even for those who appreciate the enduring values of clean form and recognizably clear concepts, as do all of these men. None of them writes free verse, and each finds in form an individual and characteristic expression.

"Gypsy Gold" by Charles Divine is all of light, gay or wistful singing to plucked strings — plucked sometimes too often in the same key, so that the ear tires of the repeated gentle harmonies. Deep emotions do not occur in them. The gypsy of this book, roaming carelessly through town and countryside of France, Spain, and North Africa, makes songs about the highways and stars and chimney pots, carnivals in Paris, dreams of love and romance, and his own casual and unhurried progress through fair lands in fine weather. He knows sorrow only as a delicate shadow in his path — a soft minor note or two in his continual singing timed to the unsubtle beat of footsteps. His heart is full of sentiment and laughter, and the humor of life gets the better of his sentiment time and again, especially when he tries to contemplate death. Everything moves by him in a colorful procession worth weaving into a brief song, but not worth very much more of thought.

This kind of poetry seems to spring from the upper levels of the mind, for it never reveals the poet himself underneath. He might be anybody. One never knows him, any more than one knows what's behind the unlifted gay mask of the strolling reveler. His verse is exactly like the description we find in "La Rue des Belles Lunettes":

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Its width sufficient unto two
Who walk along as lovers do;
A troubadour with narrow tones
Might serenade the ancient stones,
But he could never sally far
For fear of smashing his guitar.

George Brandon Saul, in his first volume of poems, "The Cup of Sand", takes the world very hard and pessimistically, and philosophizes sagely if sadly about it. His concern rests on the vision of life as shaped by aspiration, and as realized by a lesser actuality. The phenomenon of change — the passing of all things — the smallness of man and his sorrows — color all of his book with tragedy. His outlook on life recalls Young's "Night Thoughts". The work is poetry rather than verse, partly because of his rich conceptions, the darkness of his colors, his almost Greek cadences and the striking quality of his best lines, but more because he deals in fundamentals. He sees the world too narrowly, but what he sees of it is true enough. A great deal of the sort of poetry he writes has been done before, but Mr. Saul handles his material more artistically than most. He escapes sentimentality where others have fallen into it, and the best of his poems are very good indeed. His philosophy is that of "Irony" in the book:

Many have sought the Long-Desired
Untired,
And found:
Few reach the rose's plot
Discovering not
Some petals on the ground.

The distinct modernist of this group of poets is Robert L. Wolf, who in the twenty three poems of "After Disillusion" shows himself original, daring, and ruthless. Strong headed people will not protest at his themes, though others will. They have been characterized as erratic and erotic, and they are both. The poet says exactly what he pleases and luckily is allowed to do so. No one has heard of a recent book of poems being suppressed.

There's not a bit of chaff in the volume. The subjects range all the way from "Eve" to "The First Law of Thermo-Dynamics". They never fall flat and they wholly escape being trivial, either in substance or execution. They have much beauty, sharp finish, strength, and a thrilling sort of aptness of phrase all too rare today, which at times makes their meaning go over with the suddenness and inescapability of a slap in the face. They reveal the mind of a realist who is a good enough poet to be able to rule his technique with his idea.

The modern reader likes, as his final impression from any book, a clever and well turned *mot* by way of conclusion, like the curtain lines of a play. Each of these three authors supplies one, in the shape of a final poem, setting in tense, ironic, or satiric style the exact keynote of the volume. It's a good device, especially when expertly used, as it is in all of these books.

Gypsy Gold. By Charles Divine. Thomas Seltzer.
The Cup of Sand. By George Brandon Saul. Harold Vinal.
After Disillusion. By Robert L. Wolf. Thomas Seltzer.

DOSTOEVSKY'S CHARACTERS

By Alexander Kaun

THE gallery of Dostoevsky's characters, like the musical characters of Mussorgsky, epitomizes Russia with its extremes, conflicts, contradictions, rebelliousness and abandon. Yet to regard these characters as exclusively

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Russian would be as narrow as to paste national labels on Hamlet and Tartuffe; they are omnihuman, to use a Dostoevsky word. The artist sublimates the genuinely national to an international, universal significance. What makes the world created by Dostoevsky so intensely impressing and unforgetable to the reader of any race and clime, is the uniqueness of the men, women, and children who people this world. Despite their huge number there are not two who are alike, because the author endows each one of them with a personality, and personalities, like works of art, cannot be duplicated. Though every portrait reflects in a measure the painter, the characters of Dostoevsky are not merely so many variants of the author's self, as we find it in the case of Tolstoy, but possess a Shakespearian unicity of physical and mental make-up.

Dostoevsky's theme, musically speaking, is a personality in the effort of self assertion. This effort spells conflict with the herd, with established tables of value and moral codes, with the all powerful, all leveling Sereda, if one may borrow from Jurgen's Walhalla. Hence Dostoevsky's individuals are at war with God or with society or with the state or with reason, always at war, the kind of war which, to Nietzsche, hallows any cause. Hence, too, Dostoevsky is indifferent and even hostile to normal beings, for to him the normal and healthy are synonymous with the quiescent and complacent, with the impersonal herd. He seeks out the pathologic, the transgressors, the enemies of society, for these have manifested their personalities through the very fact of deviating from the trodden path. Dostoevsky draws the callous murderers of the "House of the Dead" with a sympathy which is not condescending pity but rather savors of astonishment and respect for those who have dared to translate impulse into action, to assert their selves, however low and beastly these selves be. He abhors the crimes committed by his fellow convicts, but he does not place much value in them, since the doers of the murderous deeds are for the most part not aware that these are crimes; they are unconscious sinners. Dostoevsky's chief concern is with the deliberate offenders of some universally accepted law, the conscious trespassers corroded by self analysis and torn by contradictions. For these the commission, in deed or in thought, of what they regard as a crime becomes an act of transvaluation, of defiance against the herd, and signifies an effort to take nothing for granted, to question and test everything in the crucible of personal experience. Raskolnikov murders the old pawnbroker in order to prove to himself that he is of the stuff that Napoleons are made of, and not a "trembling creature". The test shows that he belongs to the latter category, to the slaves and not to the masters, and his "punishment" lies in the fact of his regarding his action as a "crime". Dostoevsky succeeds in making us forget the murder of the pawnbroker while we watch breathlessly the battle waged within Raskolnikov between his reason and his conscience for the assertion of his personality. The same motive, self assertion, prompts Kirillov ("The Possessed") to commit suicide when in his prime and while loving passionately life and nature. In asserting his will over life and nature by destroying himself, Kirillov acquires the freedom of a god, an abysmal freedom. Self destruction is the fate of nearly all Dostoevsky's characters who venture

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to accentuate their non-conforming individuality. Society cannot endure transgressors against God or man made laws, and spews them out of its bowels as alien and hostile elements. This is the inevitable penalty for the sin of rebellious self assertion.

Sin is the essence of Dostoevsky's characters, if by sin we mean a sick conscience. Sin permeates Dostoevsky's world and its inhabitants — Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov, Versilov, Stavrogin, Rogozhin, the Karamazovs, the malodorous Smerdyakov, the subtle Katerina Ivanovna, the diabolic Grushenka, and the satanic child, Liza Hohlakov. They all suffer from inner discrepancies, from inner clashes with a "devil", a "double". Even the few "good" characters of Dostoevsky dwell on the brink of sin. Prince Myshkin, the "idiot", lives his Jesuslike life among the base and criminal, Zosima the hermit tells his hearers of his former sinful existence and exhorts them to love sinners, and Alexey Karamazov, the one perfect man whom death prevented Dostoevsky from completing, emerges from the Karamazov nest of sin. Zosima, the author's mouthpiece, knows that the best among men are tormented by sin, by contradictions; and instead of preaching non-resistance, mortification of the flesh, isolation from the world, he commands his disciples to "kiss the earth". He enjoins Alexey Karamazov from entering a monastery, because he wants him to be an "earthly monk", to live in close contact with sin and crime. To Dostoevsky sin purges man, raises him above the level of mediocrity, stamps him with the dignity of a personality, and crowns his destruction with the halo of crucifixion.

Novels and Stories by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Twelve volumes. The Macmillan Co.

CONCERNING JEFFERSON DAVIS

By Walter L. Fleming

IN May 1908, a hundred years after the birth of Jefferson Davis, Dunbar Rowland, state archivist of Mississippi, began the collecting of Davis letters and papers. Now, well edited and in dignified form, they are published by the State of Mississippi in honor of her great son. The search for material was long and tedious, extending to public and private collections throughout the United States, and the result is one of the most valuable collections for historical purposes made since Lincoln's papers were published. It is probably as complete as we have any right to expect but there are indications that some papers have been withheld or were lost. The magazine articles written by Davis are not printed, and much of the material in the Rebellion Records is not reproduced.

There is disappointingly little about Davis's early life. For the first thirty five years there is almost nothing, and not much about the intimate, personal side of his life at any time; nothing about many half forgotten scandals and whispered things that we thought might be cleared up when the Davis papers came to light. But as much as possible Davis kept his private affairs out of his correspondence and the public eye. Unless someone questioned his own integrity or his record Davis refused to disclose unpleasant facts or make damaging exposures. For example, persistent inquiries about General Grant's army record when Davis was secretary of war brought no response. He wrote and said nothing of the weakness or faults of this or that one, made no disclosures of embarassing secrets unless attacked himself or

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made a scapegoat for another's wrongdoing. Then he could dig as deeply into the past as anyone and bring up the most damaging evidence. Witness the disclosures of the unlovely passages in the records of Generals Scott, Beauregard, Jordan, Joseph E. Johnston, and W. T. Sherman.

So it is mainly for political and military history that the papers have value. Several lines run through the whole; among them the slavery problem, political, economic, and social; theories of government; Davis's work for the United States army and West Point; the development of the west. The record of lifelong friendships, too, is here and of some friendships that did not last. The dry bones of state sovereignty, of squatter sovereignty, of slavery, take on form and substance again in these fiery debates of long ago.

The historian of the west will mine the six thousand pages for facts and points of view. Davis's interest in the west begins with his seven years of army service on the western frontiers and abides to the end. His strong support of western development when in Congress, his surveys, while secretary of war, to discover practical routes for transcontinental railways, his interest in the Indian problem — all these are set out here with absorbing detail. He knew more about the west than many a westerner. But in clearing up the debris of the Mexican War Davis became entangled, evidently to his own disgust, in the slavery controversy and never escaped. This statement made in the heat of debate on the Compromise of 1850, when Davis was still holding strongly to a broad nationalism, ought to be preserved:

> The man does not breathe at whose door the charge of disunion might not as well be laid as at mine. The son of a revolutionary soldier, attachment to this Union was among the first lessons of my childhood; bred to the service of my country, from boyhood to mature age I wore its uniform. Through the brightest portion of my life, I was accustomed to see our flag, historic emblem of the Union, rise with the rising and fall with the setting sun. I look upon it now with the affection of early love, and seek to maintain and preserve it by a strict adherence to the Constitution, from which it had its birth, and by the nurture of which its stars have come so much to outnumber its original stripes.

From a constructive national statesmanship Davis is forced to the defense of a section and an anachronistic institution. He sees clearly all sides of his own problems but does not appreciate the problems of his opponents. He has no faith in abolitionists, no respect for their sincerity. There is a remarkable foreseeing of the end, of emancipation under martial law, of the reconstruction measures, even of the production of long staple cotton in the Imperial Valley.

Capacity for friendship, long and faithful, is shown in the correspondence between Davis and Jones, Drayton, Northrop, and Wright, his classmates at Transylvania and West Point—later two of them Union men and two Confederates. For the sake of his friendship men gave up position, went to prison, left home and joined the Confederacy. There were other good friends in the Union army at a time when attachment to Davis was an embarrassing fact. In speeches and letters Davis gave to Zachary Taylor, whose daughter he married, a nonpolitical support which more than once brought suspicion upon the quality of his Democracy, but here again we wish for more light on their relations from 1835 to 1846.

As secretary of war under Pierce and as chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs Davis's

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reputation for efficiency and accomplishment was established beyond question, and documents and letters here available can give only additional evidence of that fact. He was an organizer, always progressive, on the lookout for new military inventions, a strong supporter of the interests of the army and the military academy.

A reading of the volumes covering the Civil War gives an impression of harassed statesmanship, of competency in military matters, and — strange to say, for most of us have thought otherwise — of considerate action and patient forbearance in the face of difficulties caused by petty controversies among his generals, the opposition of state governors and politicians, and the paralysis of Confederate strength resulting from the renewed assertion of state rights. But Davis and Lee seem always to have agreed, a fact of credit to both men.

Davis was a born controversialist. He could seldom resist the temptation to set the other fellow aright. He enjoyed a controversy though he might not like the subject. During the struggle over slavery, in the Civil War, in his old age, he stood close to the front in the war of words. The correspondence between Davis and Winfield Scott is a controversial classic. It lasted for more than a year, ranging over the field of American history from the War of 1812 through the Indian campaigns and the Mexican War; weighty matters of international law and governmental practice were involved. It all began about a claim of Scott for travel pay from New York to Washington. It stopped suddenly with Davis accusing Scott of "falsehood", "malignity and depravity", while Scott seemed content to declare Davis, his superior in the War Department, "an enraged imbecile", guilty of "tergiversation and chicanery". The honors of this combat certainly belong to Scott. Clearly both men were exhilarated by it. And yet these papers all together do not strengthen one's impression of this quality in Davis, rather it sinks into the background and the power and statesmanship of the man are brought out in stronger relief.

The postwar papers leave a painful impression of Davis's imprisonment without trial from 1865 to 1867, of unsuccessful struggles to start a business which would support his family, of pathetic disagreements when the grey old Confederate generals began to arrange their records for history. Until he died Davis was frequently the subject of misrepresentation and obloquy which he seldom failed to resent vigorously in speech and in print. It is diverting to read the letters of the four decrepit old classmates who urge Davis to be moderate in his attacks upon his persecutors, to pay no attention to them. He fought fairly. Read his answer to a request by an editor for a criticism of Grant's military career when the latter was fighting and losing his last battle at Mount McGregor:

> Your request . . . cannot be complied with for the following reasons:
> 1. General Grant is dying.
> 2. Though he invaded our country ruthlessly, it was with open hand, and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has, since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to Confederates, either of the military or civil service.
> Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body.

The closing years were calmer and pleasanter. The task of making a livelihood was less strenuous; in letters to his old friends he "rowed back up the river of the past to the happy

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days of the frontier in the West"; he was still criticized and misrepresented but the tide was turning to fairness and he appreciated it, his people overwhelmed him with proofs of affection. Mellowed by fourscore years and wise and kind in counsel, he made his last speech to the young men of Mississippi a fitting close to a tragic public life:

> I feel no regret that I stand before you this afternoon a man without a country, for my ambition lies buried in the grave of the Confederacy. There has been consigned not only my ambition but the dogmas upon which that Government was based. The faces I see before me are those of young men; had I not known this I would not have appeared before you. Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her I break my silence, to speak to you a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations; before you lies the future — a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished — a reunited country.

Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist, His Letters, Papers and Speeches. Collected and edited by Dunbar Rowland, LL.D., Director, Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi. Ten volumes. Jackson, Mississippi: Department of Archives and History.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

OSTENSIBLY a series of biographies, "Strenuous Americans" (Boni, Liveright) is really a set of portraits, against a background of the latter half of the nineteenth century. With the pet ideas of this century, "an uncompromisingly merciless economic creed, and a piously lachrymose humanitarian creed" as the book describes them, R. F. Dibble, the author, has little sympathy. His characters suffer as they stand for these creeds, and, accordingly, Jesse James and P. T. Barnum receive by far the kindest treatment. Admiral Dewey's biography, the longest of the seven, is essentially the story of how America seized the Philippines. Mark Hanna and James J. Hill serve to illustrate the financial and political machinations of the age. It may be that the financially successful Brigham Young was taken to show how well the economical and humanitarian creeds harmonized —although the author does not say so. Frances E. Willard, of the W.C.T.U., is the only woman represented. Her reforming activities serve less well to portray the spirit of the times than do the tales of financial monopoly, of political subservience at home and imperialism abroad, recounted in the biographies of the six men.

A beautifully printed little book is Thomas Moult's "The Best Poems of 1922" (Harcourt, Brace), and edited with an unusual taste. Mr. Moult has chosen his poetry from both English and American periodicals with quite obvious joy in the poems, without regard for the fame or lack of fame of their authors. This does not mean that poets of renown are absent. Thomas Hardy is represented with his magnificent "An Ancient to An-

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cients", Carl Sandburg with two poems, and there are Amy Lowell, Elinor Wylie, G. K. Chesterton, Robert Graves, Louis Untermeyer, J. C. Squire, and Aline Kilmer. A catholic collection to be sure, and one that is designed to prove nothing, except that good poetry is being written. Says the editor in the introduction:

> But apart from the actual selection the same general conclusion would doubtless have been arrived at, however different the policy dictating the compiler's labour. That, at least, may be said with assurance, for poets of fame and distinction in two countries are plainly writing with as much beauty, truth, and strength as ever they have done, and poets whose distinction is in no way proportionate to their fame have seldom written better. It is a matter for pride that the poets of England and of America have here assembled together for perhaps the first time in literary history (at all events, so far as English publication is concerned) in a manner that gives the reader no guide to their nationality except what is revealed by the work itself. How and in what ways that work may be different if produced on one or the other side of the Atlantic will, the compiler believes, be well worth studying. And if readers in America accept this opportunity of *surveying contemporary poetry in England*, and English readers be persuaded to take a wider interest in American poetry, then the desire that the present compilation might be the first of a series of annual volumes will have additional justification.

Newman Flower, in "George Frideric Handel" (Houghton Mifflin), has endeavored "to outline Handel the Man" against "a background of the times in which he lived and the people with whom he had to deal". He has in fact woven a first rate biography into a first rate piece of social history and criticism. Not a little of one's interest must be attributed to the skill with which the volume is written, the dry humor, the sophistication and the deftness of Mr. Flower's personal comment. From the smooth narrative one does not suspect the years of investigation to which he makes only passing reference, and evidence of which one discovers only in the acknowledgments of assistance and the bibliography. They, however, enable Mr. Flower to make important corrections in the prevalent notions of Handel and his works.

To reread W. H. Hudson is to summon visions of the privileges of contemplation that clung to a slower and now all but vanished age. The time is past, we fear, even in England, for this leisurely and minute observation of living things. In "Hampshire Days", now reprinted in this country by Dutton, Hudson, the naturalist and philosopher, writes delightfully of the humblest inhabitants of field and forest, of insects hitherto unhonored and unsung, and of people whose habits and customs are as little known to the great world of cities as those of some rare wood spider. Of himself he says, "The blue sky, the brown soil beneath, the grass, the trees, the animals, the wind, and rain and sun and stars are never strange to me; for I am in and of and am one with them; and my flesh and the soil are one, and the heat in my blood and in the sunshine are one, and the winds and tempests and my passions are one." And of dwellers in cities, "They are out of my world—the real world. All that they value, and seek and strain after all their lives long, their works and sports and pleasures, are the merest baubles and childish things; and their ideals are all false, and nothing but by-products, or growths, of the artificial life —little funguses cultivated in heated cellars." In spite of this fierce hostility toward progress, a spirit justified by the devastating inroads that modernity has made on natural beauties, it is not for his "world strangeness" that we remember Hudson, but

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for a mind and heart intent to catch the pain and joy of all living things that fly or crawl.

In several of the bitterest of his "Contemporary Portraits: Fourth Series" (Brentano), of a truth Frank Harris seems to succeed fully in sinking to the level of the worst implications of the word "gargoyles", certain favored impersonations he lists among his present most precious aims. If gargoyles be portraits, Mr. Harris's Charlie Chaplin, Gorky, Mark Twain, Woodrow Wilson, and Sing Sing must be tolerated—even though they suggest that quondam mastery seems now sinking into senility. More comprehensible, however, are the author's Grant Allen, Herbert Trench, Max, "The Incomparable", Leonard Merrick, Roosevelt, Emma Goldman, and Olive Schreiner. Mr. Harris's worst is several degrees below pernicious—but his best, even now in his weakening state, is probably perdurable.

"A Guide for the Greedy" (Lippincott) by Elizabeth Robins Pennell has been revised and reissued, to the delight of the gourmet. It places cookery among the fine arts and proves that enjoyment of food is not the crass materialism we have thought it, but an expression of an artistic impulse as commendable as the appreciation of poetry or nature. In these pleasant little chapters, Mrs. Pennell outlines some of the rarest and most delectable menus, and if her American readers have to leave home and country to obey such instructions as "smother them in a rich wine sauce", it sounds as though it might be worth the trouble.

Of making lists of books there is no end, and every such list is sure to leave out or to include certain books at the compiler's fancy and to the great disgust of the reviewer. But Jesse Lee Bennett is armed against such protest, for in "What Books Can Do for You" (Doran) he develops a thoroughly sound theory of reading for the sake of "harmonious self development" and names books because of their consistency with that aim. His exposition of this theory is not only ample justification for most of his choice, but is a regular "Outline of Reading" as well—an unusually meaty condensation of the whole field of human culture in simple, highly popular form. Almost anyone can read this book with pleasure, and almost anyone from the Hairy Ape to the human thinking machine can be helped by it toward developing a "self well adjusted to a world well understood".

The second volume of "The Outline of Literature" (Putnam) comprises fourteen chapters on English literature from Shakespeare to Shelley, two on French literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and one on the great Germans: Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing. No other European literatures are represented. Granville-Barker writes of Shakespeare in a fresh, unhackneyed manner; the editor, John Drinkwater, has an excellent chapter on Milton. The skilled hand of Professor Erskine of Columbia appears in certain footnote corrections or demurrers to statements in the text, and the whole volume has doubtless profited through having passed under his critical eye. The colored and half tone illustrations, over one hundred and sixty in number, are admirably chosen, and form a rich portrait gallery of permanent literary and biographical value.

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"The Soul of the City", compiled by Garland Greever and Joseph Bachelor (Houghton Mifflin), unlike most anthologies has a unity of purpose and a coherence of subject matter altogether noteworthy. Its *raison d'être* is not merely a collector's whimsy, a grouping of poems and poemlets by various writers doing justice to no one poet so much as to the collector himself. The compilers in this case have gone about their work with the definite objective of collecting all those poems which they thought reflected some aspect of the modern city. They have neglected neither the gay nor the tragic, neither the sordid nor the beautiful. They have approached their task with a fine catholicity of taste ranging from the poetry of John Keats to that of T. S. Eliot. As a result of their diligence "The Soul of the City" is not only one of the most plausible anthologies we have ever had the pleasure of reading, but about as complete a picture of city life as could be hoped for under the conditions.

Poor Emma Goldman! It is hard to be shorn of illusions, but to lose them when one has been wrapped in them one's life long and when one is no longer young is tragedy. "My Disillusionment in Russia" (Doubleday, Page) is the story of a very tired woman, one who had hoped to see miracles in self government fulfilled and who found selfishness, injustice, and corruption in the Communist Republic. It is evident enough that a commonwealth functioning ideally by Marxian standards would not have satisfied this anarchist—and the Russian government is not functioning ideally by any standards. Apparently, the volume has undergone some editorial revision. A chapter mentioned in the preface is missing, and the book breaks off abruptly at the end.

In a history so painstakingly impartial as Dr. Robert McElroy's authorized biography, "Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman" (Harper), it is difficult to perceive what the author really thinks of his subject. This is no "background" narrative—the kind in which the individual's portrait is merely the means to an interpretation of the age in which he lived. It is largely a personal narrative and not an overlaudatory one. The last flaming up of Civil War hatreds, the tariff, civil service reform, the silver coinage issue, and the ominous growth of imperialism externally and labor troubles internally were the problems Cleveland had to face. One may discern some faint disapproval of the futile way in which the President tried to uphold Hawaiian independence in the face of "manifest destiny", his arbitrary conduct in the great Pullman strike, and the obstinate stand in the dispute over the Venezuelan-British boundary. The author also makes justifiable complaint against the involved style in which Cleveland wrote. No one will make this complaint against Dr. McElroy or against Elihu Root, who contributes the introduction.

Donald Ogden Stewart is funny. That was established some time ago. But he is also gifted with an appreciation of human frailties which, when coupled with a sense of humor, makes an enviable combination. When that combination is turned into literary production something as worthwhile as "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind" (Doran) results. The characters in this book are more than talking dolls manipulated to produce mirth making

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sentences. Despite the exaggeration of contemporary types, the persons in the book approach plausibility, and the story becomes worth a dozen or more of the so called humorous volumes that regularly torture the tender sensibilities of hack reviewers.

"Wonders of the Past", edited by J. A. Hammerton (Putnam), is a four volume work which would be an adornment to any library. The first volume deals with the ruins of dead civilizations from the point of view of the traveler and the archæologist—with the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, the ruined cities of Indo-China, the monuments of the Maya culture, the shrines of the Buddhists, the temples of Pompeii, the courts and columns of Thebes, the palaces of Nineveh. The various articles which comprise the book are more descriptive than historical, more popular than scientific; and one of the chief values of the work is in its illustrations, which are delightfully abundant and excellently chosen and reproduced.

There is something exceedingly rich and strange about both the format and contents of "The Borzoi Cook Book" (Knopf). The Princess Alexandre Gagarine has translated and compiled a collection of recipes from a great Russian household that make delectable reading, and, we have no doubt, if prepared by one sensitive to the nuances of Russian cookery, delectable eating as well. There are dishes with which we are familiar from dining in Russian restaurants: borstch, kvass, tchee, and kasha, as well as some that will be new even to those accustomed to the exotic and savory cookery of this nation. Just how far the conservative—in cookery, at least—American housewife will go in following the Borzoi recipes it is hard to say. We confess to a certain skepticism as to the possibility of a Russian culinary renascence like that recently stirred up in the decorative arts.

"Silver Wands" is a new volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. The author, Marion M. Boyd, has collected a score or more poems, chiefly short, that exhibit a certain lilting grace, a kind of delicate feminine singing quality. It is a touch not often felt in current poetry. Clear cut, thumbnail sketches in a mood of fine restraint are the best of the collection. Less interesting are longer attempts in dramatic vein. "Carpe Diem" and "A Prayer in Winter" typify the fleet lyricism of this young author. The same effect, used in a decorative way, is attained by "Sleep Is a Dark Flower" and "Blue Cups". Artlessness combined with a finely tempered idiom makes verses that may never be great but will always be pleasing.

In a dizzy round of extreme fiction, esoteric philosophy, intense poetry that isn't poetry at all, and the rest of our modern whirl of literature (in the strictly etymological sense of the word), some of us are so fortunate as to run across a volume that tells its story with neither blare of trumpet nor stench of the unconventional; that moves steadily along, like some irresistible force, and when it has reached the end makes its dignified bow and retires discreetly. Of such is "Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina" by A. J. Barnouw (Scribner). Here is no grandiloquence, but a smooth, readable bit of history that in no way sacrifices accuracy to style. Queen Wilhelmina, the Victoria of Holland, for over twenty five years ruler of the

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Dutch people, is to many scarce more than a name. Learning of her long reign is captivating entertainment, and we are sure that a beginning with Dr. Barnouw's volume should whet the appetite for further knowledge.

Sailors' yarns have a traditional reputation which they ought to share with reporters' reminiscences. The high spots in a journalist's life are high indeed, and he is usually trained in the telling of them. Sir Philip Gibbs's "Adventures in Journalism" (Harper) are the cream of newspapermen's tales. Best of them all is the story of how he unmasked Dr. Cook, the "discoverer" of the North Pole. Adventures with royalty and with murderers, anxious moments during strikes and battle, the eccentricities of Lord Northcliffe and of the British censor—these are some of the many strange things that Gibbs saw and tells about.

There is sufficient reason why Howard Carter and A. C. Mace should have dedicated "The Tomb of Tutankh-Amen" (Doran) to the late Lord Carnarvon, but no apparent reason why it should be spoken of as an "account of the Earl of Carnarvon's famous discovery", and why therefore it should include a chapter on his lordship's life by one of his family. From this chapter it appears that "digging" was only one of a series of hobbies which he rode with the tremendous seriousness that English gentlemen misapply to their eccentricities for lack of other objects; and from the rest of the book it appears that he rode it *in absentia* through the agency of Mr. Carter. It was the latter who inferred from exceedingly scanty evidence that the tomb was in the Valley of the Kings, and who, with Lord Carnarvon's financial and moral aid, dug for six seasons until, when on the point of surrender, he unearthed the entrance. This was then covered again, and Lord Carnarvon was wired to come and help discover. Mr. Carter's contribution to the book is delightful. It is of course only a preliminary account written when the inner shrine had not been opened; hence it includes a great deal of interesting introductory material, most of it historical, some of it expository, together with the story of the search and discovery and a description of the objects found in the antechambers of the tomb. There are a large number of excellent plates.

The art of the informal, humorous essay has perhaps no better exponent in America than Frances Lester Warner, and one opens her latest book with pleased anticipation. "Groups and Couples" (Houghton Mifflin) lives up to all one's expectations. It is charming, whimsical, feminine. The first year of married life has provided the author with plenty of new material and she has the gift of being able to draw the last ounce of humor out of any given situation. This little volume is to be recommended for reading aloud to the entire family; any attempt to read it individually will only result in constant eruptions of, "Now listen to *this!*"

There can be no sadder fate than to be expected always to be funny. Stephen Leacock on several occasions was funnier than anyone had been for a long time, and the world, surprised and delighted, came flocking to his door. So he has nobly tried to give it more of the same. "College Days" (Dodd, Mead) has a promising title; one expects something really amusing

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this time. But it isn't. Here and there one finds a gorgeous bit which proves that Leacock did write it himself, but for the most part these are quite ordinary little sketches. The exception is "Idleness, A Song for the Long Vacation", a nonsense jingle of the very best.

A supplement has been added to the "Library of Southern Literature" (Martin, Hoyt), bringing it down to date. This "record of the achievement of Southern men and women in letters during the last decade or two" includes thirty three writers. Besides the names one would naturally look for, it is good to come upon newer luminaries whose work has made one curious for personal details. In each case there is a biographical and critical essay, based it would seem on first hand information, and contributed by such writers as Kenneth Brown, Dorothy Scarborough, C. Alphonso Smith, Cale Young Rice, DuBose Heyward, and Annie Steger Winston. This sketch is followed by illustrative extracts from the subject's work, and a bibliography which lists not only books but contributions to magazines and even newspapers.

"The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward" (Dodd, Mead) has been written by her daughter, Janet Penrose Trevelyan, and all the varied phases of this remarkable woman's activities are brought out. Mrs. Ward's religious and charitable interests were second only to her literary ones; the constant ill health that handicapped her made her accomplishments seem the more amazing. Almost every name that belongs to the literary group of her time figures in this book, and not a few in other branches of public life from Gladstone down to Admiral Jellicoe. Unfortunately the very mass of the material obscures the personality of its subject, and the pages are so heavy with detail that the volume becomes more of a reference book than anything else.

E. R. Turner's "Europe: 1450-1789" (Doubleday, Page) comes as a reminder that the intensive study of historical periods calls for more than "Outlines". The three centuries from the Renaissance to the French Revolution pass before us in a broad processional of events, whose purely human, intellectual, religious, and artistic interrelation is made clear in a tense, interesting narrative. Professor Turner's work is a fine one. The past he covers, its men and women, its problems and passions, really lives again in his pages. In these days the story of vanished centuries must pulse with life, their problems revealed in the light of our own. Professor Turner has given his work this quality of living interest which should insure its being read by his contemporaries.

The shivery delight of the movie fan who is allowed to peek "Behind the Screen" (Doran) has been somewhat dulled by the fatuity of moving picture press agents convinced that they could fool all the people all of the time. Samuel Goldwyn's reminiscences serve, therefore, to counteract some of the effects of a decade of blatant, mendacious publicity by their frankness and humor and very evident respect for facts. At the same time, the book gratifies the insatiable curiosity of moviegoers for a glimpse of that Olympus peopled by gods and demigods of the screen. From this point of vantage as a producer and promoter, these divinities take on

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dimensions that are rather nearer their proper size than the mythical magnitudes attributed to them by eloquent publicity men. Mary Pickford, for example, is described inimitably by Mr. Goldwyn as a "captain of industry". Undoubtedly the most sustained piece of satire in the book, and an altogether delightful bit of character work, is contained in the chapter on Elinor Glyn, who floated through Hollywood during the reign of the "Eminent Authors". Another commendable quality lies in the author's unwillingness to make emotional capital out of his own rise from obscure poverty to a position of great power and influence in the theatrical world.

One visualizes the bookworm browsing among his treasures, touching here and there, lovingly, a volume at random. That is what Walter T. Spencer, London bookseller and noted collector of rare first editions, does with his memories of "Forty Years in My Bookshop" (Houghton Mifflin). He touches one here and there, lovingly — and lovably — at random; and with each touch he evokes the spirit of one of the great. Thackeray (intimate and onetime associate publisher with Spencer); Trollope; George Cruikshank the artist; Phil May, artist no less great, no less eccentric, but how vastly different, both in craftsmanship and in manner; Kate Greenaway; and a host of other Olympians walk these pages. And the genial soul of Dickens, the master who will ever live close, it would seem, to Walter Spencer's book warmed heart, beams over all and sends sunshine flooding through the delectable volume. There are fascinating reproductions of priceless plates — drawings of Cruikshank himself; a wonderful water color sketch by Thackeray; gems from the magic brush of "Phiz". "Forty Years in My Bookshop" is at once a feast and an appetizer. It brims over with *news;* and yet it does no more than whet the curiosity of the true lover of books, tempting him to explore to his heart's content the many delightful lands of romance, which, in this single-volume flight of memory, can be visited only fleetingly.

"Robert Burns, His Life and Genius" by Andrew Dakers (Dutton) is a book that will bring delight to all lovers of the Scottish song writer. This study, which is in part a biography and in part a defense of a noble poet against ignoble detractors, offers us vivid glimpses of Burns the man, his hardships and his temptations, his weaknesses and his misfortunes, his strength and his tenderness, and that essential loftiness of soul which lends to some of the simplest of his lyrics their sublime pathos and sentiment. Mr. Dakers can hardly be accused of not doing justice to Burns; if anything, he is a trifle too just and has something of the air of the hero worshiper in his reverence for his idol. Yet he has given us a book that is not only well written but interesting and informative, and that cannot but exalt the character of Burns in the eyes of the reader even though it can do little to add to one's good opinion of his poetry.

In "Fiction Writers On Fiction Writing" (Bobbs-Merrill), edited by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, one hundred and sixteen authors tell how they do it. Contrary to being one of those harmless publications about "people who make our books", as Donald Ogden Stewart puts it, the volume is highly interesting. Mr. Hoffman, ed-

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itor of "Adventure", sent out a questionnaire to over a hundred writers. Their answers and his comments make up the body of the book. While designed primarily with the idea of assisting the layman in getting some idea of how his professional brother works, the book nevertheless is attractive from the psychologist's point of view. Mr. Hoffman does not make the pedantic error of telling the young writer what to do; he simply presents the theories and working rules of the professional himself, letting the reader accept or reject as he chooses. And when writers such as Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Booth Tarkington "lay bare" their artistic souls, talking in terms of quill pens and story themes, the result is bound to be enlightening.

The Gentleman with the Duster and Margot—both rather confiding souls —having whispered into the ever ready ear of the public and then departed, have automatically made room for another refined retailer of gossip. "Myself Not Least" (Holt) constitutes the personal reminiscences of "X". The publishers beg to state that "X" is a person of sizable reputation as well as considerable éclat; thus reassured that our anonymous informant is no common sort, we receive him with an open mind. "X's" business is with "personalities rather than political causes and effects"; he proceeds to turn up tempting, if eventually unsatisfying bits concerning Whistler, George Moore, Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Oscar Wilde, Shaw, Ruskin and the rest. While many of the anecdotes are amusing, one constantly feels that with such an excellent entrée "X" might have done an intelligent thing where he has done an entertaining one.

A curiously naïve book comes from the pen of one of the most accomplished court ladies of modern times. Anna Viroubova, blamed by revolutionaries, perhaps overzealous, with having helped Rasputin to ruin Russia, has little of a sensational character to say in her "Memories of the Russian Court" (Macmillan). Like Mme. Dehn, another intimate of the Tsaritsa, she pictures the Emperor and Empress as having been strangely undespotic folk, pious to a fault, gentle, courteous, sentimental, virtuous — mid-Victorians three quarters of a century too late, who took their mission and themselves with unaccountable seriousness. Yet queerly enough neither she nor any of the court circle seems to have known much about public affairs. They lived in sheltered ignorance of the great movements that were shaking the foundation of social order, in such utter ignorance as to confuse the dynastic intrigues of palace politics with the hunger for blood that centuries of starvation breed. However, as an inside view of a fascinating aristocratic circle, this book is full of interest for all who like such gossip.

"The Cheerful Giver" (Houghton Mifflin) by Samuel McChord Crothers is a rather uninteresting presentation of essays. The fault lies perhaps not so much with Dr. Crothers as with his selection of subjects — and his own generation. In Oliver Wendell Holmes's day he might also have been, in his way, another autocrat of the breakfast table. At any rate, as they now stand, his essays have distinctly that garrulous breakfast table flavor. Dr. Crothers discusses everything under the sun from "The Leisurable Hours of John Wesley" to "Listening in on the Irish Question".

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"Some Authors: A Collection of Literary Essays, 1896-1916" (Oxford), by the late Sir Walter Raleigh, is at or near its best in critical work already accessible and familiar. In his long introductions to Blake's poems, Lockhart's "Burns", and Sir Thomas Hoby's translations from Castiglione, Sir Walter is as little tedious as when he very briefly reintroduces Shelley, Matthew Arnold, and the pre-Shakespearian throaty songster Thomas Howell. A catch all as well for speeches, lectures, and contributions to standard periodicals, this book, even though by a professor, is actually scholarly in the best sense: never deadly dull, always apropos of the reader's independent development æsthetically. All these very personal appreciations — including others particularly fine on Boccaccio, Don Quixote, and Whistler — lacking, would have been a lasting loss to our literary awareness and joy.

"My Windows on the Street of the World" (Dutton) by James Mavor, author of "An Economic History of Russia" and emeritus professor of political economy in the University of Toronto, affords an exceptionally versatile 400,000 or so words concerning almost everything conceivable in the social, economic, and literary life of Scotland, England, Canada, and, in a lesser way, of Russia, elsewhere in Europe and Asia, and in the United States, for the last threescore years or more. A Scotsman's humor pervades every page of personal remembrance, and (generally) a breadth most strangely un-Scottish permeates all. Here are two canny tomes no university professor of any subject whatever will do well to risk being without. They are encyclopædic of bosom friendships with great movements and great men. That they are occasionally hasty in their generalizations — as in touching these United States, for example—cannot be helped. Their imperialism, too, is to be expected.

The fact that the Civil War is over (although, despite vehement assertions to the contrary, the scar still gives us a twinge when the political weather is inclement) does not seem to stem the flow of books treating every aspect of the subject. Lincoln has been eulogized until it is almost impossible to view his life and work dispassionately. But poor Jeff Davis, the man who was the figurehead of the losing cause, has been sadly neglected. H. J. Eckenrode, in "Jefferson Davis, President of the South" (Macmillan), offers a philosophical study of the causes which prevented Davis from leading the Confederacy to a successful culmination of their ambitions. The book, strange as it may seem in these days of barren prefatory promises, *is* a philosophical study, and throughout the volume there is a viewpoint that is both unique and exceedingly interesting. It is an honest attempt to inquire into the characteristics of Davis, and to determine wherein these characteristics were responsible for the failure of the Confederate army to prevail. Mighty interesting reading!

"The Humanizing of Knowledge" by James Harvey Robinson (Doran) is a succinct statement of the necessity for disseminating the attainments of science. The small compass of the book makes omissions and generalizations obligatory; but this very uncomplexity serves to put the case plainly before those who had not hitherto envisaged it. Dr. Robinson's

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work is in every detail constructive: instead of attempting to annihilate the opponents of scientific enlightenment, he exhorts these adherents, with a far greater ratio of effectiveness, to recoordinate, simplify, and publish their knowledge so that it may become widely serviceable. An extraordinarily pertinent plea for small, highly specialized books is entrenched with irrefutable arguments. Dr. Robinson's vision is ideal but attainable; his suggestions are immediately applicable.

Once in a while we come upon a book of humor that arouses in us feelings of mingled envy and delight. When we read "The Collector's Whatnot" (Houghton Mifflin), for instance, we were torn with jealousy at the thought of the pleasure that the author — or authors — must have had writing it. Under the gorgeous nomenclature of Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot, Milton Kilgallen, and Murgatroyd Elphinstone, there has been produced a book of solemn foolery on the allied passions of collecting, antique hunting, and interior decorating. The illustrations are even funnier than the papers.

One attitude of the Chinese scholar toward poetry is indicated by a remark made by Yang Hsiung, a poet born fifty years before Christ. In his new book, "The Temple" (Knopf), Arthur Waley attributes to this scholar-poet these words: "When I was a boy I amused myself with the childish fretwork of poetry. Now that I am a man, I know better." It is hard to reconcile Yang Hsiung's own impressive and vigorous poem, "Poverty", with this elegant contempt for the form. There is in it the same element of strange beauty and sombre lyricism which distinguishes the work of so many of the poets represented in this volume. Theirs was the early literary poetry of China, known as *fu* to distinguish it from merely words-for-songs, the older form. Mr. Waley prefaces the pieces with some chapters of highly interesting biography relating to the poets themselves and the circumstances under which some of the selections were composed. That it takes a poet to catch a poet is as true of the translation of Chinese poetry of the time of Christ as of any other alien tongue or age. As in his previous books on the subject, Mr. Waley in "The Temple" proves himself both a poet and scholar of great enthusiasm and sensitiveness.

A fine piece of literary criticism is Patrick Braybrooke's "Gilbert K. Chesterton" (Lippincott). Although he is both kinsman and admirer of the master of paradox, he judges him quite fairly and from an unbiased point of view. He does not hesitate to criticize good humoredly and even oppose on occasion. The chapter on divorce is as neat a rebuttal of all Chesterton's arguments as one could well find. Mr. Braybrooke values Chesterton most highly perhaps as a poet, though his praise for his work as essayist is loud indeed. "The only fault is that he is at times so clever that it is a little difficult to know what he means." The book is not biographical in any sense, but a feeling of Chesterton's personality seeps through perforce. As a survey of his literary achievements, it is a complete and finished production, written with discrimination and no little style. Mr. Braybrooke sums up his subject by saying: "In a word, he is that thing in literature that occurs once or twice in every century—an epic."

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

One new title and one only appears in the entire Monthly Score for January; except for immaterial shifts of position the rest of the list is unchanged.

The newcomer is "The Able McLaughlins", and the incident is worthy of more than passing notation because this is probably the first time in the history of letters that a work written in competition for a prize, and winning that prize, ever won anything else, especially popularity. It is, perhaps, a little unfair to Miss Wilson to describe her book as having been written in the hope of winning a prize; the terms of the Harper contest involving $2,000 for the best book submitted during the twelve months were not quite so narrow as that. Doubtless Miss Wilson would have written the book in any event, and doubtless it would have been just as good a book. The really interesting questions are, first, how did this unique phenomenon—of a book with a genuine and wide public appeal winning any sort of literary prize—occur, and, second, how far has the widely advertised fact that "The Able McLaughlins" is a prizewinner aroused public curiosity and so created a furor which brings the work into the list of books in demand?

The first question seems fairly easy to answer. The prize was offered neither by highbrows nor politicians, to say nothing of soap manufacturers. Its donors were a live and active firm of publishers, whose standard of judgment was based upon nothing but their understanding of what makes a book worth publishing. To the second question nobody but the publishers themselves can ever give even an approximate answer.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	BONI
2.	Bread	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
3.	Never the Twain Shall Meet	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
4.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
5.	A Lost Lady	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
6.	The White Flag	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	A Son at the Front	*Edith Wharton*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
9.	The Mine with the Iron Door	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
10.	Doctor Nye	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
4.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
5.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
7.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
8.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI
9.	A Man From Maine	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
10.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER

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BOGOTA SONNETS

By Thomas Walsh

I

To the Conquistador---Don Gonzalo Jimenes de Quesada

NONE but the voyager upon the stream
Of Magdalena with its stretch divine,
Its shallows and its whirlpools, can assign
Your fame unto its proper heaven!—The gleam
Of mountains inaccessible taunts the dream
Of him who has not followed in the line
That reaches down from you, O Leonine
Old Andalusian, on your quest supreme!

The mountains kneel before such strength as yours;
And here a lovely city makes your tomb
High in the clouds enfolding you at rest,
Where in the daily round your fame endures,
A living triumph that no years can doom,
Nor mar with weariness your tireless breast.

II

In Santo Domingo of Bogota

STILL lisps the patio fountain at its prayer,
And faithful still are sun and moon along
The arches and the cloister walls, that throng
With shadows rare and holy, faithful there.
More fragrant rose there blooms not anywhere,
Nor lovelier carnation sway among
Such flit of wing, such silver snatch of song,
As still is stirring on this drowsy air.

Peace and content, you say, who little know
The world of conflict that was housèd here,—
The diresome battles of our God of old,—
The spirits curbed, the haughty flesh laid low,—
The iron law that hedged the proud career,
Made pain a joy, and martyr fagots cold.

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III

In the Quinta of Bolivar

HERE in this flowery cleft on high between
The Andes peaks his little garden waits
The homing step of him who from its gates
Went forth to meet eternities serene.
Here spread his trees beloved,—beyond, the scene
Of the Sabana; lonely winds like Fates
Stir through his patios as if naught abates
Their yearning after days that long have been.

A god was he!—and yet how much a man!—
His name like thunder sounds across the trance
Of half bewildered Liberty and throws
Prophetic music o'er our caravan
Of straggling hopes—
And yet, I caught the glance
Of madcap Manuelita 'neath a rose!

IV

Tequendama

THE long, long river plains by noontides nursed,—
The tropic heats, the shoals, the forests passed,
The god Bochica gained the peaks at last
And weary from his journey, rested first.
But when the mountains on his vision burst,
The strength divine within him to a blast
Inflamed, and urged him on, until he cast
Himself in fever down and cried,—"I thirst!"—

The mountain gods convening at the word,
Plucked the white clouds from heaven in their need,
Tore the wild cañons open, and outpoured
Into their emerald goblet wine indeed!—
While o'er his cooling forehead swallows soared
With rainbows shimmering on their wings of speed.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Notes on Modern Greece

"SING O Goddess of the roaring fury of the world war that has inflicted on the Greeks a myriad woes."

This paraphrase of the first two lines of Homer's Iliad applies indeed to the literary development of contemporary Greece; the aftermath of the World War, ruinous to so many countries, has indirectly diminished the significance of the expression of the spirit that animates the successors of ancient Hellas. Nevertheless, modern Greek writers have gone far in emancipating themselves and their nation from the tyranny of the scholastic and retrogressive influence, not of the essence, but of the letter of their historical, social, and religious background; that is to say, from the puristic, unreal tradition of language and thought during Byzantine and modern times.

The modern Greeks, unlike other racial groups, have used and still do, if not fifty seven, three distinct varieties of the Hellenic tongue. First, the language of writing, closely similar to the Greek of classic times; the same variety of speaking used by a lettered person; and the popular or demotic used by the ordinary person, both in writing and in speaking, an idiom considerably simpler and more analytic than the first. This is the vernacular now used by the few men who count in modern Greek literature.

The conflict between the supporters of the classical tradition and those of the modernist theories has involved the expenditure of many words. The "victory" over the "aristocrats" is not as yet completely assured, but it is certain to come, if peace, so rare in those lands, becomes the order of the day. Some of the men and women in this movement are the representatives of intellectual modern Greece. Jean Psichari, now in Paris, is one of the veterans; likewise, Kostes Palamas, the noted poet whose work is now known to the English reading and to the French reading public; Alexander Palles, the translator of Homer and of the New Testament; George Drossines, another popular poet, Gregorios Ksenopoulos, the novelist, D. Tangopoulos, the essayist; and to a certain extent the venerable philologist of the National University of Greece, Professor G. N. Hatzethakes.

The intense and ubiquitous nationalism of the modern Greeks, confusing love of country and the function of language, has made this problem exceedingly troublesome. It was, as I believe, partly in appreciation of this fact that the late revolutionary government, as other ministries before it, awarded the National Diploma of Merit in Letters and Arts to certain writers and artists. The decree was issued on November 15, and in view of the otherwise unsettled conditions in the country proved to be a highly gratifying event. This diploma, entirely non-pecuniary, is somewhat of a substitute for an honor by a National Academy; the following are the names of those who received it. Writers: Horn, Kambouroglou, Ksenopoulos, Lykoudes, Malakasses, Melas, Nirvanas, Palles, Papantoniou, Porfyras, Psichari, Skippes, Tangopoulos, Vlahoyiannes and Vouteras. Painters:

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Maleas. Actresses: the Misses Kotopoules and Theothorides. The honor is bestowed on the basis of a general evaluation and it actually comes from the Ministry of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs.

Messrs. Palamas, Zervos, and Menardos, the latter of the department of Greek in the National University, are the only recognized critics at the present time. Lyric and narrative poetry, the better half, unquestionably, of contemporary Greek writing, is represented by Palamas, Skippes, Drossines, Grypares, Porfyras, and Malakasses. Soteres Skippes is a very good artist and has a wide circle of admirers among the writers of Western Europe. The tragic events of the second half of 1922 put a comma in the otherwise universal tone of this songster and we hear:

> A century of sacrifice, of heroism and triumph has been again undone and they who are foreign to all things Greek, all that's high and fair, now give us sarcasm, now give us laughter.

"And so", he interrogates, "where is our faith, what hope does there remain?" (From Skippes's "National Wail".)

The novel is being slowly brought to a point of maturity after a long indulgence on the part of the reading public in a conglomeration of the dime novel, the detective story, the brigand story, and the Hellenic versions of salacious French novels. Ksenopoulos, Nirvanas, and Moraitides are well liked for their works of fiction. Mr. Ksenopoulos has written in a light mood much concerned with the eternal question. Among his works are "Aphrodite", "The Red Rock", "Laura", "My Little Sister". "Isabella", a story based on Venetian times in his native island of Zante, is his newest book. He is far from being a Hardy, but he has a keen faculty of observation and is very prolific.

Nirvanas, incidentally a columnist for the Athenian newspaper "Eleftheros Typos", wields a scientific and yet a versatile pen. Like the late Karkavitsas he is a physician by profession, although he has practised very little; his talent has been chiefly used in the dramatic works published some time ago in five volumes (Athens: Sitheres).

Greek public libraries, lamentably few, and bookshops in the larger cities are full of translations both from the ancient classics and from the works of contemporary foreign writers. Palamas is a warm friend of Georg Brandes, while Skippes is an accomplished French scholar. Not long ago he translated Keats's "Endymion". Nirvanas is an earnest student of Scandinavian literature, having already translated Knut Hamsun's "Pan". Giovanni Verga's "Eva" is now found in Greek, while the much discussed "Bachelor Girl" proved to be a very popular piece of work; most of the Athenians could read it in the original, as French is much used in Athens.

English and American writers are becoming more and more known through the gradual increase in the use of the English language. The Greek literary fraternity, by no means confined to the capital, is preparing for a very important day, the day of commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the author of "Childe Harold". Byron, like politics, is a lifelong favorite with the modern Greeks.

After a more or less perilous stage of various conditions, life in general and intellectual life in particular is resuming a tranquil status; there may yet be created a National Academy

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of Arts and Letters; however that may be, the need for one is not to be denied.

GEORGE SARANTON

Notes from France

THE powerful "Rabevel" by Lucien Fabre, the novel to which an almost unanimous vote gave the Goncourt Prize, requires three volumes to carry its hero from childhood to his final retreat and death. The author's epigraph might have been: "All is vanity", as the ardor which possesses Rabevel, the ship owner, politician, financier, and master of many souls, is that kind of profane ardor which the Gospel and the wise men of all times condemn as fruitless and vain.

"Rabevel" is a compound of psychology, action, and social description, a very proud attempt at the gigantic, with means not unlike those of Balzac. The melodramatic is not absent — nor is it always from the work of Balzac. Lucien Fabre, a prose writer of the first rank, was known as the introducer of Einstein in France, and as a poet, being a disciple of Paul Valéry.

Seldom was the "Cahiers Verts" collection better inspired than when it published "Dépaysements", by Robert de Traz. Four recent visits to European capitals: Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, and Stockholm. The Swiss observer (who is the editor of the excellent "Revue de Genève") tells nothing but the essentials of psychological reality. And his few pages are worth columns and columns of undigested news.

In the same collection, "Genitrix", by François Mauriac, is a short, sober tale with the same qualities that made for the success of "Le Baiser au Lépreux" two years ago.

A jubilee was quietly celebrated in the French literary world for Paul Bourget — it is now fifty years since this Academician made his début in literature. The "Revue Hebdomadaire" devotes a special number to this jubilee, with contributions by Edmund Gosse, Georg Brandes, and the best among the conservative writers of France. Paul Bourget is a respected figure, the author of many novels, often handicapped with a *thèse* — that is, trying to prove something or other — and specialized in society settings. In the early years of his career, Bourget wrote "Essays on Contemporary Psychology", containing what some critics are tempted to regard as his best pages.

"Les Allongés", by Jeanne Galzy (Rieder), was rewarded with an important literary prize on the same day on which Lucien Fabre received the Goncourt. It is a delicate picture of the invalids assembled in a certain seaside resort of Northern France, specially equipped for them, and of the spiritual activity that can develop in those sick bodies, living a life of their own, apart from the world of the healthy.

PIERRE DE LANUX

A Conservative Feminist

A SHORT time ago a little Danish woman quietly and unobtrusively entered the United States to undertake a brief lecture tour. And as quietly did she slip out at the conclusion of it, to return to relief work abroad. Consequently Madame Thit-Jensen continues to remain practically

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unknown in America; yet she is a human dynamo who has taken her own country by storm.

Shortly before her advent in this country she published her twentieth book, a novel called "The Erotic Vampire". It made a great stir in Denmark and almost immediately ran into eleven editions. Naturally I expected to find in its author a fire eater and an exponent of extreme feminism. Instead I found a neat, fashionable, alert little woman scarcely forty years of age, who proudly told me she had organized the Housewives' Association of Denmark!

Now, when one is prepared for explosives, it is a bit disappointing to be greeted with domestic science. When one anticipates an attack on the home and all modern institutions, it is startling to run into a conservative who declares she does not believe there is any excuse for divorce.

"The Erotic Vampire" caused a furor in Denmark, not because it broke down the oldtime barriers but because it battered against the new liberal laws. The Scandinavian countries are noted for their recent radical legislation, especially on sex matters. From the time that Ibsen threw the bomb, "A Doll's House", the world has looked askance at, albeit with furtive curiosity and eagerness toward, the Land of the Midnight Sun. Nora's slammed door reverberated round the world, and suggested to married women in all lands that they were not getting a square deal, even when they were being petted and spoiled. To be captains of their own souls, to compel themselves to be responsible to society, not to one man, was a revolutionary task for the Noras, and thousands rose up and proclaimed their determination to do this.

To my amazement, Mme. Thit-Jensen declared she had no sympathy with Nora. She should have stayed home and tended her children, even if she did discover that she was not sufficiently trained to be a mother. *"There is something better than freedom"*, insisted our guest. I wondered what that could be. Surely not the old, old stupid "duty" or "obedience" that has kept women in harems, and named them irresponsible wards of the state.

Ellen Key? Never! Mme. Thit-Jensen evinced no sympathy with her revolutionary doctrines. The fault of the world is not that it is shackled, but that it has no sense of moral responsibility, no high honor that keeps its contract, none of the noblesse oblige of chivalry. Marriage is a contract, voluntarily entered into by mature parties. They should stand by their bargain till death! I shuddered at the Puritanical pronouncement, reflecting on the newlyweds' ignorance of possible personal reactions, of the future and its developments. I had visions of drunken and dissolute husbands, of narrow and heartless wives, and wondered how the home or social well being was to be promoted by forcing such unions to endure.

"The Erotic Vampire" pictures a soulless woman, oversexed or overvain, who, not content with robbing one friend of her husband, robs two women friends of their spouses simultaneously. It is not a new type, but the one used by antifeminists of all time to portray the heartlessness of the "bad" woman who lures men, and destroys peace and normality.

But surely, this cannot in any sense be a universal type! It is so rare as to be spectacular. Few of us ever saw a vampire, or knew of a deliberate and wanton destruction of homes, and cold desertion, for the mere love

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of conquest. There are, of course, in even small communities, the occasional complications of mismated couples and unhappy entanglements. But since most modern psychologists tell us of the multiple emotions pulling at the poor frail puppets of life, we are apt to be charitable, rather than assume deliberate devilishness on the part of anyone.

However, we are judging a book without reading it. As yet there has been no English translation. The charming Scandinavian girl who acted as a partial interpreter at our tea assured me that the novel is so vital, so realistic, so sparkling in dialogue and engrossing as to plot, that the reader is enthralled and cannot lay it down until it is finished.

A teacher at thirteen, and an indefatigable worker—no wonder this little woman has succeeded. It is her common custom to labor twenty hours at a stretch, not in an emergency, but regularly. To solve the domestic labor problem, she organized the housekeepers of well to do families and trained them to do their housework. This was a direct defiance to the housemaids' labor unions organized to raise servants' wages. "Instead of meeting their demands, let us abolish them", was her idea. Thousands of women responded to her call. This movement, of course, is wholly unfeministic; the economic independents, led by such constructive thinkers as our Charlotte Perkins Gilman, claim that the wife's time should have a real and monetary value, and that the lowest and worst paid labor is kitchen drudgery, which should not be indulged in by wives who have talent and earning capacity.

In her lecture on "Humanity and Laziness", Mme. Thit-Jensen again crossed swords with the radical element, and was hissed on the stage by laborers who took exception to her conclusion that the seat of modern economic stress lies in individual laziness, not in profiteering or exploitation by the moneyed classes. She has always opposed labor unions.

Another lecture is called "The Unwritten Law of Marriage". In it Mme. Thit-Jensen propounds the theory of sticking to one's bargain, however bad, to which I have previously alluded. "The Position of the Danish Wife" also touches the problem. And "What Women and Men Have Said about Each Other" is a subject which, I was assured, she has treated charmingly, and impartially.

One of her books, "Mr. Berger", satirizes the weaknesses of men, and is said to be delicious in its humor and its understanding of male peccadillos.

Mme. Thit-Jensen told me that she regards American husbands as amazing in their kindness and unselfishness and willingness to grant all liberty. "Such pampering of wives is absolutely unknown in Europe", she insisted. "There may seem to be freedom of speech and action, and women may have intellectual activities, but in any vital question the husband sets his foot down, and his word is law."

The development of children is one of the main hobbies of this versatile and productive woman; she believes that this work is the keynote of all progress. All morality, she avers, must be founded on self support, and girls as well as boys should be trained to be efficient and capable. Strangely, for a conservative, she is strongly in favor of the married woman's being economically independent. "Any sort of barter, any necessity for depending for one's actual sustenance on the money handed out by a man, is death to romance." In this pronouncement

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she seems ultra radical or feministic.

Again, she joins forces with the radicals in believing in birth control. This not so much to insure women's ease and freedom as to make possible a finer type of children. She is keenly anxious to improve the race, and intelligent control of the birth rate is, of course, necessary to any sort of cultivation of the stock.

Here then is a realistic novelist with an undercurrent of almost Puritan passion for reforming social conditions; a novelist whose books have been translated into several languages and made into dramas for the European stage. Surely an invigorating personality, whether we consider her a reactionary or a bright prophetess calling us back to safe and sane domestic living.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

New German Educative Ideas

THAT the Germans are a well educated, indeed on the whole a thoroughly educated and even over educated nation, has been a fact of common knowledge for a long time past. The pedant, the young student in blue glasses, and the child suicide were the more unfortunate results of an inflexible system which caused the more laxly trained foreigner to doubt the wisdom of so much learning. But the German mind is restless, analytical and progressive, and the new tendency is all toward educative reform. New books continually appear which are designed to bring a fresh wind of new ideas into school life and its governing principles, and the fundamental thought which informs them all is that which is passionately expressed in Karl Bröger's inspiring little book "Phantasie und Erziehung" (Fantasy and Education), published by Ernst Oldenburg, Leipzig — a plea for more imagination in school life and a revolt from sterile dogmas.

The demand that the child should not only be diligent and attentive but actually happy in its school life, especially in the decisive early years, is also voiced in the engaging work "Fröhliche Unterricht" (Joyous Instruction) by Magda Böttner and Emma Vöhl (Friedrich Brandstetter, Leipzig). Both authors are teachers and one may be certain that their pupils find the path of learning a rosy one. The book, full of inspiration for mothers and child lovers, is written with great clarity and illustrated with pictures drawn, folded, or cut out by the children themselves. The account of the various instructive plays, such as the construction of a market with its plasticine wares, is so fascinating that the reader is tempted to carry such schemes into execution at once with his own small acquaintances, or to wish himself a child in the modern play school.

In connection with these new books on education, it should be recorded that the "Psychology of Early Childhood" by W. Stern (Quelle und Meyer), cursorily mentioned recently, derives its especial value from the fact that the theoretical study of the nature and thought of the small child is supplemented by numerous examples of child thought and doings taken from the diaries of the author's wife. These, together with the actual tests of progress suggested by the Professor, enable any mother to come to a clearer understanding and appreciation of the psychology of her own children than she has formerly been able to achieve.

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Two beautiful books, with a wealth of illustrations, published in Berlin by Schoetz und Parrhysius, possess great educative value. These are "Das Antike Seewesen" (Navies of the Ancients) by August Köster, a delight for boys with its minute and technically exact description of the ships and seafaring of antiquity and its diagrams of famous sea fights, and "Das Relief bei den Griechen" (Greek Reliefs) by Gerhart Rodenwaldt, a comprehensive study of this beautiful ancient art. Special chapters are devoted to the various phases of the relief. Friezes, monumental and pictorial reliefs, and all other developments are described and discussed. This book contains one hundred and twenty four full page illustrations.

A fine new art book published by Hanfstaengl, Munich, is "Meisterwerke der Gemäldegalerie in der Eremitage zu Petrograd". This work is one of the series devoted to the famous galleries of Europe. The introduction, by P. P. von Weiner, gives an interesting summary of the foundation of the Hermitage Picture Gallery by Catherine the Great and the gradual acquisition of its masterpieces. Two hundred and eighty five splendid photographs give the reader an excellent idea of the treasures which had so many narrow escapes during the wild days of the Russian Revolution, but which now seem to be secured for posterity once more. The text under the pictures is printed in three languages. Unhappily the English is full of awkwardnesses and comical mistakes. It is a pity that Germans are apt to trust a wide but far from complete knowledge of a foreign tongue so far as to undertake their own translations instead of entrusting them to a foreign expert.

A singular anthology of new pictures with a somewhat heterogeneous collection of essays upon the several artists is collected by H. von Wedderkop under the title "Deutsche Graphik des Westens" and published by the Feuer Verlag, Weimar. The only thread that holds the collection together is the fact that the artists all originated in Western Germany, and a great number from the neighborhood of Düsseldorf. Otherwise they vary from normal Impressionists to the wildest Futurists whose pictures bear no resemblance to any earthly form and often have no particular decorative value. As a comprehensive summary of the various tendencies in modern German painting, the book has its interest and value. The editor, von Wedderkop, produces an equally heterogeneous but rather brilliant little quarterly, entitled "Das Querschnitt" (The Cross Cut). Contributions from some of the best known authors, in prose and verse, even some from American sources, fill its pages, interspersed with artistically erotic illustrations and fragments of French verse.

An anthology of deep and lasting value, a comprehensive review of the German theatre and what it stands for in the world of today, is presented by Max Krell in his book "Das Deutsche Theater der Gegenwart" (The German Theatre of the Present), published by Rösl, Munich, and illustrated with portraits of twenty one leading figures in the present day German theatre and twelve reproductions of stage settings. The articles are written by dramatists, critics, theatre directors, actors — and the result is a splendid mosaic, the reading of which forces one more than ever to the conclusion that the most brilliant minds in Germany today are concentrated in and about the stage.

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But the high grade theatre demands a worthy public. That such exists is shown by a little item of dramatic news from Darmstadt. The directors of the famous Theatre of the Province Hessen report that the number, not of visitors to the theatre but of actual subscribers for a permanent seat, amounted last season to over ten per cent of the entire inhabitants of the town.

A book of interest to those who follow the course of modern music is "Max Reger" by Adalbert Lindner (Engelborn, Stuttgart). The subtitle — "A Picture of his Youthful Days and his Artistic Growth" — gives the interested reader a sufficient idea of the scope of this excellent work, which is written by an enthusiast and contains many quotations from Reger's compositions.

A book of typical German thoroughness which is attracting attention is "Das Formgesetz der Epischen, Dramatischen und Lyrischen Dichtung" (The Law of Form Applied to Epic, Dramatic and Lyric Composition) by Emil Hirt (Teubner, Leipzig). It is particularly welcomed as supplying, with its absence of dogmatism and logical examination of the inner content of poetry, a link which has for some time been missing between creative and speculative or philosophic literature.

Josef Winckler, one of the strongly creative minds whose every new work marks a milestone on the road upward to Parnassus, appears before his expectant admirers with two works at once. "Der Chiliastische Pilgerzug" is a strange, fantastic account of an imaginary pilgrimage, which the reader at first supposes to relate to some event of the dim Middle Ages until he observes that all the technicalities of modernity are introduced. The better book is the second, "Der Tolle Bomberg", a romance of a wild squire such as the eighteenth century produced by the handful, but founded strangely enough on fairly recent fact, so that many of the characters as well as the hero and his boon companion and fellow roisterer are actually but thinly veiled transcripts from life. Nevertheless, Winckler is strong enough to take his material and work it over so as to produce a new and artistic creation.

Jacob Wassermann's new novel "Ulrike Woytich" is somewhat of a disappointment to the faithful community who regard him not only as a great stylist but as Germany's leading novelist. They are forced to confess that the first half of his new romance is psychologically unconvincing; in the second half, when the heroine has ripened from an overpositive girl into an aggressive old woman, her figure becomes a piece of life instead of a piece of writing and does not fail of its effect. Fischer, Berlin, publish the book — also the second volume of the incomparable Dehmel letters. Seldom does a poet reveal so rich and full a personality in his correspondence as this passionate lyrist. Yet the wonderful collection, containing letters to most of Germany's celebrated men of letters, is by no means complete, for many authors declined to submit these sacred relics to the light of print.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:

Referring to Edward Larocque Tinker's article about Lafcadio Hearn, in the January BOOKMAN, I want to say I think it extremely doubtful that Mr. Hearn ever knew Eugene Field. My husband, Marion Baker, was Sunday editor of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" — now the "Times-Picayune"—and Mr. Hearn was on the editorial staff. He and my husband were intimate friends; but although I saw Mr. Hearn often I cannot recall his ever mentioning Eugene Field. My husband himself did not make the acquaintance of Mr. Field until some years after the Cotton Exposition, when the last named paid a long visit to New Orleans; and Mr. Hearn had then left the south definitely. Mr. Field was often at our house; and it seems strange that he never said that he knew Mr. Hearn, though we had spoken together of his works. As for there being "yet people alive who saw the two together", I am sometimes amused, and sometimes provoked, at the wild tales circulated by persons who never had any acquaintance with Mr. Hearn. He seems to have become a sort of legendary character.

Very truly yours,
J. K. W. BAKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

"No," said my friend, "I seldom read poetry—there is so little of it that I can understand."

This set me thinking. Now, my friend is a clever woman, in her way, and represents the vaste horde of the uneducated, American working class.

They have a natural desire for the beautiful in literature, but have not the education to appreciate anything but the simplest poetry. Few of them have ever attended high school, and the boy or girl who has had the advantage of a college education is the exception, rather than the rule. This condition is to be regretted, but it exists, nevertheless.

To this class of people Tennyson's "Synorix Over the Dead Body of His Rival", or "Comma's Love for Sennatus" are as so much Greek. They enjoy Longfellow's "Children's Hour", or "The Bridge", and others of these simple and beautiful poems, because they understand them.

The papers today are all too often filled with poetry, and prose too, that is appreciated by the student, but by the common people it is termed "highbrow" nonsense. I do not wish to criticize the modern poets for their work is fine and uplifting, but I do wish to emphasize what the common people want and need. Shakespeare had his critics, but his work still stands immortal.

Men or women who have worked all day often desire to read something besides the scandal in a newspaper, before retiring. Their eyes alight upon a poem; they scan it, and if it is filled with unfamiliar words and expressions, they pass it by. If it is a simple understandable poem, they read it with enjoyment.

This does not mean that the poetry must be light or foolish, nor does it need to be nursery rhymes. We would not call Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, or Burns commonplace, yet their poems have endured and are loved by the common people because they can comprehend them.

A little child is not given a Latin grammar as his first textbook. Give him something his mind can grasp, and he is delighted and anxious to be taught.

The very fact that the laboring class is hungry for suitable reading matter, proves that they are intelligent, and some of them, self educated though they may be, have reached a higher plane than the boys or girls who have been carried through college by the money they would have scorned to earn for themselves—we have a Lincoln to our credit.

So much is being said about establishing reading courses for the poorer classes. This would be a great thing for them. Come on, modern authors and poets, with good, wholesome reading matter for the common people. I speak in behalf of them. I am one of them, and know their needs.

Yours very truly,
(MRS.) FERNE BERRY.

DEAR SIR:

In the November issue of THE BOOKMAN, Mary Austin began a series of articles under the title of "Making the Most of Your Genius", in an attempt to show that genius can be acquired by those who were not fortunate enough to be born with it. This, however, has always been contrary to our belief, and it is altogether probable that it will remain as such.

If we are to make both sides balance we

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must first let Mrs. Austin know that our own reading sustains the same thought she had in mind when she penned the following lines:

"Probably I am the only person to be found who will insist that it [genius] can be acquired, and very likely I shall not be able to make you agree with me." She further states that—"The earliest intimation the possessor of genius has of its operation is the sudden appearance of ideas or concepts, often of the greatest complexity, in his mind, seeming to come not by way of observation or intelligence, but from somewhere above or beyond him, with sourceless connotations of authority."

This, however, is one of the characteristics of every human being; every living person has innumerable ideas stored away in his or her mind, but for the reason that they have not been brought to light does not substantiate Mrs. Austin's theory.

To maintain that a sudden appearance of ideas or concepts is a sign of genius is erroneous. A writer can be alone working on a novel with two or three concepts before his mind—First—he knows he's alone, second—he has a knowledge of the past, and besides creating new ideas for his novel, he has the pleasure of anticipation which is an extension of looking forward. Does that prove conclusively that he is a genius or that it can be acquired?

Genius is exalted intellectual power capable of operating independently of tuition and training, and it is marked by an extraordinary faculty for original creations, inventions, etc.

Isn't this more philosophical than the theory presented by Mrs. Austin? If we are to hold the truth as the truth, we are not justified in accepting any metaphysical theory in a modern disguise.

Another objection to Mrs. Austin's theory— "That genius is simply the capacity of the immediate-self to make free and unpremeditated use of racial material stored up in the deep-self, as well as of material acquired in the course of individual experience." In other words, she means that genius is nothing but a mental product created from the deep-self and dependent on the immediate-self for its development—which is absurd.

Immediate-self and deep-self are two inherent phases of life. The former is represented by the five senses and the latter is represented by the ego. Deep-self is that which places the supreme end of human conduct in self. It is the better self and its purpose is to inoculate the immediate-self with things which will defend the immediate-self from the treacherous poisons—such as worry, etc. Is that any capacity for genius?

Mrs. Austin further states that "genius is the most natural thing in the world". It is not the most natural thing in the world. It is the rarest thing in the world. A genius in the world is out of the ordinary, as much as the exceptional faculties by which a genius is distinguished.

There is indisputable and overwhelming evidence that Henry Ford is a successful man, but there is no good evidence that he is a genius. No one would think of calling Rockefeller a genius just because he accumulated a large sum of money. To class all successful men as geniuses would be manifestly incorrect.

Every day we read of fearless and indomitable minds, who, by dint of preserving application and energy, rose from the lowest of ranks to the most exalted positions in the land, but we don't read of geniuses every day.

What Mrs. Austin has mistaken for genius is the individual spirit of self help, which is an energetic effort to make the most of small opportunities. If Mrs. Austin can substantiate her theory by selecting from the men of today—another Bell in science, Reynolds or Wilkie in art, Homer or Shakespeare in literature, then, perhaps we will accept her theory truthfully.

It should be distinctly borne in mind, that in all theorizing there is an element of faith and volition which is hidden. Where things cannot be proved, they have to be regarded or in other words believed.

The conclusion is that Mrs. Austin has set up a natural selection as the determining principle of her belief. Still, it seems clear that whoever will reason should regard the conditions of reason, and should not set up theories which undermine reason.

Yours respectfully,

W. B. Minor.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE BOOKMAN'S outline of contemporary drama, which began in the November issue, consists of studies of the following playwrights:

November: Augustus Thomas, Owen Davis, Edward Sheldon, Eugene O'Neill.

December: Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, Alice Brown, Zona Gale.

January: Louis K. Anspacher, Charles Rann Kennedy, Lewis Beach, George Cram Cook, Theodore Dreiser, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Richman, Algernon Tassin.

February: James Forbes, David Belasco, Eugene Walter, Elmer Rice, Jesse Lynch Williams, George M. Cohan.

The committee has met several difficulties in preparing this outline. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Then, how should these dramatists be divided? After various classifications had proved unsatisfactory, the committee decided upon a purely arbitrary division. In each group presented we hope that you will find an interesting afternoon's study.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama. If you would understand the technique of the theatre, you must know Avery Hopwood and George M. Cohan as well as Eugene O'Neill and Percy MacKaye.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as the names of any easily procurable magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

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References

Our American Theatre. Oliver M. Sayler. BRENTANO.
The British and American Drama of To-day. Barrett H. Clark. HOLT.
The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson. STEWART KIDD.
The Modern Drama. Ludwig Lewisohn. HUEBSCH.
The Drama and the Stage. Ludwig Lewisohn. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.
Seen on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton. HOLT.
The Theatre of Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Anthologies

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First and Second Series. Thomas H. Dickinson. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Representative American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. CENTURY.
Contemporary American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. SCRIBNER.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Volume Three. Montrose J. Moses. DUTTON.
Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American). Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Modern American Plays. George P. Baker. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

AVERY HOPWOOD

Although Avery Hopwood is known chiefly for his bedroom farces, this reputation is in a sense unjust. In spite of his undoubted vulgarity, he possesses an unusual ability to write the light comedy scene. "The Gold Diggers" is a comedy with moments of real distinction.

Mr. Hopwood was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and was graduated from the University of Michigan. He started to be a journalist; but the success of his first play, "Clothes", in which he collaborated with Channing Pollock, turned him to the career of playwriting which he has followed with as much material success, probably, as any living dramatist.

REFERENCES:

Interview. J. Van Doren. THEATRE, October, 1921.
Why He Writes Plays. GREEN BOOK, March, 1914.
Sketch. B. Chapple. NATIONAL MAGAZINE, March, 1913.
Work of Avery Hopwood. GREEN BOOK, August, 1912.
Career of Avery Hopwood. A. Bell. THEATRE, August, 1910.

LANGDON MITCHELL

The New York Idea. Included in *Representative American Plays.*

Apparently retired from playwriting, Langdon Mitchell occasionally contributes to the magazines or lectures. His "Becky Sharp", and his sparkling comedy, one of the best high society comedies ever produced in America, "The New York Idea", place him well up in the ranks of contemporary American dramatists. He is a Philadelphian. He studied at various universities here and in Europe and was admitted to the New York bar in 1886.

"'The New York Idea' is a conventional but witty and clever comedy of manners, one of the few which this country has produced. Mitchell is practically the only dramatist, with the exception of Fitch, who is able and willing to satirize 'high society' in America."—Barrett H. Clark in *The British and American Drama of To-day.*

"'The New York Idea' represents American social comedy at its best. It portrays impersonally and artistically the effects of our divorce laws upon a group of very human beings, indicating cleverly the restraining influence upon their actions exercised

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by their varying respect for the importance of social values. They are all, however, fully aware of these values."—Arthur Hobson Quinn in *Representative American Plays.*

REFERENCES:

The Wallet of Time, vol. 2, p. 273. William Winter. MOFFAT, YARD.
Plays of the Present, p. 32. J. B. Clapp and E. F. Edgett. DUNLAP SOCIETY.

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH

The Lure. DONOHUE.

Another playwright of popular appeal. His "The Heart of Wetona" and "The Son-Daughter" (in which he collaborated with David Belasco) both proved excellent starring vehicles for the talented Lenore Ulric. He was born in Texas, studied at various Texan universities, practised law in that state, was associated for a time with the United States Department of Justice, then turned to reporting, later to playwriting.

REFERENCES:

George Scarborough, Playwright. Madeline Skinner. DRAMA, May, 1918.
Interview. A. Bell. GREEN BOOK, January, 1914.
Work of George Scarborough. F. C. Fay. THEATRE, October, 1913.

J. HARTLEY MANNERS

Peg o' My Heart. DODD, MEAD.

Mr. Manners is an Englishman turned American, and the husband of the American Laurette Taylor. He has written his plays chiefly for her acting. A nice contrast with his charming "Peg o' My Heart" is his sermon on modern wastrels, "The National Anthem". He was born in London, was educated under private tutors, was an actor and then a playwright. He has lived in New York City for many years.

"Mr. Manners has made a mistake in departing from his earlier style of playwriting, and in joining the Brieux school of sociological drama. In 'Peg o' My Heart', still more in his shorter plays, 'Just as Well' and 'Happiness', he proved himself to be a real dramatist imbued with the instincts and the manners of the stage."—From a review of "Wreckage" in the Boston "Transcript", 1916.

"'Peg', indeed, has been a world-wide play. It has played about six thousand performances in this country and something over four thousand in Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, Holland, India, Egypt, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Hawaii.

"And 'Peg' was by no means Mr. Manners' first successful play. An English actor with Irish blood in his veins, he had written a dozen pieces for the theatre before his comedy of the little Irish hoyden. Some of these are as well known as 'The Crossways', in which the fading loveliness of Lily Langtry was exhibited to this country; 'The Patriot', a farce written with and for that chronic collaborator, Willie Collier; 'The House Next Door', which achieved a year's run on Broadway and 'The Girl in Waiting'. —Alexander Woollcott, EVERYBODY'S, May, 1920.

REFERENCES:

Interview. THEATRE, September, 1920.
A Partnership of the Theatre. Alexander Woollcott. EVERYBODY'S, May, 1920.
Hartley Manners, His Work. PEARSON'S, July, 1909.

GEORGE ADE

The Sultan of Sulu. HARPER.
The County Chairman. FRENCH.
The College Widow. FRENCH.

This absolute master of racy American idiom has not written so actively in the past few years, and his greatest reputation rests on his fables in slang rather than on his plays. However, "The College Widow" will always remain one of the best plays in the vernacular of our period. Mr. Ade is one of the Indiana group of authors, having been born at Kentland in that state. He was graduated from Purdue University. His life work has been journalism, and he is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

"Mr. Ade became known as the author of 'Fables in Slang', and Mr. Ade is still known as the author of 'Fables in Slang', although it must be said that as the creator of the comic opera 'The Sultan of Sulu', 'The College Widow', and other productions almost equally meritorious, his fame as a dramatist is closely allied to his fame as a fablist. Yet here the observation may be made, let me hope without offense, that if Æsop had not written his fables, it is probable that George Ade's reputation as an

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American humorist would have been none the less; but his reputation as a dramatist might easily have been less if Gilbert and Sullivan's operas had not been written."—Thomas L. Masson, BOOKMAN, October, 1921.

REFERENCES:

Sketch. F. Hatton. THEATRE, May, 1911.
George Ade. Thomas L. Masson. BOOKMAN, October, 1921.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A master of plot and characterization, Mary Roberts Rinehart has written several plays and collaborated in many others. The unfailing sense of dramatic incident which is apparent in all her novels in many cases has been successfully transferred to her plays. Mrs. Rinehart's literary career began after she had been married and had had a family of three sons. She was born in Pittsburg and educated to be a trained nurse. Her first great success was the mystery story "The Circular Staircase". She has developed the technique of the mystery story—a technique which is thoroughly of American origin—to a point of extreme cleverness.

"'The Bat' is full of hokum, tricks and much unnecessary lying. It has much too much material in it, and could end very easily at almost any point half an hour before it does. It probably wouldn't stand analysis, and certainly wouldn't stand a serious criticism. But it certainly is a grand show!"—Robert Benchley, LIFE, September 19, 1920.

REFERENCES:

Interview. Delight Evans. PHOTOPLAY, January, 1920.
Her Creed. AMERICAN MAGAZINE, October, 1917.
Sketch. Montrose J. Moses. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, April, 1917.
Interview. J. J. Rodgers. GREEN BOOK, April, 1916.

INTERIOR OF A SOUL

Rondeau

By William Cobb

WITHIN her soul she dipped her hand:
Her soul, that she believed was planned.
Conquistador of others, she
Brought forth her self that she might see
What armies were at her command.

For, thirty years her body spanned:
So all her essences she scanned
To find what radiance might be
Within her soul.

She passed her soul, and searching free
She found another; that was key
To more . . . her souls grew to a band
Of mirrors, tossing figures and
Conflicting wraiths of thin degree,
Within her soul.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT has always seemed to us as though the matter of a proper education, as regards a specific institution, is largely a matter of adaptation to that institution. In other words, we are convinced that if an individual makes the best of an institution he can obtain an excellent education there. However, we quote the following for what it is worth:

I am getting along fairly well in my school work but, so far, the only thing I can see that the University has done for me is to create a thorough disgust for what people call "higher" education. Honestly, so far as I can see, it's a huge joke. They take people here from all classes, from all environments, of every kind of temperament. They turn them out in one big standardized blank-faced mass, — all thinking the same trivial things, all carefully wrapped and labeled "A. B." like Swift Premium hams. If it were not for my sense of humor, I would degenerate into the gloomiest pessimist imaginable.

Honestly, when I came up here I thought that the purpose of a college education was to develop some capacity for original thinking and some appreciation of the liberal arts. What an innocent child I was! In a crowd of college men and women, the mere mention of an original thought or theory brands one as a "radical". Any attempt to start a discussion on some worthwhile subject brands one as "highbrow". A reputation for being either one of these things renders one subject to social ostracization. And they call it higher education!

The other day we encountered Owen Johnson, who always seems a bit guilty as he surveys us and realizes that it was his book of stories that sent us to Yale. He says that he is busier than he has ever been before in his life, and is at work on novels, short stories, and what not. Not far away was Rex Beach returned from far hunting trips. The scar on his nose adds much to his burly and thoroughly red blood appearance. He is a natural born actor, we concluded, as we listened to him telling really not funny stories and making them really funny by his elaborate gestures. We thanked him for our share of a bear steak which he had presented to a club recently — or was it reindeer — or was it hippopotamus? We think that it was polar bear. Here, too, was Jesse Lynch Williams, whose story "Not Wanted", published now in gift book form, is one of the finest studies of the parent-son relation we know. He seemed a bit amused that certain of the younger critics had considered his story sentimental. Could he expect anything else from them? They are afraid of life. Their escape is in making jibes at it. They cannot look it straight in the face as does he. If Mr. Williams would write his plays as strenuously as he has this short story, we feel that they would be even more successful than "Why Marry?" and "Why Not?" We saw also the delightful Edna Ferber, who has finished two out of a possible eight short stories which she is writing and says that what she really wants to write now is novels, not short stories. We hear that she is soon to evolve a play, with no less a collaborator than George S. Kaufman, divorced for the purpose, apparently, from friend Connelly. Met Elinor Wylie, clad in a most fetching (according to our fashion editor) gown of soft grey, with a grey hat falling down gracefully over her (not grey at all) hair. She is said to be about to write a realistic novel to match the bewitch-

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ing fantasy of "Jennifer Lorn". Then we met Annie S. Peck, F.R.G.S., who is a determined traveler and mountain climber. She has held, since 1908, the altitude record—21,812 feet—of all Americans on the hemisphere. She is now lecturing on "The South American Tour", having made eight trips to that continent. Like Captain Traprock she is, obviously, an intrepid explorer.

A paragraph in "The Christian Science Monitor" informs us that the new edition of the English "Who's Who" lists, among the works of Amy Lowell, a pamphlet entitled "A Critical Fable". This means that the poet of Brookline, Massachusetts, acknowledges the authorship of the hitherto anonymous screed, for she must have O. K.'d the lists for "Who's Who". It is characteristic of this extraordinary woman that she chooses to let the world know in this obscure fashion that she wrote, in the manner of her grand uncle (a relation which is strangely complicated — we know he, James Russell Lowell, was her double or triple grand uncle — we aren't quite sure), a piece of critical buffoonery which is a definitely fine contribution to the literature of rhymed criticism. It will be remembered that our magazine has pointed out on several occasions that no other person than Miss Lowell *could* have written "A Critical Fable", for it contains her well known criticism verbatim. Furthermore, in our library we prize highly a volume of this work in which is written: "To —— from the person who he thinks wrote it: Amy Lowell"!

With our child familiar we wandered through the library today, and he gave us three verses to put in the front of books for boys and girls. Here's one for Kipling's "Jungle Books":

To Mowgli

I think that you and I could be
  Such friends as never were,
We'd swing and swing from tree to tree,
  We'd seize old Shere Khan's fur.

We'd swim across dim still lagoons,
  We'd dream through velvet nights,
We'd dance beneath great yellow moons,
  We'd see the forest sights.

But, best of all, oh Nature's child,
  As everybody knows,
We'd never never never
  Wear a single stitch of clothes.

One for "The Wizard of Oz":

I'd like to be a scarecrow,
  Swirling in the wheat,
Where I could frighten all the world
  And look—oh, far from neat!

The rain would beat upon me,
  The wind would brush my hair,
Sweet berries would grow at my feet,
  And field mice scuttle there.

I'd see the moon climb up the sky
  And there I'd stay and stay,
With no one near to bother me
  Or call me in from play!

And this for "The Snow Queen":

Lady of chilly mystery,
  Will you melt for me,
Or will you sit in white disdain,
  While I watch tremblingly?

Now, I am told that often
  Ladies are warm and true;
And yet my charming Snow Queen,
  How often they're like you!

Two remarks we overheard, in connection with the motion pictures, which filled us with joy. The first, on a Stamford local: "There's gonna be a swell movie in Stamford next week: 'The Hunchback of'—er—er—oh gee I can't think of it but it's the name of a college." We are convinced the young lady would get much more of a thrill out of Mack Sennett's "The Halfback of Notre

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Dame". The second, at "The Ten Commandments", came when the fifth commandment was flashed on the screen, "Honour thy father and thy mother". The gentleman back of us said, "See, Ma, de fodder comes foist!"

We have often considered the relations of the bookseller with the bibliophile. Now, we are not a bibliophile, although we confess that recently we have suddenly acquired the desire to obtain autograph editions. We quote the following wise statement from "Reminiscences and Results of a Quarter Century" by Walter M. Hill:

The dealer, in his relations with his bibliophile patrons, is neither a servant nor a simple business agent. His initiative is called into action as often as his efficiency in procuring desirable pieces; and his judgment must be ready. Any subject is promising. The field of vision open to the dealer must be far wider than that of his average client. Many subjects, or groups of subjects, have been over-collected. It always is refreshing to meet some one with an original field of interest in which the possibilities for successful work still are open. Thus, *local collections,* or *state groups of authors,* and *topics of national importance,* hitherto have been only sporadically worked up in America. *Folklore* holds out great promise to collectors of all countries. The *Drama* likewise. We might suggest also the *first issues of authors' first books,* of modern periods, in America and England. We never yet saw an adequate collection of *fugitive poetry* of America. Early *song-writing* likewise calls for deserved attention. *Biography* has been much neglected. *Biography and autobiography,* in every field, form charming groups. The much-debated specialty of *association-copies* still is far from being exhausted. *Bindings* likewise deserve much more attention than they have received hitherto. While *science and technology* are said to dominate our development of ideas, it is peculiar how indifferently they are considered by the collector. Dealer and collector might, however, show strong reaction to a fine group of *unica.*

Dwight Taylor is a young artist, now engaged in writing a play, who has a rather magnificent touch for a youngster of this day and age. He really belongs in the Nineties, although he may grow out of that gen-

Dwight Taylor, Sketched by Himself

eration. On the whole, we rather hope that he will not. He spends all day in his studio on Riverside Drive, goes out only for a walk, entertains friends when they come, and really works at caricatures, drawings, sketches, poems, plays. Herewith a sketch of himself which prefaces what is really a charming book of character studies of nineteenth century figures. On one of the front pages he quotes from Ambrose Bierce, "In each human heart are a tiger, a pig, an ass and a nightingale. Diversity of character is due to their unequal activity." There is nothing of the tiger or the pig in Dwight Taylor but he is a brilliant young man and should go far (he will not like us to mention it; but his book is dedicated to his mother, who is a famous ac-

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tress). Like most children of renowned parents, wives of famous men, husbands of famous wives, etc., etc., he has a passion to stand by his own reputation — and most of them, who have that passion, do! Take Lesley Frost, for example, who is busily working in a bookshop at Northampton and writing successfully. Take Elizabeth Cobb, who has started to write short stories and articles with extraordinary vigor. Of this sort of thing among the young men Aldous Huxley is, of course, the grand sample. Maybe there is as much stimulus in keeping a great name great as in making an unknown one known.

The following correspondence is one of the most charming we have ever seen in literary circles. Hip hooray! Here's an author with a sense of humor!

September 10, 1921

Mrs. Mary S. Watts
2722 Clein View Avenue
East Walnut Hills
Cincinnati, Ohio

MY DEAR MRS. WATTS:

My wife and I read this summer during a delightful vacation in the country "The Noon Mark" and are much bewildered at the disappearance of "Randy". Won't you please tell me what became of him after he was "jilted".

Very truly yours,
CLEMENT F. ROBINSON.

CFR/W

(Letter paper of Mary S. Watts, Cleveland, Ohio.)

September 14, 1921

Clement F. Robinson, Esquire

DEAR SIR:

Yours of the tenth inst. has been received. I observe that you are under the prevailing impression—which indeed we have studiously fostered—that the association operating under the name of Mary S. Watts is in fact one woman, as it would indicate. You are probably—or rather certainly—unaware that in the beginning it was the pseudonym of the late Elmer P. Dinglefugle; but for some years past the novels appearing as the work of Mary S. Watts have been the joint production of Messrs. Virgil K. Pipp, Isaac Abraham O'Brien (of Ireland) and the undersigned. Mr. Dinglefugle's demise occurring with some suddenness—from an overdose of a compound of amalekite, hittite, shuhite and jebusite which had been recommended to him for chilblains and housemaid's knee from which he was a great sufferer—there arose a necessity for concluding the novel then upon the press; and our association was consequently entered into and has since been continued, using Mr. Dinglefugle's remains which were quite extensive. I refer, of course, to his literary remains; in point of fact, he was a small man.

Mr. Pipp's address is Swannicut, Ohio. I regret that I am unable to state with positiveness Mr. O'Brien's whereabouts. He left recently for Honduras, intending as we conjecture to engage in business there, as he took the entire proceeds of the last novel with him; we are, however, confident of hearing soon. Trusting that this will answer your inquiries satisfactorily, I remain

Yours very sincerely
ALFRED HOLLUP.

(Letter paper of Office of the Attorney for The State, Cumberland County, Portland—Clement F. Robinson, County Attorney.)

October 26, 1921

Alfred Hollup
c/o M. S. Watts
2722 Cleinview Ave.
Walnut Hill
Cincinnati, Ohio

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of September 14 in answer to my letter of a few days previous with reference to the literary fate of one Randy McQuaid was received by me in my personal capacity but in view of the information therein contained has been considered by me more in my official capacity. I have been busy with the work of a Criminal Term since receiving the letter but have given considerable thought to the circumstances therein outlined. It seems to me that the criminal authorities of Hamilton County should be consulted with reference to the absconding of Mr. O'Brien. From what you say, the indications point to a very grave breach of the good peace and order of a settled community and had the incident occurred in this county I should feel that the Grand Jury should be acquainted with the facts imme-

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diately and no stone left unturned to punish the guilty person or persons.

In addition to the suspicious circumstances with reference to Mr. O'Brien's departure I have no doubt that your prosecuting attorney would be greatly concerned over the manner in which Mr. Dinglefugle came to his end. Was the amalekite, hittite, shuhite and jebusite prescribed by a legally qualified physician and did they conform to the requirements of your pure food and drugs act? Within a week we have been obliged to impose sentence of a fine on an expert from New York who announced that he was a doctor prepared to treat the ills of the human race and would give a public lecture on a certain date and place in which he would satisfy the community that the heart does not pump the blood through the human system but the magic force of electricity accomplishes this purpose. Some similar and even more nefarious ideas may have led to the sad demise of Mr. Dinglefugle and the evidence might indicate that there was criminal intention as well as criminal negligence involved. The laws of Maine do not permit the prescribing of any of these four ingredients except under most carefully limited circumstances. The only form of stimulant which is permitted in our state is cider and that because the agricultural votes have controlled the legislature. I doubt if any of our local dealers would feel it safe to carry a stock in trade of amalekite, hittite, shuhite and jebusite and such conduct in any state should be severely condemned.

If there is any assistance I can give either civilly or criminally in bringing the guilty parties to justice please call on me.

In the meantime I wonder whether it would not be well if I submitted your letter to "The Bookman" in order that the distressing circumstances therein described might be brought to the attention of an audience which would certainly appreciate the gravity of the situation and possibly aid in bringing a satisfactory outcome. This I shall take the liberty of doing unless you write advising to the contrary. I shall appreciate any further information or suggestions that you may have.

Very truly yours,
CLEMENT F. ROBINSON.

CFR:W

(Letter paper of Mary S. Watts)
November 2, 1921

MY DEAR MR. ROBINSON:

Your letter of October twenty-sixth is received and it gives me great pleasure to endorse any plan you may have in mind about sending these imposing papers to "The Bookman", only warning you that serious people—and there are appalling numbers of serious people in the world—might take offense at the mention of the Amalekites, Hittites, and so on in so indecorous a fashion; not that these ancient races were in themselves worthy of reverence, but the mere appearance of their names in the Old Testament places a sort of taboo upon and around them. I am, however, willing to risk it, if you are; worse things have been said to and of me than that I was disrespectful, and I daresay you have had the same experience.

You know, of course, that a novelist must make certain little rules for himself in dealing directly with his public; and one of mine has always been to avoid discussion of my novels. This is a piece of real self-denial, for I should enjoy such a discussion, and should welcome the opinions of a reader and profit by them; the trouble is that I would presently be writing the novel all over again. The Lord He knows that most novels need re-writing—all of mine do, at any rate—nevertheless the author cannot keep at it forever; some time or other he must make an end; good or bad, blow high, blow low, the story must be left to its fate. In refusing to talk about "The Noon-Mark" or the other books, I have always earnestly tried not to seem ungracious or self-important; but it is only once in a long while that I have ventured upon a little fooling, led by some instinct which I may say has seldom played me false. Almost invariably I have picked out the right person to fool with; and it has enriched my life with some very charming friendships.

Yours most sincerely,
MARY S. WATTS.

Young Alan Rinehart, one of the sons of the famous novelist, returned not long since from a trip to Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Panama —from some of the places, in short, where the United States marines function. This member of the Rinehart clan has his mother's hair and eyes, his mother's smile, and his mother's gift with the pen. His adventures in the tropics will soon appear as articles in one of our large periodicals. We felt, after spending hours with him the other evening listening to his stories of voodoo practices and revolutions, that, after all, we are living not in a prosaic pe-

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riod of the world but in one in which adventurings are possible enough. We asked him, what of books in these climates? "No books", said he, "except when some old fellow takes it into his head to write a geography." "Well, then — newspapers", said we. Whereupon he banged out a couple of paragraphs on his active typewriter and handed them to us with an engaging smile.

Every man whose slightly smoky eye is cast covetously upon the presidency of those tropical countries owns and operates a standing army and a newspaper. "Standing" is, to be sure, only a polite paraphrase; "newspaper" is even politer. I know, for I was the guest of one of these fellows whom we had to address as "monsieur le Next President", or whatever it was, and had to put the paper together when he went for a weekend with one of his morganatics.

Advertisements are never paid for; they are merely thrown in if the blocks happen to fit the space left over. The only financial transactions are between the editor and the man who pays to have a story inserted about an enemy, and between the editor and the enemy, who pays to keep it out. The issues are mostly distributed free, but there was a native on the premises, so I was spared that! After that one episode I never went out without a marine guard.

Aspiring playwrights who are struggling to get a sex triangle play before the public who they think wants it, take notice. Here is an editor of a woman's publishing house who states that there is a public clamoring for plays on other themes. Moreover, that that public is continually at their door, asking for plays and pageants suitable for Little Theatres or other amateur production. "Playwrights are overlooking a market that these Little Theatre groups, students, and others who yearn for self expression, create", says Lucy Bartlett, editor of plays and pageants for the Womans Press. "Plays suitable for production by these groups or organizations who seek a dramatic interpretation of issues of the day, are not only much in demand but scarcely to be found anywhere. Broadway plays as a rule are too difficult to produce. What they want are plays on popular subjects of the day. My advice to playwrights is to study the non-fiction best sellers of the moment and dramatize their themes. Repeatedly people write in to us and ask where such plays can be found." Humorous plays, particularly timely ones on today's fads and frivolities, are greatly in demand. Long or short they are at a premium, Miss Bartlett affirms. Another shortage that she reports is in plays for young people. "For children there are quantities of plays but for boys and girls from fifteen to eighteen, almost without exception preachy plays with a moral so apparent that it is difficult to swallow, are all one has to choose from. Naturally they are not popular. What they want are plays that appeal to their idealism." Plays of one or two acts requiring one half hour to one and a half hours are always popular. Pageants well constructed and not so symbolic that the audience fails to grasp what they are all about, find a ready sale. Instead of a figure wrapped in a sheet that typifies Truth, put in an actual red blooded person who makes the theme crystal clear, advises Miss Bartlett.

Rosita Forbes, who explored in the Sahara with much success, and has been greatly honored by many a nation, we hear, because of this and other facts, is reported to be the most beautiful woman in England. The same is said of Lady Diana Manners who is at present playing in Morris Gest's production of "The Miracle". Mrs. Forbes has also written a novel, "Quest". She is at the moment delivering lectures in this country. We met

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her not long since. She *is* beautiful and she has a dramatic manner which should be most effective on the lecture platform. Having come from shooting lions in Africa, she now finds herself quite the lion of New York City.

Rosita Forbes

A correspondent from Shanghai, China, complains that the introduction to "Fir-Flower Tablets" has been attributed by critics to Amy Lowell, whereas it was really written by her collaborator, Mrs. Ayscough. Miss Lowell, to whom we applied for information, says:

> The Introduction was signed by Mrs. Ayscough and should have been attributed to her. As a matter of fact, however, our collaboration was so close that it is almost impossible to say what part of the book was written by one of us and what by the other. The only thing in the book specifically by me was the Preface.
>
> The poems were translated directly from the Chinese by Mrs. Ayscough and arranged by me. As far as the Introduction was concerned, it was practically all done by M s. Ayscough. She supplied all the material and much of the text, whatever part I had in it being confined to phrasing, and the paragraphs on Chinese prosody. Really, however, I doubt if it would be possible to find in any book a more perfect collaboration than ours in "Fir-Flower Tablets". Even individual sentences were written by both of us together. The sinologic lore in the volume is entirely Mrs. Ayscough's; the style is, as a rule, mine, which is probably as near as the thing can be analyzed for any reader.

The judges of the Poetry Society of America's Undergraduate Poetry Contest for 1923, Alice Corbin, Carl Sandburg, and Witter Bynner, announce that the prize of $100 has been awarded to Maurice Lesemann, of the University of Chicago, for his contribution, "In the Range Country". Mr. Lesemann is the author, in this issue of the magazine, of "D. H. Lawrence in New Mexico".

In order of preference the following poets received honorable mention:

Countée P. Cullen (New York University)
Martha E. Keller (Vassar)
Roberta T. Swartz (Mt. Holyoke)
Hildegarde Flanner (University of California)
Norman F. Maclean (Dartmouth)
Diana Hunt Wertheim (Smith)
Marthedith Furnas (Vassar)
Audred W. Bunch (Williamette University)
Thomas Dolliver Church (Harvard)
James K. Angell (Yale)
Sarah Margaret Brown (Northwestern University)
Carl Rakosi (University of Wisconsin)

There were over 700 entries in the contest, representing 63 universities or colleges, and 33 states. Mr. Bynner is offering the prize again, for 1923-24. Undergraduates in any American college or university may compete, and verse is not disqualified by publication; but not more than two hundred lines will be considered from any one person. Manuscripts should be typewritten, should bear on every sheet the writer's name and address, as well as his college, and must be sent before May 15, 1924, to Mrs. Edgar Speyer, 22 Washington Square

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North, New York City. The envelope should be marked: P. S. A. U. C. No manuscripts will be returned. Mr. Bynner's cojudges this time will be Leonora Speyer and Ridgely Torrence.

Edgar Allan Poe is said to have attended "Fashion", recently revived at the Provincetown Playhouse, sixteen times. We are envious of Mr. Poe's record. The greatest number of times we ever saw a play was thirteen. We refuse to divulge the name of the play, although its connection with the present production of "Fashion" is not so distant. Have you read Arthur Hobson Quinn's "A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War"? If not, you will find it filled with unusual dramatic anecdotes. Here, for example, is a quotation dealing with this same "Fashion":

"Fashion" . . . is not to be spoken of as "our first social comedy". But its quality, its success, and the dramatic career of its author make it perhaps the most significant. Anna Cora Ogden was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1819, the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, who was tried for his part in the Miranda expedition to liberate Venezuela and Colombia. She was interested in the stage even as a child of five, when she took the part of a judge in a French version of "Othello". Coming to New York City in her seventh year, she had read all of Shakespeare's plays before she was ten, wrote verse, and put on the stage at her home in Flatbush a translation of Voltaire's "Alzire" when she was fourteen. Next year occurred her romantic marriage with James Mowatt, a New York barrister, who had fallen in love with her when she was thirteen and who persuaded her when she was fifteen to marry him secretly and inform the family afterward. In 1836 she wrote "Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga", a poetical romance in six cantos, founded on the history of the successor of Roderick the Goth, who in 718 was chosen the first king of the Asturias. It is written in verse of an easy flow, showing the influence of Byron and Halleck, but is interesting chiefly as apprentice work. She was threatened with tuberculosis when she was eighteen, but with her characteristic courage she determined to be well and took the sea voyage to Liverpool, spent a week in London, saw Madame Vestris at the Olympic Theatre, and then went on to Hamburg where she was joined by her sister, a bride, and later by Mowatt, who had come over for medical treatment. Her description of life in the Paris of Louis Philippe is discerning, especially in its analysis of social customs. In a letter to her sister, she scores our imitation of the form of their fashions without conceiving the spirit which dictates them. She illustrates this by our omission of introductions on social occasions. But in Paris "the custom is intended to obviate the ceremoniousness of formal introductions. Everyone is expected to talk to his neighbor, and if mutual pleasure is received from the intercourse an acquaintance is formed. The same fashion in vogue with us renders society cold and stiff. Few persons feel at liberty to address strangers. Little contracted circles of friends herd in clannish groups together and mar the true object of society." It is just this failure to understand the true meaning of social customs that makes Mrs. Tiffany in "Fashion" such a delightful creation. While in Paris, Mrs. Mowatt saw Rachel. After fifteen months' absence, her health restored, she wrote her first play, "Gulzara, or the Persian Slave", for her intimate group of players at Flatbush, and it was published in "The New World" for 1840. Owing to the limitation of being without male characters, with the exception of a youth of ten, it was not intended for professional performance. Mowatt lost his wealth through speculation, and she began to give public readings in Boston, New York, and other places with great success. Epes Sargent wrote his "Missing Ship" and "The Light of the Lighthouse" for her. Again, in 1842, her health was affected, but she was helped, she states, by hypnotism. The magazines such as "The Columbian", "The Democratic Review", "Godey's Lady's Book", and "Graham's Magazine" contained articles by her under the name of Helen Berkeley, some of which were copied into London periodicals, and even translated into German. In fact, she states that she sometimes wrote several articles for the same number under different names! Her novel of "The Fortune Hunter", which won a prize offered in 1842 by "The New World", had quite a wide sale and was translated into German. It deals with the adventures of a Southerner, Augustus Brainard, who having spent his fortune is introduced into New York society by Ellery, a "man about town", with a view to his making a rich marriage. It has not the vitality of "Fashion", however. She also wrote "Evelyn", a domestic tale, but this was not published until after her début in 1845.

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Various prizes to writers are announced. Alice Hunt Bartlett, American editor of "The Poetry Review", offers a hundred dollars for sonnets on cities. The only limit to the city in question, apparently, is that fabled places are not admissable. Says Mrs. Bartlett's announcement: "One's city of dreams must have a solid foundation." The closing date for this contest is May 31. Further information may be secured from Mrs. Bartlett, 27 West 67th Street, New York City. The Theatre Guild of Boston announce a prize of $100 for the best long play of American life, the production to be given in the autumn of 1924 by their organization. The competition closes June first. Plays must be typewritten, presented under a pseudonym in the usual manner, and sent to the Theatre Guild of Boston Prize Play Competition, Fenway Post Office, Box 142, Boston. The Bookfellows are giving one of the newest books as a prize for the best three sentences on a book which they designate each month. Information regarding this interesting little contest may be obtained from Flora Warren Seymour, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. What a variety of prizes there are, to be sure! Next, a poem on the dahlia. Mrs. Charles A. Stout, through "The Garden Magazine", offers a fifty dollar cash prize for a poem in "joyous mood and in any lyric form, but not exceeding six stanzas in length". Contestants may submit any number of entries, with the name and address of the author plainly marked on each one, addressing them to the Dahlia Poem Contest, in care of the editors of "The Garden Magazine", Garden City, New York. The Drama Branch of the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara, California, write that in place of the prize play contest for this season, they will consider original three act plays submitted directly by the authors. No one act plays will be considered. For any play found suitable for local requirements a royalty of $100 will be paid for its production in two or three performances. This offer will be an indefinite one as long as plays of worth are submitted. The four competitions, involving some ten thousand dollars, offered by "Harper's Magazine", have been described at length in many places and information may be had from "Harper's Magazine". Now, we think we'll sit down and try for a couple of prizes ourself!

Somehow, we imagine that boy scouts read much as do other boys. However, perhaps they have an especial dispensation from the muses. (We were a boy scout at twelve ourself and had a hut far from the maddening crowd on a frozen bay of Lake Champlain.) Boy Scout Headquarters send us, however, the following:

WHAT A BOY SCOUT READS

If you think that a Boy Scout is only a camper, or a swimmer, or a hiker, you may be surprised to learn that he is a voracious reader as well. One of the big concerns of Scout leaders has been to provide clean and satisfying literature for the appetites of the half million youngsters in their charge.

As the movement is absolutely disinterested, with no financial objective, and as leaders in educational and religious work are cooperating, the Boy Scouts of America has a significant influence on the reading matter not of Scouts alone, but of all boys everywhere.

It was through the Boy Scouts of America that the now nationally known Children's Book Week was inaugurated some six years ago. The American Library Association and Women's Clubs all over the country have helped to make this the great week when parents seriously consider their children's reading.

Another important contribution is the annually printed Book Shelf for Boys and

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Girls. This lists books which have been selected by persons well qualified for their work, the books being graded according to the age at which they will be most appreciated.

Every Boys' Library makes available to boys a fine, wholesome library at a price per volume that is not beyond a boy's slender means. One dollar is the uniform cost of each volume, although many of the books retail for a much higher sum in other editions.

One of the biggest features of the Boy Scouts of America is the official magazine, "Boys' Life". The aim of the editors is to produce a magazine containing all the thrills and adventure that boys love, but which eliminates the objectionable elements of the nickel novel. Well known fiction writers and artists are cooperating to make this magazine a success. Practical, constructive articles on things a boy likes to do and likes to make, provide a balanced ration.

It is a hearty, red blooded reading program that the Boy Scouts of America is putting out, and one which deserves commendation.

For those in America who decry the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay I quote the following from the literary supplement of the London "Times", apropos of the volume of her "Poems" recently published in England:

> For sentimentality, the unexamined superficial way of classifying life's multitude, the "I just love," the "How perfectly *wonderful!*" plays tricks with Miss Millay's better poetical impulses. When we are beginning to say to ourselves that these are words from the deep, *de profundis clamavit*, up flutters some week-end suggestion in epithet or other reference, "sort of a whisper, sort of a purr," as she writes in a promising phantasmal interpretation of quiet rain. It is a pity, for Miss Millay might very well bring "a crystal clearness all about"; she has the vitality, the vivacity; had she but the patience and discrimination, she should conquer with the "beauty of result".

Perhaps it is needless to say that we do not agree. However, England is England and its viewpoint must receive its due.

The Editor of "The New Age" has come to this country in the interests of G. Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man. A. R. Orage, among other English literary men, has become absorbed in this movement which Ouspensky, author of "Tertium Organum", introduced to the western world about eighteen months ago. It was at the headquarters of this institute, the Château du

Gurdjieff

Prieuré near Paris, that Katherine Mansfield spent her last days. Gurdjieff himself is one of the survivors of a party of Russian scientists who set out for Thibet in 1895 to explore the alleged secret knowledge and mystic practises of the lamas. He was finally admitted to their occult schools and upon knowledge obtained there he has founded his curious system of disciplining the soul and body of mankind. According to Mr. Gurdjieff, the psychic life of man springs from three entirely separate sources: the intellectual, the emotional, and the instinctive or moving life of man. These then he attempts to coordinate by his system. The first demonstration of members of this institute in New York City was concerned with "movement". This, we attended. We

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were very much puzzled and a little impressed by sacred temple dances, ritual movements, dervish dances, etc. While the dancers exhibited great muscular control, the music oppressed us and the movements themselves seemed jerky and utterly lacking in grace. However, many other persons seemed moved, and the audience represented widely diverse interests. In the large and darkened hall one caught glimpses of Theodore Dreiser, Fannie Hurst, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Gloria Swanson, Rebecca West, Elinor Wylie, Mrs. Thomas Lamont, young Alan Rinehart, etc., etc. How important such a movement can be we are not capable of judging. Somehow, we suspect that the greatest artistic work is never done by the man who becomes a complete disciple of any cult.

The Heckscher Building at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street is already one of New York's landmarks or, rather, skymarks. Down in the bottom we found the National Peace Christmas Card exhibition, which forced us to the conclusion that war must be more inspiring than peace. We can remember getting quite thrilled over war posters, but perhaps that was the spirit of the times, and anyway these weren't posters. They were designs for Christmas cards and some of them were interesting. The first prize was won by Arthur B. Davies for a typical little pastoral that certainly seemed peaceful after New York on a Saturday afternoon. From there we wandered in the same building into displays of Russian handicraft, silhouettes, and an exhibit by I. J. Belmont. "He paints with seven prismatic colours to interpret seven tones of Musical harmony"—we quote the catalogue. Unluckily we have not the kind of mind that sees color to music although we have put on phonograph records by the dozen and earnestly concentrated. We could not recall while there any of the music for which these paintings were titled. When we got home we thought up the music, what we knew of it, but could not remember the paintings individually, only that they were stimulating to the imagination. The Brown-Robertson Gallery has been showing watercolor drawings made in the south of France by Robert Douglas Norton. He gives a good idea of what these places in which he is interested — Var, Hyères, and Carcassonne — must really look like. We think he is most successful when his soft brown and grey blue tones predominate. The combined exhibition of the New York Water Color Club and the American Water Color Society is too vast for us to single out any few artists. It is a good place to study the medium in all its interpretations: pure water color, pastel or tempera; tight or juicy; realistic, impressionistic or decorative; modern or old fashioned.

The P. E. N. dinner for January was in honor of Signor Pirandello, who sat quite contentedly among those who could speak Italian and those who, perforce, must use an interpreter. There were present Floyd Dell, without his wife, and Percy MacKaye with his; the energetic and sparkling Belle Green, librarian for the great J. P. Morgan collection. There were Captain Arthur Mason and his wife, there was the volatile Bessie Beatty. There was John Macy of "The Nation"; and Alexander Black, the novelist-journalist, talking quite amicably with the stately Scofield Thayer, returned from Europe,

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proprietor of "The Dial" and about to become a publisher with the assistance of Lincoln MacVeagh, who has left Henry Holt and Company for that purpose. New publishing houses flock across the horizon. Albert Boni has set out on his own, having long since been divorced in actuality from the other firm bearing his name. Then there is Simon and Schuster, which, dissolved into its component parts, reveals long and charming Richard Simon (recently connected with the sales and advertising department of Boni and Liveright) and jovial Max Schuster (who teaches in the Columbia School of Journalism). They tell us that they plan to publish six or eight books in the fall. Minton and Balch, for whom a dinner was held by fellow publishers and friends giving them a hurrah as a start on their new publishing career, have also hung up a shingle. We shall watch for the lists of these new publishers with much interest.

The prize for a review of a review goes this month to Chloe Morse of St. Paul, Minnesota, for her analysis of Floyd Dell's "Janet March", a book which has now been withdrawn from sale. The prize for next month will be a copy of Compton Mackenzie's "The Parson's Progress".

Mr. Gunther declares that the idea of telling "a systematic, documented, detailed life-story" of an American girl is "supremely good", but that Floyd Dell in "Janet March" has "botched his idea badly".

Since Janet is left in her early twenties, Mr. Gunther must by "life-story" mean childhood and adolescence, somewhat as by referring to New York as Mr. Dell's "native territory", he presumably meant his adopted locality. Why is the idea supremely good? The chronological treatment is certainly not new or, in fiction, especially effective. A detailed exposition of a character in process of construction tends to destroy the delightful mystery that envelopes a personality capable of revelations. Was not, for instance, Mrs. Fisher's Marise more enthralling in "The Brimming Cup", presented full blown and at the moment of her great crisis, than in "Rough-Hewn", shown meticulously budding? Whatever shaping influences of a character's childhood are significant can be implied in the treatment of the character grown up.

But that Mr. Dell has "botched" it, that "Janet simply doesn't get over", I deny. That she does "get over", despite the ponderosity of the method, is evident in Mr. Gunther's dismay at leaving her for Leland, and in the heated discussions and more or less shocked reviews she has provoked.

The reviews by Mr. Farrar, Mr. Gunther, and Mr. Tracy Hammond Lewis have omitted Janet's significance in Mr. Dell's career as a novelist. I see the book as his first attempt to break away from the autobiographical novel, his first sustained interpretation of a character totally unlike his own. The attempt resembles Hugh Walpole's in creating his beloved Maggie Cardinal. It requires a quality of imagination vitally different from that involved in the interpretation of a Felix Fay or a Roger Leland by Mr. Dell, a Henry Trenchard by Mr. Walpole. Despite the book's imperfections, it is in this an indication of growth and an earnest of better things.

Edna Ferber's sister has written a cook book. It is a sterling achievement, for it combines kosher cooking with all the delicacies required by the Anglo-Saxon palate. Says Miss Ferber in her introduction:

A properly written cook book should make interesting reading not only for a cook but for any one who eats and frankly enjoys the eating of well-prepared and appetizingly served food. The writers of this book take as much pleasure in the creation of a dish or the arrangement of a platter as they do in the planning of a gown or the decorating of a room. In it they have shown balance, good taste, and appreciation of the flavor of life. To follow it is to know modern American household cookery at its best.

If we should quote specific recipes, they would perhaps not give an adequate idea of the charm of this superlative volume. However, do not "jam cake", "goose liver with almonds", "matzos omelet", etc., etc., tease the appetite? A complete dinner, complete dinners

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are here described. Can there be better recommendation than that we have given the book to our cook for a birthday present? Although we have several times been invited to the house of Edna Ferber and our gluttonous nature has been satisfied, our chief ambition at this present is to be bid to the board of Fannie Ferber Fox, author of "Fannie Fox's Cook Book".

AS GEORGE MOORE MIGHT REPLY TO FANNIE HURST UPON RECEIVING "LUMMOX"

George Moore

MY DEAR MISS HURST:

Ah, yes, it was such a surprise, your "Lummox". My valet brought it to me from the post this morning as I was lying in bed in my Japanese dressing gown, sipping absinthe. Another story of a servant girl. Life ever repeats itself, does it not?

I remember—who can very well forget?—when my own "Esther Waters" appeared. You and I, Miss Hurst, are the last of another day. Soon there will be no servant girls left, and poets must turn to dumbwaiters for inspiration. Oh the Sweetness of the Past.

Nostalgia. I am carried back to the days of Manet and Baudelaire. No one can ever achieve greatness in art who has not sat at the "Nouvelle Athènes" over the pungent cigarette and bad cognac with Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. That is my criticism of "Lummox". You must pardon me, Miss Hurst, but who must not be pardoned?

And now, Fannie—I may call you Fannie, may I not?—it is more *intime*—or better still—Fanée—which brings to my mind all the exquisite fragrance and decadence of Gautier—Fanée, I am sending you my portrait. You want it, do you not? All women do. *Eheu, les femmes.*

GEORGE MOORE.

The boyhood memories of Guy Fitch Phelps conjure up a vivid picture of the oldtime west. The author of "The Mountains of the Morning", "The Black Prophet", "Ethel Vale", and various other books, was born in Kansas in the Seventies. In 1880 his parents bundled the family into a prairie schooner and struck westward on the Medicine Bow and Ham's Fork trail. Recently in conversation with Fred Lockley, the genial newspaperman of Portland, Oregon, Mr. Phelps reminisced:

"A boy's memories are apt to be very clear, particularly of a trip of this kind. The northern herd of buffalo had not yet disappeared. In fact we saw quite a few buffalo while crossing the plains. We came to our journey's end at a little gold camp called Bellevue on the Malade River in Idaho. The town was wide open. Saloons were plentiful and drinking and gambling seemed to be the principal occupations of the people there. Like all mining camps, it had its bad men and its good citizens. Deer, elk, and sheep were plentiful in the nearby hills.

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"In the early Eighties Idaho had no railroads, so all supplies were brought in by freight wagons from Kelton, Utah, mostly by ox teams. The spell of those old days is over me yet. The wonder and charm of it all is as bright as in the days of my boyhood. I can still see the twinkling campfires of the freighters, the prospectors with their blankets and gold pans, the packers and hunters, the trappers and oldtime Indian fighters, and other picturesque characters of the frontier.

"Later my father took up a stock ranch forty miles east of Boise. Here, from the time I was thirteen years old until I was grown, I spent my time working on the ranch breaking horses, and hunting big horn sheep and deer. In those days there were no game laws and during the years I spent there, I killed more than three hundred deer. I used to make good pocket money trapping. When I was old enough to strike out for myself, I landed a job as a cowboy.

"All I need do is to close my eyes and I can smell the bruised sage brush and the alkali dust tossed up by the feet of the stampeding cattle. Sleeping in the open, with the sky for a cover, the stars seemed wonderfully close and I absorbed the thrill, the power, and the splendor of the open land. I drank the nectar of star shine and moonlight—I love the out of doors. In those days that country was a hunter's paradise. It was a land of bloom and beauty. At times the meadows were purple with camas flowers. On the high hills the blue bells and lilies waved in the summer breeze. Wild cherries grew all over the range. The golden sunshine, the haze, the mist, the beauty of the mornings, the glory of the sunset—all come back to me when I think of the old days when we lived in the log cabin in the hills.

"Since those old days, I have traveled in Spain and France, along the Mediterranean, in Mexico, in the Far North, and pretty well all over the United States. My father was a wanderer, and I take after him.

"Mother was a McDonald, her people having come from Scotland. I get my love of poetry from my mother. I have written hundreds of poems which have appeared in magazines and stray corners of various newspapers."

Gabriel Wells is a bookseller and a publisher of special editions of note. His autograph edition of Anatole France is beautiful to behold — and here upon our desk is an exquisitely printed little volume of his own letters to the press. He has called it "Gentle Reactions" and such they are: kindly, wise, tolerant epistles, concerned more with politics than with letters. We quote a paragraph on the ethics of interviewing, which we have taken to heart. It was written anent an unfortunate interview with Rudyard Kipling in 1922. Says Gabriel Wells:

> Now, the interview is brought to the editor. He is satisfied that the person who brought it may be relied on for truthfulness. But the tense emotional character of the interview should have made the editor pause. Suppose the interview took on the hue of the interviewer's own weakly sentimentality —but we will not suppose this. My point is that it is the bounden duty of the editor to refer such an interview back to the subject for calmer and more deliberate consideration. For surely he must have felt that nothing but mischief could be accomplished by publishing it. Unless the sole aim of a paper is to increase its circulation, the editor should want to convey to his reader only information and opinions which serve a rational and legitimate public purpose.

Now, there is also, gentle reader, a paper to be written on the ethics of *being interviewed.* On this we feel with equal keenness. Our first lesson, and a very terrible lesson, in reporting came when we were asked at a tender age to make a report for certain army heads on various conditions in wartime Europe. We traveled three months; we returned, having discovered certain inconsistencies due to the miles separating various headquarters. We were young, hot headed, eager to right wrongs. We wrote our report. It came very near being discredited because it was characterized by a superior officer as "nervous". It is the duty of the interviewer to be calm, well balanced, faithful to the *spirit* of the *interview.* We do not say that he must necessarily be truthful. The truth would often involve both the interviewer and his subject in serious difficulty. The reporter is

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usually the one who must decide this question; for he knows best the effect of the news. Now the ethics of being interviewed are seldom spoken of, yet they are vitally important to the man in public life. If the interview is an important one, the interviewed should demand a copy of the reporter's version. It is often true that his exact words, when appearing in print, give a totally different effect from the one intended. In that case it is unfair to the reporter to deny the statement, although one of our most important politicians is known to have done this frequently and, in one case, to have sacrificed the reputation and position of a young reporter. A reporter has no redress. If he must force his way into a home, he expects rudeness. If the person from whom he craves an interview is as anxious for publicity as the reporter is to secure the interview, there need be no fear of rudeness. We have interviewed persons for quite a number of years now — pickpockets, bank robbers, French generals, aviators at the front, lion tamers, business men, and, more recently, authors of one sort or another. We have had exceptional luck. We have prided ourself on being able to write our gossip without giving offense and we have, in spite of the fact that we look young and are shy, been treated extremely well by those whom we have interviewed. Today, however, we have had two unfortunate experiences. A lady whom we admire and respect, after reading our Gossip Shop note concerning her, writes us that we are "a wolf in dove's clothing", and a lady whom we took some pains to interview treated us abominably. Only three times have we been so treated, once by a visiting German, and twice by English authors. We are fully determined from now on that any foreign author — man or woman — avowedly in this country seeking publicity, lecturing, selling his books, shall be shown that Americans can be quite as rude to him as he is to Americans.

The clippings which arrive to illustrate good journalism in these United States give us many a laugh. The prize offer of a "Bookman Anthology of Essays" holds good. This month, however, we have been forced to award two. The first, to George Oliver Gillingham of Washington, D. C., who submits some twenty examples. From them we choose three:

Dr. Grace Richmond has been doing considerable literary work lately. It would be most excellent if all her time were taken up that way.—*Turrell "Advance"*.

Christmas day passed about the quietest ever known. At Jenkins an Italian was killed, but aside from this all was quiet. Upon the whole, the "Eagle" wants to compliment our people on their good behavior. —*Mountain "Eagle"*.

Sol Heinemann fell in the ditch in the neighborhood of Balch and sprained his arm. Some say one thing and some another, but the "Independent" will vouch for him.— *Newport "Independent"*.

The other prize, to Mary C. Werts of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, for the following delightful column entitled "Colored Folk", by Dr. S. S. Dupee:

By the time the readers of this column look over these words and long before the sun in all his brilliancy of today bows his head behind the western horizon, the soul of Lennie Holt of 3 Canal street, in all probability will have been summoned into the great beyond and his mortal frame cold in the clutches of rigor mortis. On April 1st he was able to walk to the doctor's office, but to-day, April 7th, finds him confined to his bed semi-conscious, with the death angel busy loosening the cords which separate life and death. For a score and a half years Lennie Holt has lived. He has heard the prayers and supplications of many in behalf of his soul, but heeded them not, and now he is past co-ordinating his thoughts and there

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is but one conclusion to be reached, namely, his soul will be lost. His fondness for a good time and the charm of the wayward life appealed to him and he followed it and in the glow of his youth he has to pay the penalty. At his bedside this morning none of his good time friends could be seen but instead there were five Christian women pleading with God to save his soul. Oh, what a picture and moral lesson the death of Lennie Holt should set up before the hundreds of young good timers in our city to-day.

Thomas Saunders, better known as "Tom Dog," of 609 South Governor street, cannot stem the tide much longer. He has been sick for nearly two months with a valvular inflammation of his heart, which has absolutely refused to respond to medical treatment and as a consequence the affliction has gone from bad to worse. This morning found him at the water's edge of the river Jordan, making ready for the ordeal through which he knows he must inevitably pass. For nearly fifty years Tom has trampled upon this earthly soil, yet he has been so negligent or lax in his appreciation as to not even yet give God his heart. Oh, what a pity! Of all the men who should live close to God and help save other souls, it is the man or woman to whom the door of success has been thrown open. Tom has made plenty of money, but his failure to know that "this is one more fast, fast world," led to his undoing and to-day he lies at his home a hopeless wreck with only a few more days to live.

If the telephone report which came to us Tuesday afternoon be true, "fully four hundred people, both white and colored, called up 2648-1," which is the telephone number of Joseph Wilbur Derritt, alias Doc. Derritt, alias the Baptisttown Corn King, to ascertain if he were dead. The foundation for the erroneous report was an advertisement which Doc. had placed in the colored column of the Sunday's paper, being pied with a local item of the death of an infant. No sooner did Doc. notice the mistake, than he called up:

"Hello! This you, Dr. Dupee?"

"Yes."

"There is a mistake in the colored column. Fully four hundred people, white and colored, with bowed heads and grief-stricken hearts, have rung up to find out if I am dead. I know you had nothing to do with it, but it is hurting my business and I wish you would correct the error. Telephone Mr. Harrison of the W. A. Gaines undertakers and he will tell you he did not bury me."

Giving the knight of chiropody the assurance that we would let the people know he was still doing business we make the publication.

When recently, after a lingering illness, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan died, America lost one of her most genial men of letters and we lost one of our most faithful friends. Of all the older men we have known since we began meeting those who write, he was the most tolerant, the kindest, the most amusing. He possessed a great knowledge of books and he was not too academic in his opinions of them. He possessed a great knowledge of humankind, and he was not embittered toward the race of men. His interests were varied, his enthusiasm constant. He was young in his viewpoint until the last. A diplomat of high standing, a reverent churchman, a courtly gentleman, he was an American citizen whose place it is impossible to fill. The combination of distinguished statesman, suave host, scholar and writer, is a rare one. We remember well Dr. Egan's interest in fine food. In addition to his other enthusiasms he was something of an epicure—but an epicure with a sense of humor. As a contributor he was always ready to do the odd and ungrateful task, and unlike many younger men, he never failed to give us his copy at the promised time. During his long career he wrote many books, and held many influential posts. He was United States minister to Denmark from 1907-1918, and twice declined other ambassadorial positions of first importance. His last book, "Confessions of a Book-Lover", was a volume of unusual charm, reflecting admirably the rare qualities of its kindly author. One of the wittiest of after dinner speakers was Dr. Egan, and all of his books are touched with flashes of humor. The memory of this splendid figure will be one of the finest inspirations of our editorial experience.

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